IS THE NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE OBSOLETE? BY DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

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Welcome to the Lower West Side

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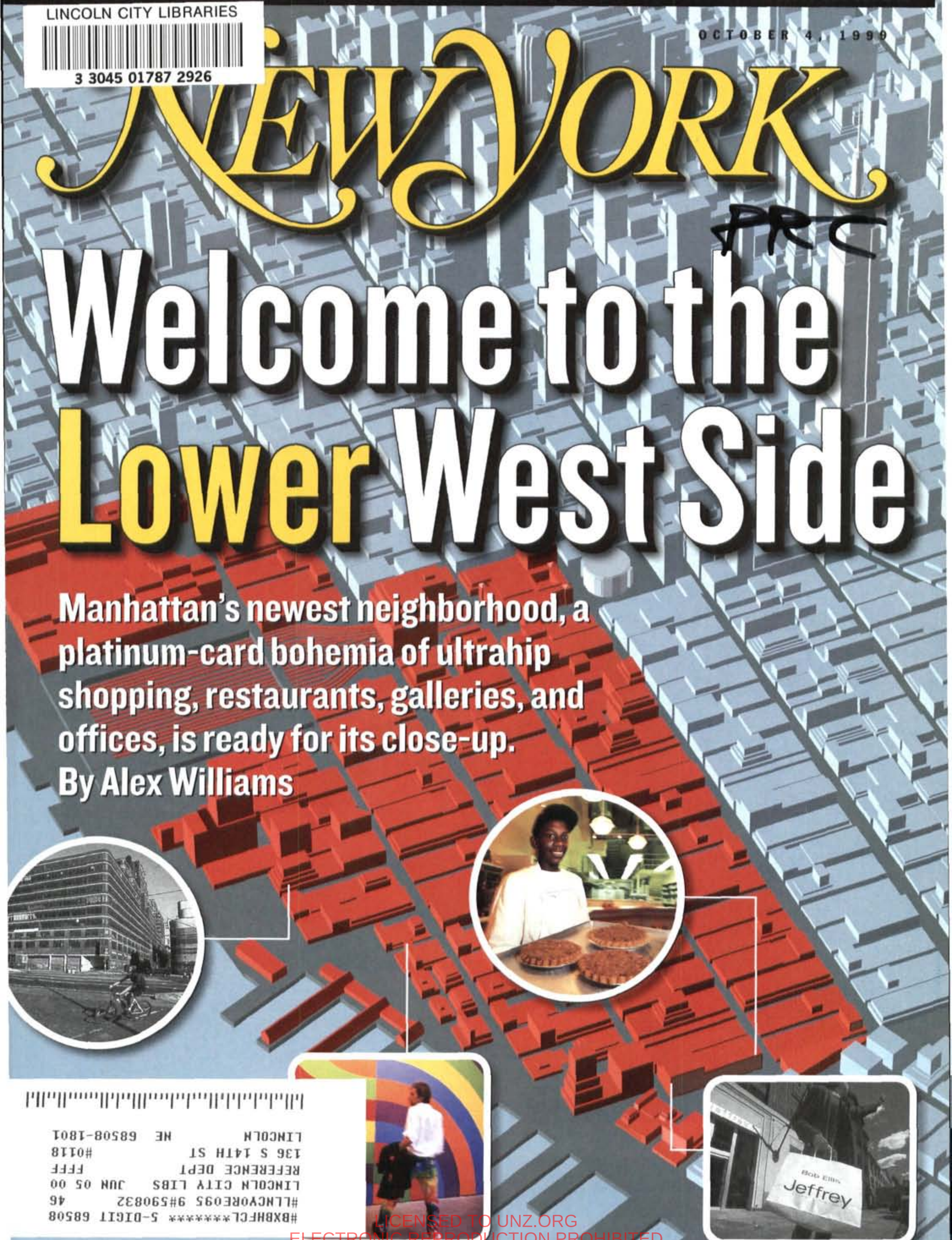
By Alex Williams



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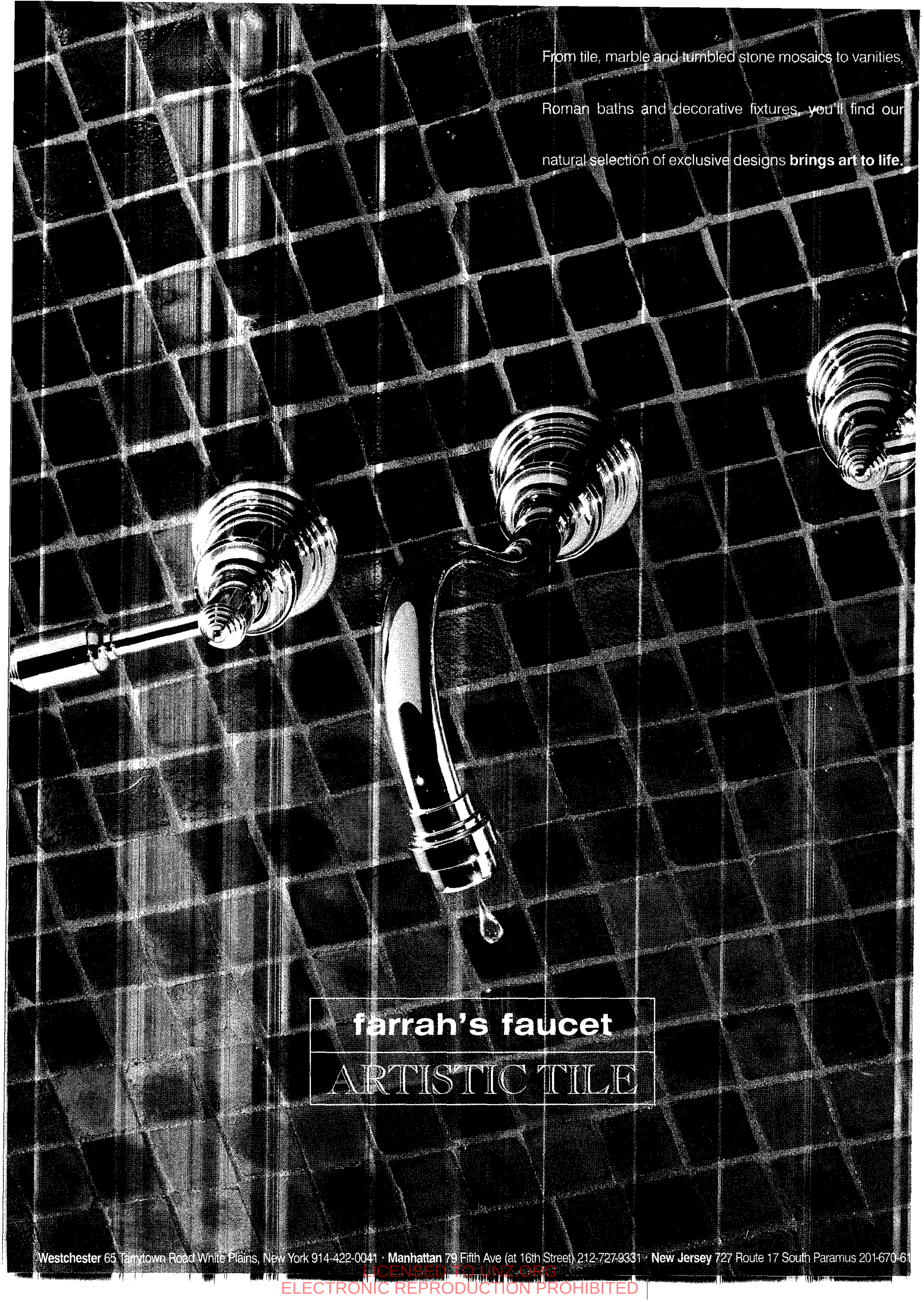

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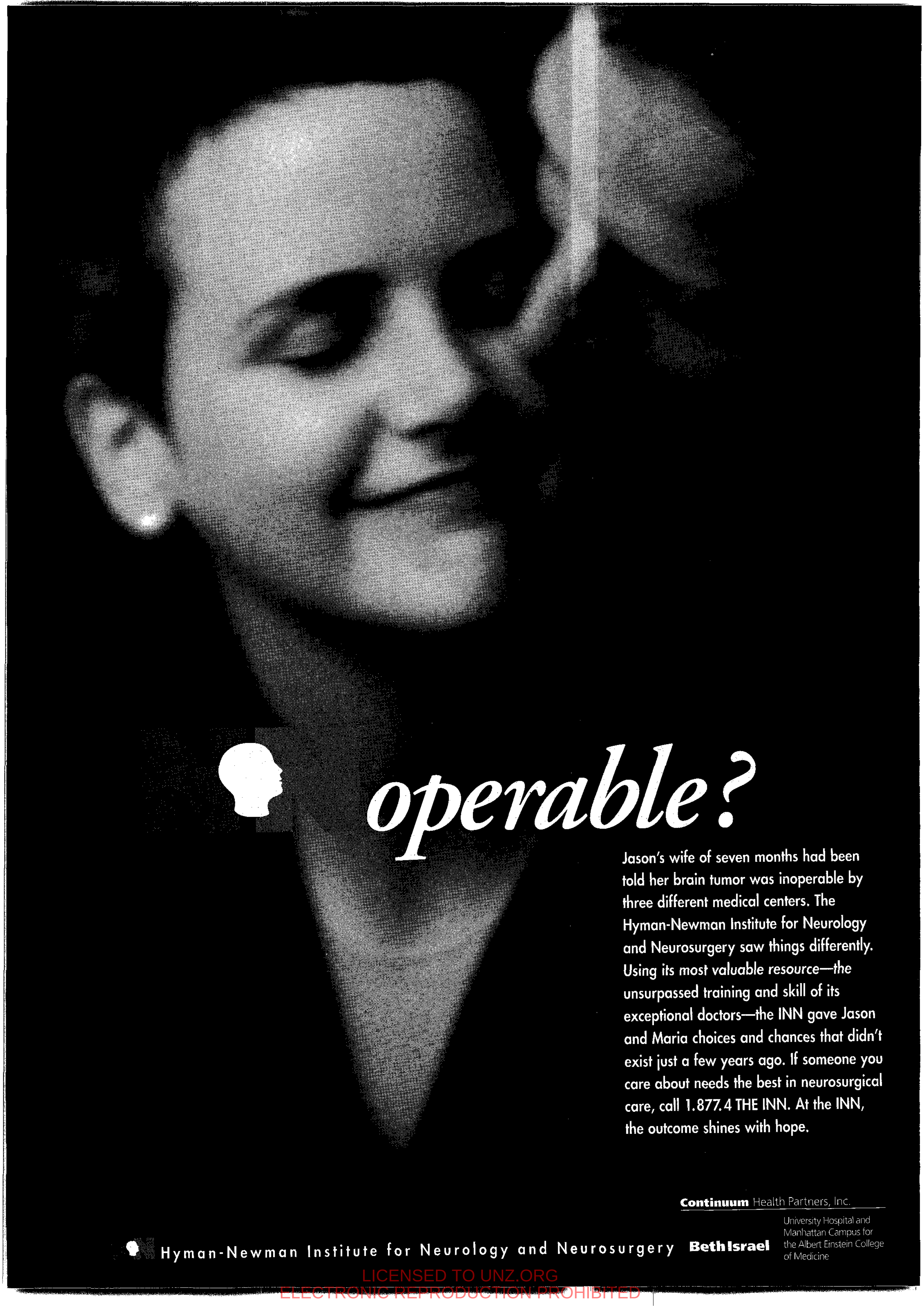

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"Right now, it's a place for people who don't mind a little funkiness, which I don't. It's real grungy still, and that's what appealed to me." MARTHA STEWART, PAGE 24

24 Pier Pressure By Alex Williams

Unobstructed river views, fourteen-foot ceilings, block-long offices drenched in sunlight, and elevators that can carry a twenty-ton tractor-trailer: The newly defined Lower West Side has exploded as the most dynamic commercial district in the city. Art galleries, telecom companies, new-media firms, photo studios, and e-commerce companies by the score are passing on traditional midtown quarters and setting up shop in hulking riverside buildings that once served the shipping and manufacturing industries. It's raw, it's dirty, and you need to cab it from the subway to get there, but even Martha Stewart says it's a good thing.

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By David D. Kirkpatrick

After a century of preeminence in the business of making a market for securities, the New York Stock Exchange has seen its franchise under attack by computerized networks offering cheaper, faster, and (some say) fairer trades. NYSE chairman Richard Grasso has a plan to stay competitive in the electronic future—but for many brokers, it may mean the end of a way of life.

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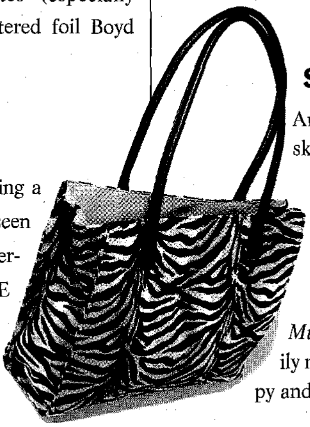

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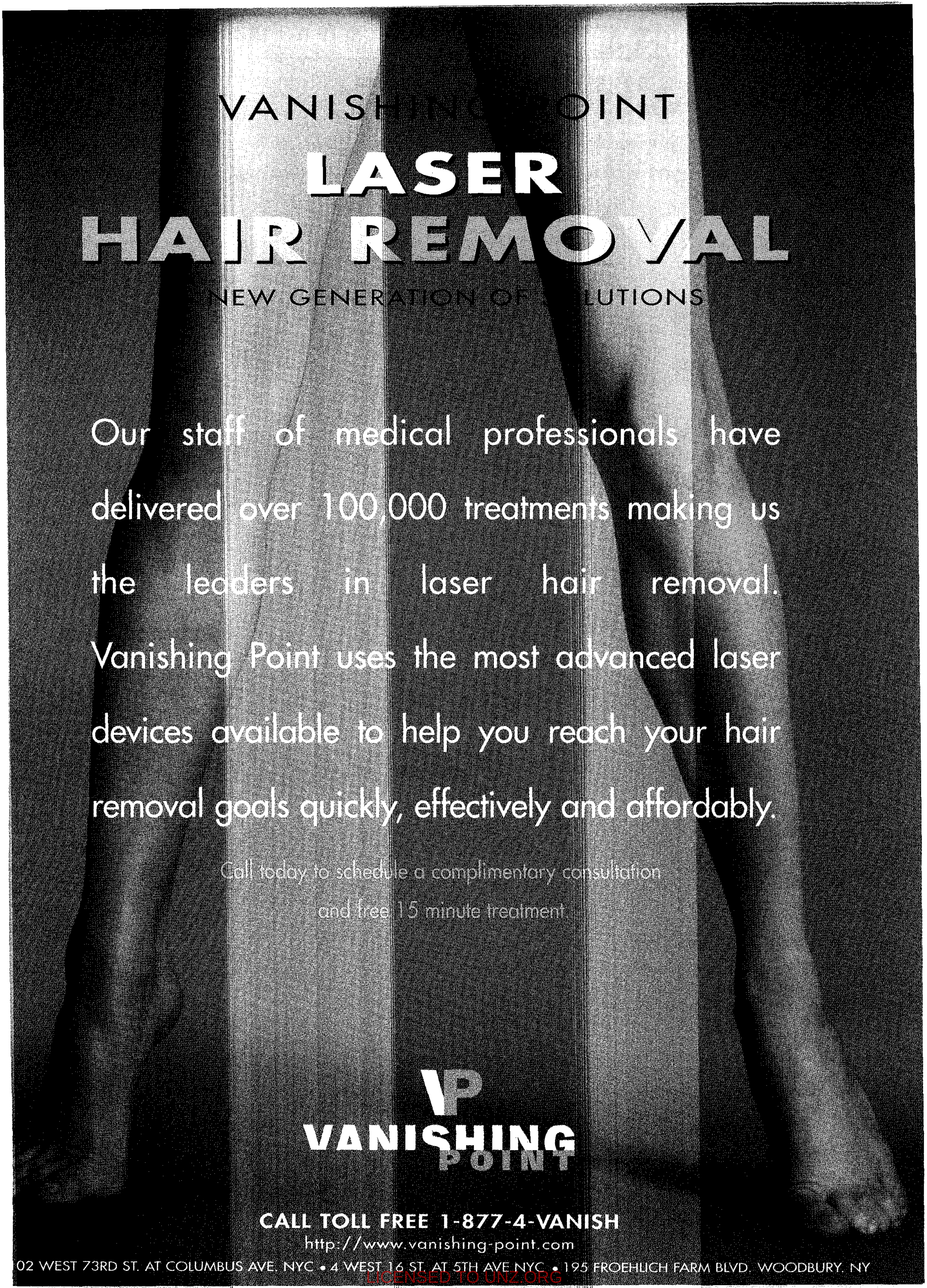

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Snuffed Films

The death of the cinema has been greatly exaggerated; alas, not all white men are rich and happy; should the Second Avenue subway be outsourced?

I THINK YOU'RE MISTAKEN WHEN YOU prophesy television's final death blow to the movies ["Media: Eyes Wide Shut," September 13], concluding that "fat pipes, not content, is king." You've forgotten that the television financial model is to sell advertising. And with that in mind, I ask: How will anything remain on the air long enough to fuel the television growth you predict? Whether the content is delivered by TV, the Internet, the movie screen, a book, or a grandparent at the side of a child's bed, nobody's going to listen for very long if it ain't any good.

David Ross
LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

ARE THE MOVIES IN GENERAL DYING, OR just Hollywood? Michael Wolff seems confused. He concludes that "it's unreasonable to think that moving pictures would continue to dazzle." Hogwash! *La Grande Illusion* and *Goldfinger* remain thrilling, in very different ways. As for his narrowcasting theory, Mr. Wolff has spent too much time in torpid dreams of new-media paradigms—after all, did *Farewell My Concubine* speak only to Chinese? Great narrative, great dialogue, great cinematography will never fail. But in Hollywood, the marketing tail wags the content dog. They no longer have the guts to bet on artistry; and in fairness, the economics are too grisly if they lose. So we get movies-by-committee. In a word, dreck.

Jeffrey M. Gross
BROOKLYN

White Men Can Too Jump

ALEXANDRA LANGE WRITES THAT SYMPATHY for angry white males is difficult ["Fall Preview: Men Overboard," September 13]. She compares us to Gloria "Poor Little Rich Girl" Vanderbilt and says we have been "given so much." I can't speak for all the white men in the world, but it angers me tremendously when it is suggested that being white and male automatically qualifies one for a Harvard degree, a new Lexus, a big home in the suburbs, and a suit-and-tie job in the executive suite.

Robert Stacy McCain
GAITHERSBURG, MD.

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A Gripping Argument

IN "GIRLS WILL BE BOYS," BY ANNA RACHMANSKY [Gotham, September 6], you write, "Her ten-hour-guy-for-a-day tour lets women in on male prerogatives like shaking hands with a firm grip." I am offended that you consider a firm handshake to be a male prerogative. You also write that "the workshop is nothing more than a novel course in confidence training," which is to say that to be male is to be confident and to be female is to lack confidence. Your article condones the very old and powerful idea that somehow, women are inherently weak and insecure creatures. As a 20-year-old and very feminine woman, I take great pride in my extra-firm handshake.

Edna Leshowitz
BROOKLYN

Credit Due

JOHN SIMON SHOULD BE REMINDED THAT Messrs. Coward and Porter are not the only "major" gentile composer-songwriters for Broadway ["Fall Preview: Stagestruck," September 13]. Considered to be the father of the American musical by most critics, George M. Cohan was the subject of a Warner Bros. film in 1942 (*Yankee Doodle Dandy*); a 1968 Broadway musical was written about him (*George M!*); in 1936, he was awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor for his song "Over There"; and in 1959, a statue of him was erected in Duffy Square, where millions get a daily reminder that Mr. Cohan was doing it long before those other fellas.

D. J. Maloney
GREENVILLE, N.C.

Train Pain

I'M GLAD THAT YOU ARE FIGHTING FOR A long-overdue answer to our mass-transit crisis here on the East Side ["Gotham: Train in Vain," by Boris Kachka, September 13]. People in my area (East 21st Street, between First and Second Avenues) are drastically underserved. The Lexington Avenue line is bad enough, but it's really a *Park* Avenue subway from East 14th to East 33rd Street! The proposed plan to combine trolley service is a poor compromise; there's too much surface traffic already, and the lines at the proposed transfer points would be horrendous. Also, everyone seems to take astronomical cost estimates at face value. Okay, labor and environmental considerations cost more these days; but do technology and machinery? Perhaps a private contractor could do it better and cheaper than the MTA?

Scott Baker
MANHATTAN

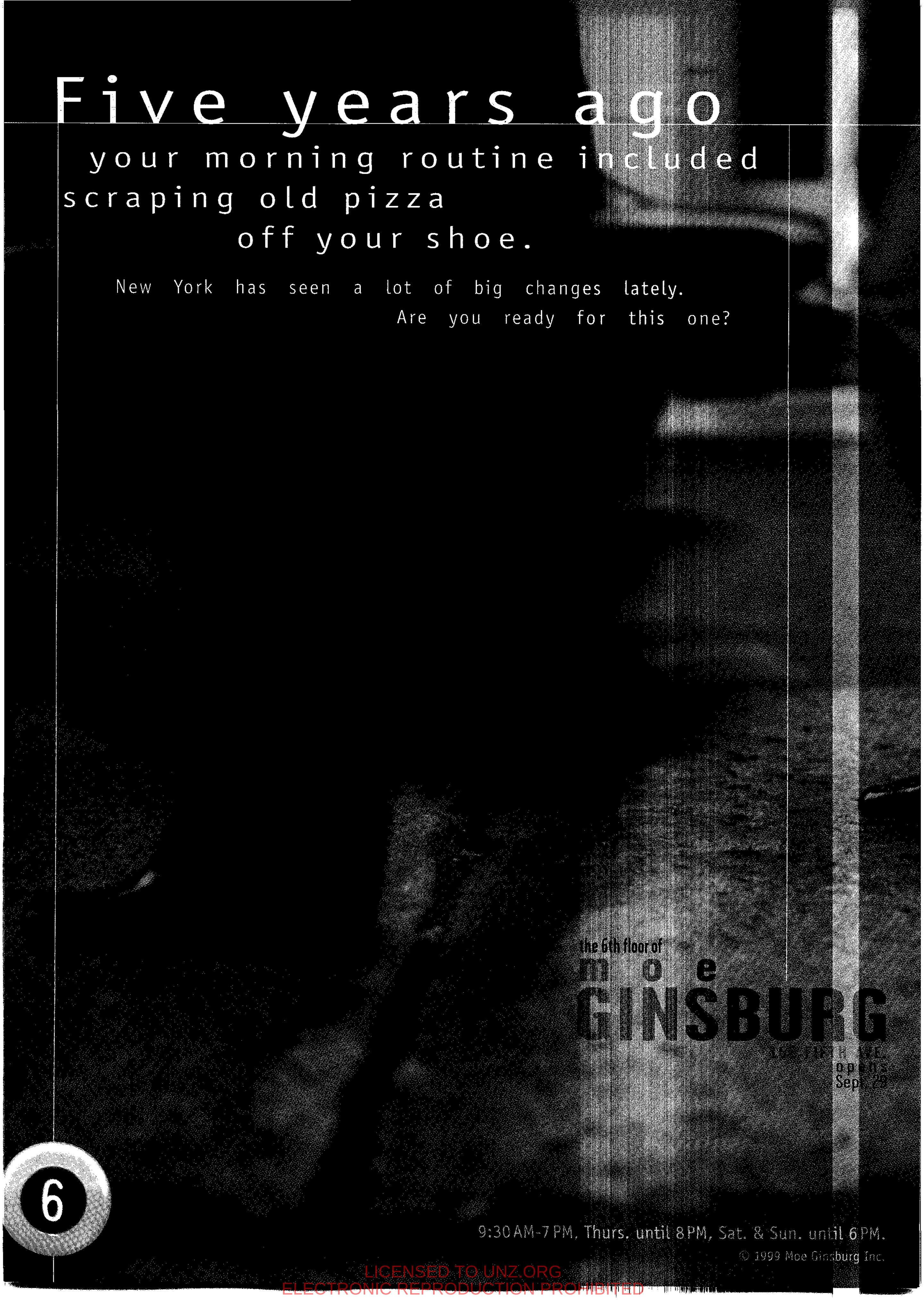
Art Appreciation

GREAT ARTISTS DO NOT NEED ANY *ONE* institution's scaffolding or publicity hype to hold them up, and Suzanne Farrell does not need New York City Ballet, as your critic suggests ["Fall Preview: Mr. B's Queen," by Tobi Tobias, September 13], for her powerful gifts to fully flourish. In fact, they need *her.* Let Farrell and her beautiful dancers come to the New Victory Theater in November. Her public, which has always been there for her, grateful for her haunting artistry, intelligence, and spiritual grace, will be waiting with open arms.

Emily Fragos
MANHATTAN

A Few Good Men and Women

For an upcoming issue on single life in the city, *New York* is planning to prominently feature New Yorkers (of all orientations) who are currently looking for relationships. Please send a photo and a brief personal ad to Singles, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. The best entries will run in the magazine. Remember to include a daytime phone number.



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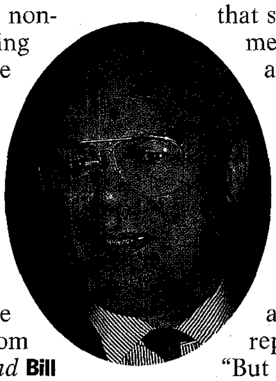


Another presidential campaign season, another round of rumors about retired general **Colin Powell**. The nation's favorite nonpolitician is being touted as the leading candidate to be secretary of State in the event of a **George W. Bush** administration. You'll remember that he got the same treatment from both **Bob Dole** *and* **Bill Clinton**. This time around, the word is that Bush is planning to announce his Cabinet early on, according to a political insider close to the Democrats. "The one certain thing is going to be Colin Powell as secretary of State," reports this source, who adds that Bush's people already asked Powell, who accepted. But Powell spokesman Colonel **Bill Smullen** insists that the former general hasn't yet been approached. "It's unreasonable to think that such an announcement would be made at this point in time," says Smullen, adding that "it would be premature." Is Powell planning to campaign for George W.? It's "not anticipated at this point," replies Smullen. "But again, he has not been asked, and it's premature, it seems to me." Bush's spokeswoman agrees, saying that the discussion is "premature" and that "the governor right now is focused on winning the GOP nomination." Stay tuned.

SOCIALITES NEARLY BOWLED OVER

Camilla Parker Bowles attracted more than socialites when she visited New York last week. When the horsey royal heartthrob attended a cocktail party at the tony D&D Building in honor of **Robert Kime**, one of **Prince Charles**'s decorators, **Nancy Kissinger**, **Oscar de la Renta**, **Kenneth Jay Lane**, **Susan Gutfreund**, and **Brooke Astor** turned out, but so did a man who claimed to have planted a bomb at the front of the building. "The man placed calls to us and to the police station," explains a representative for the building. "He said, 'I know who's there, and I'm bombing the Third Avenue entrance.' " Fortunately, the party was breaking up, and the black-pantsuited Camilla was already stepping into her Rolls-Royce when police arrived to search the building, so no announcement was made to alarm the well-heeled revelers. Though no explosives were uncovered, **Dominick Dunne** says he would have welcomed knowing about the drama. "That would have livened it up," he quips. "I mightn't have left so quickly."

DONNA'S NEW DESIGN: DK *FENG SHUI*

Long gone are the days when sleek designs and a Madison Avenue storefront were enough to cut it in the world of couture. Despite a $7 million loftlike design and unique accoutrements like Ducati motorcycles and rubber radios, **Donna Karan** wasn't willing to leave anything to fate when it came to her new DKNY flagship store on Madison Avenue. Instead, the famously spiritual designer turned to the ancients, hiring **David Raney**, an expert in *feng shui*, the Zen-meets-interior-design art form, to "collect and harmonize the energy" of the store. After the "energy flow" of the interior's space and lighting was "balanced" and ready for shoppers, Raney and Karan noticed a problem with the entrance. "The energy coming from the sidewalk to the building's entrance created a less-than-harmonious feeling," says Raney. The solution? Raney painted a symbol of empowerment on the sidewalk in front of the store in order to induce a tranquil state. "Now you feel liberated," he says. "Liberated to *shop*!"

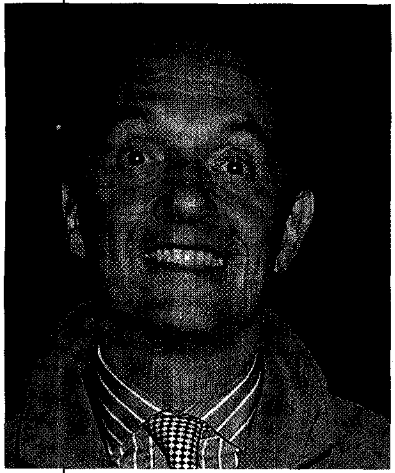
JERSEY FILMS' NEW PULP FRICTION

While people are already buzzing about the upcoming Jersey Films production *Peppermint Lounge,* based on the iconic nightclub of the fifties and sixties, the real drama is going on behind the scenes. Along with Jersey's **Danny DeVito**, **Michael Shamberg**, and **Stacey Sher**, another of the film's producers will be **Rick Yorn**, a partner of **Michael Ovitz** in the AMG management company. Yorn, it just so happens, lived with Sher for three years until they split up last year. While Hollywood insiders say Yorn and Sher aren't exactly lunching together at the Grill on a regular basis, they are forced to be in close contact thanks to the project, which was conceived while they were involved but has gone into high gear now that Oscar-nominated scribe **Richard LaGravenese** has started writing the script. Says one film insider, "Stacey has produced over ten films, including *Pulp Fiction, Get Shorty,* and *Out of Sight.* This is Rick's first production credit. The dynamic should be interesting." Yorn could not be reached, and Sher delicately declined to comment on the situation.

THE THIRD TIME'S NO CHARM FOR HAYES

The epic battle between **Edward Hayes** and the Andy Warhol Foundation may be almost over. The case has been heard by a variety of judges and courts since Hayes first filed suit in 1992 demanding a fee of $12 mil-

Photographs: clockwise from bottom, Mathieu Polak/Corbis Sygma; Ilkka Uimonen/Corbis Sygma; Robin Platzer.



Ed Hayes:
Speaking softly

lion—which would have added just over $7 million to the $4.85 million he'd already been paid for his legal work. Instead, he was ordered to repay $1.35 million to the foundation by a state appeals court in 1996; six months later, Hayes filed a Chapter 11 petition to reorganize his finances. The foundation quickly sued to ensure that Hayes's debt to it wouldn't be excused—a case it lost in bankruptcy court and on appeal. But the last round recently went to the Warhol Foundation, when the lower courts' rulings were reversed in federal appeals court. In fact, not only does Hayes have to repay the $1.35 million, but he also owes 9 percent interest for three years. Foundation lawyer **Thomas Schwarz** says he intends to collect the judgment, although he sounds surprisingly mellow after the long war. "If Mr. Hayes now wants to try to resolve what he should have tried to resolve a long time ago, certainly the foundation would listen to a reasonable offer," he says. Hayes, who insists that he always intended to settle his debts, calls the Warhol Foundation's new board "very responsible." Adds the dapper attorney: "*Both* sides are more rational now."

IS HE MAN ENOUGH FOR ANN?

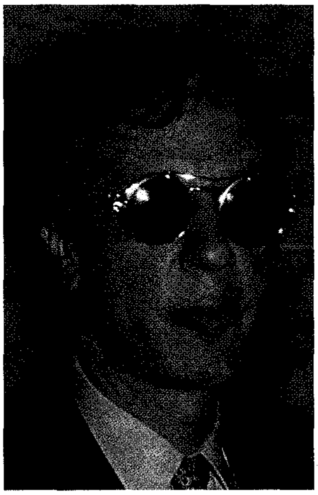
Ann Coulter has finally found herself a man. The conservative blonde pit bull made news last June when she wrote about being boyfriend-deprived in *George*. "When it comes to dating," Coulter complained, "Washington's young male Democrats and Republicans have a lot in common. They're dull, cheap, and clueless." *Salon* followed up with "ten modest proposals to help Ann Coulter get a date," which included such evil suggestions as "stop being a mean bitch" and "buy a vibrator." But its list didn't include the tip that made the difference for the lonely Republican: moving to liberal New York City. "I leave D.C. and almost instantaneously find myself a nice boyfriend who has a real job," reports the writer. "A nice, tax-paying boyfriend who got the ball rolling by specifically asking for a date." Now Coulter, who's planning a follow-up *George* column, says, "I absolutely will not tolerate New York females uttering the tiniest little complaint about men in New York City." Adds the notorious Clinton-hater, who once dated **Bob Guccione Jr.**: "There's even hope for Monica in New York. Maybe even *Hillary* can find a nice guy." Maybe they could—if they know News Corporation executive **Gary Ginsberg**, who introduced Coulter to her new beau, a Wall Street executive. And yes, he is a good Republican.

A BLACK EYE FOR THE *POST*

Those typesetting gremlins were active again at the New York *Post* last Wednesday. In a story covering the Atlanta Braves' victory over the Mets on September 21, sportswriter **David Waldstein** gave credit to a good play by Braves first baseman **Randall Simon**. But his name was reported in the paper as "Random Simian"—a most unfortunate typo for the African-American player. A call to *Post* editor **Ken Chandler** was returned by **Pat Smith** at Rubenstein Associates, who explains that the reporter was filing on deadline via a laptop from Atlanta, "and it happened. It's regrettable." The real problem, Smith reports, is with "Word 97 spell-check: *Simon* goes to *Simian*." Waldstein explains that his computer glitched and put in the spell-check corrections instead of the proper name. The next day, Braves second baseman **Bret Boone** became *Bert Bone*. "I caught that one in time," reports Waldstein.

GATIEN OUT OF THE LIMELIGHT?

Is **Peter Gatien** about to let go of the Limelight? Sources say the Canadian-born impresario, serving time on Rikers Island for tax evasion, is preparing to sell his Sixth Avenue nightclub to a trio of investors, including **Monica Michaels**, who is currently the club's events coordinator. According to a financial-world insider, the group, which hopes to purchase the club and its name for $4 million, also plans to start a Limelight fashion line. The new management team reportedly wants to have the club redesigned and running by New Year's Eve, about the time Gatien might begin paying off $1 million in back taxes he owes New York State. Gatien's wife, **Alessandra**, insists the report is absolutely untrue: "Peter and I are not in a position to sell the Limelight right now. But we *are definitely going to be open on* New Year's Eve."



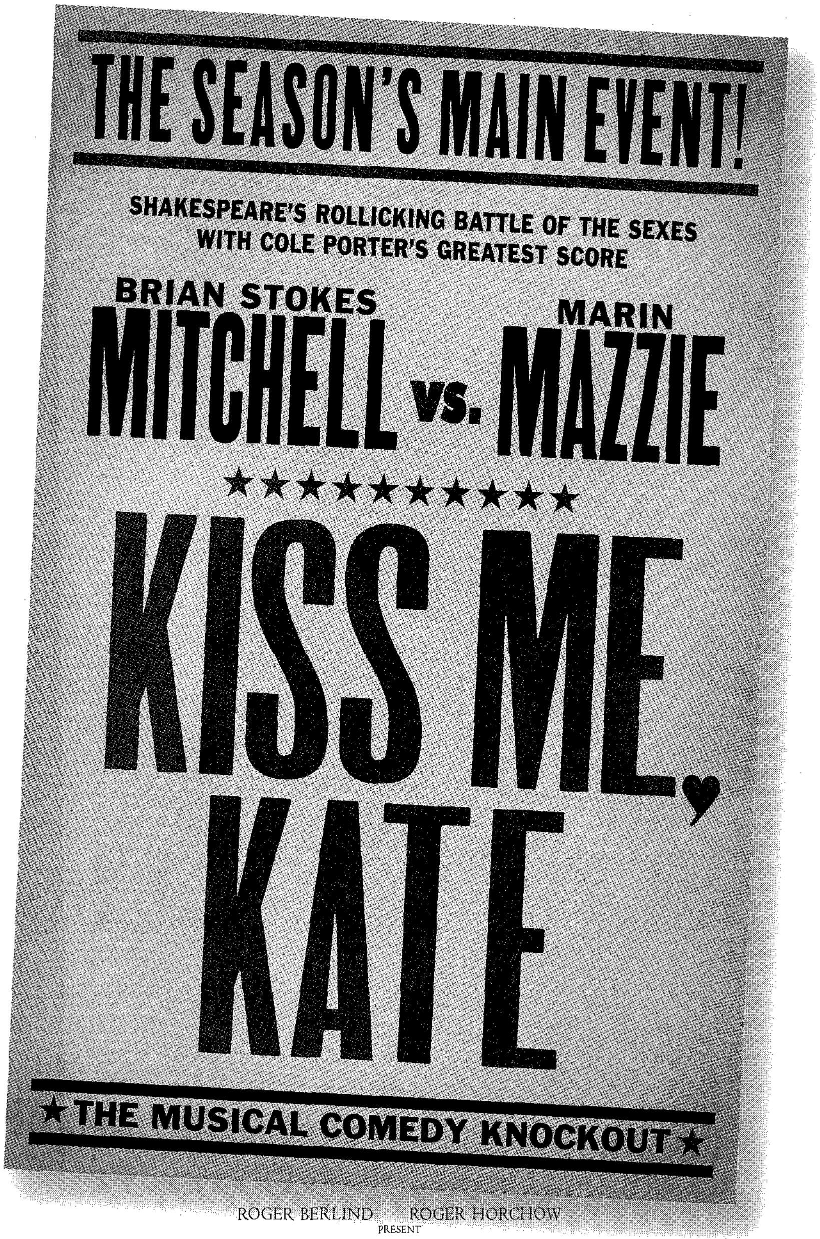
Peter Gatien:
Selling out?

HOW GREEN IS MARK'S GARDEN?

Mark Green is determined to move up the political ladder one way or another. According to political insiders, the peripatetic public advocate—who will automatically become mayor if **Rudy Giuliani** wins the Senate race—is quietly planning a Senate run himself if **Hillary Clinton** drops out. "It would be a win-win for Green," says a source. "If he loses, he's mayor; if he wins, he's senator." Green couldn't be reached for comment, but a Green spokesperson snipped, "As far as Mark's concerned, Hillary is not dropping out of the race, and she will be the next senator from New York."

Additional reporting by David Amsden and Eric Trump.

Photographs: top, Robin Platzer; bottom, Patrick McMullan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SUCH SPARKLE IN HER AIR AND IN HER PEOPLE—*JOHN MANSFIELD*

GOTHAM

Stud muffin: The girls try to figure out whether the pastry chef is gay.

Sex Maniacs

Whom does 'Sex and the City' really *speak to?*

WITH THEIR SKINTIGHT sheath dresses, revolving door of suitors, and arsenal of withering put-downs, the four saucy heroines of HBO's *Sex and the City* epitomize the modern single urban female to a sisterhood of fans across the country. But one demographic responds to the show with even greater devotion than would-be That Girls: their gay male friends.

"I really feel like it comes from a gay man's perspective," says Christopher Brescia, an entertainment attorney who ordered HBO just so he could watch *Sex and the City.* "They all go to the gym, have sex, drink Cosmos, and shop. They *are* gay men."

Tom Samiljan, an editor at Wenner Media, is so eager to share his enthusiasm for the show that he calls from his cell phone while taxiing down a runway in San Diego. "I watch it every week—all my friends watch it. I tape it if I'm not around," he confesses as the seat-belt sign chimes in the background. "They use all this gay terminology on the show, like 'fuck buddy' and 'gay-acting straight guy,' " he says, recalling one of the more-talked-about episodes, when Charlotte (Kristin Davis) is confounded by her pastry-chef love interest's Chelsea address and choice of Cher for make-out mood music. "I've been saying 'gay-acting straight guy' for years, but when I said it to my friend recently, he was like, 'Oh, that's so *Sex and the City*!' "

It's not just familiar catchphrases; gay men also relate to the boy troubles of Sarah Jessica & Co. As the writer Bob Morris puts it, "Now you've got women and gay men both expressing how fucked-up men are. Basically, we're in the same boat." "The idea of Mr. Big is a gay man's fantasy," adds Marc Bunag, a film executive who for his birthday asked for a gold ghetto-fabulous nameplate necklace like the one worn by Parker's Carrie. But what the gay audience appreciates most, suggests Samiljan, are the risqué story lines about anal sex and circumcision. "Just exploring those topics," he says, "they're totally breaking taboos."

One bond trader who actively recruits his friends to tune in claims that each episode is also a dose of positive reinforcement. "You feel this shame or embarrassment that gay men have more sex than the general population," he explains, calling from the waiting room of his doctor's office. (A few minutes later, he calls back to report that his gay doctor is a big fan as well.) "But there's no shame in having sex on that show." "It's refreshing to see that it's not just us fags who are sleeping around," agrees a publishing-world partisan. Perhaps that's why they unanimously nominate the slutty Samantha (Kim Cattrall) as their favorite character. "Samantha is the most gay-man of them all," says Samiljan. In one episode, Samantha's ex has become a drag queen, and just last week, the show's writers had her propositioned by a gay couple. "There *must* be a gay man writing that show," Brescia insists.

As the October 3 season finale approaches, *Sex* junkies are already scrambling for alternative ways to get their fix. On a recent Saturday, one real-estate financial analyst and six of his friends held a *Sex and the City* marathon. "It was so addicting," he exults. "It was like *Melrose* at its peak!" Other fans are busy using connections to get their hands on scarce review tapes. "It's being passed around like a bootleg drug," says Morris of one tape packed with seven back-to-back shows. "But I owed somebody a huge favor," he says sadly, "and now they own the tape."

SARAH BERNARD

Fits Ego Sizes XL, XXL . . .

Just in time for Fashion Week, the city showed off its exclusive Crisis Polo—required apparel for wrestling with the perfect storm, gearing up for a Y2K shutdown, or just hunkering in the bunker. It's available in white or blue, with a MAYOR'S OFFICE OF EMERGENCY MANAGEMENT insignia on the front and the full department name in block letters on the back. But don't look for it at your local retailer: Unlike the NYPD and NYFD, the OEM doesn't peddle its brand to just anyone. Department members flash theirs in the command center—and the city's top action hero wears it only when a business suit just won't do: "He wore it for Floyd, but he didn't wear it for encephalitis," says one spokesman. With hardy all-cotton construction and clean, classic comfort, the Crisis Polo is ideal activewear for the mayor on the go. Note to Hillary: Call Tommy Hilfiger—fast.

ROBERT KOLKER

otographs: top, Craig Blankenhorn/HBO; bottom, courtesy New York 1 News.

Top Spin

Breaking records at the D.J. championships.

ABOUT THE SAME TIME Felix Trinidad and Oscar De La Hoya stepped into the ring in Las Vegas, a distinctly different kind of champion was being introduced at the Hammerstein Ballroom. "My man's from Morocco," announced emcee D.J. Red Alert as D.J. Mouss sauntered onstage to the cheers of the sold-out crowd.

Mouss—along with 26 other D.J.'s who came from as far away as Malaysia and Tunisia—was competing in the thirteenth annual DMC/Technics World D.J. Championships, which combine the intricacies of avant-garde collage art with the sports-arena theatrics of NBA basketball and the trash talk of professional wrestling. Hip-hop has always celebrated the D.J., but the DMC Championships are for the "turntablists," the elite, acrobatic D.J.'s who make music on the fly by switching furiously between beats, interpolating oddball lyrical snippets, and scratching records until they're all but unrecognizable. And the competition was as extreme as the art. Every scratch of the six-minute sets could be seen on an instant-replay-style screen over the stage, and the judges focused on originality and musicality as well as pure sleight-of-hand.

Pacing around backstage, the defending champion, Craze (Aristh Delgado), said he was "amped as hell." He had already caused a minor stir by publicly bragging that his competitors shouldn't even bother to show up. "Everyone's saying, 'It's all about the music—peace, love," he explained, mocking hip-hop's expressions of solidarity. "I'm like, '*Fuck that!*' "

Even if the contestants were the sort of geeky techheads who patiently honed their craft in their bedrooms while their flashier friends were trading rhymes out on the street, they seemed every bit as heroic to the teenage male hip-hop obsessives pumping their fists in front of the stage. Ireland's D.J. Mek scratched his records with an actual knife during the semifinals (he didn't qualify), Craze ended his set by tossing his Cincinnati Reds cap into the crowd, and Australia's D.J. Dexta sent a message to the judges by stalking offstage as his turntable played Frank Sinatra singing "It's up to you . . . New York . . . New York."

But as at any sporting event, the home team had the advantage. Mek complained that British D.J. Tony Vegas deserved to win, but one of the judges said privately that he would have had to "set his hair on fire" to beat Craze's crowd reaction. And when Craze walked onstage and held up his prize—two gold-plated Technics turntables—he had all the humility of Muhammad Ali. "The big question is," he said, basking in the glory, "am I gonna do it again?" GREG MILNER

Critic Darlings

The casting call for the next Janet Maslin.

WAS JANET MASLIN JUST too *nice* to review movies? Will the *Times* hire from within, or search for a comer from the hinterlands? As the Kremlinologists of West 43rd Street await signs of a successor to the chief *Times* film critic, who announced her resignation last week, they might consult our handicapping of the contenders. Sadly, our dark-horse favorite, Paul "Libby Gelman-Waxner" Rudnick of *Premiere*, has a confessional style and penchant for cross-dressing that are less than *Times*ian.

Dave Kehr, a *Times* Arts & Leisure freelancer who's been looking for a full-time gig since getting axed by the *Daily News*, is an early sentimental favorite. One source says *News* editors rated his output too scholarly; that rep could serve him well on 43rd Street. "He's got a national reputation, a lot of newspaper experience, and the kind of stature the *Times* needs," raves Roger Ebert. Told that Ebert likes his chances, Kehr says, "That's nice to hear. I used to run the projector in his film class."

If Vincent Canby is any indication, the *Times* enjoys poaching *Variety*. Current critic **Todd McCarthy** is friendly with Maslin and has discussed working at the paper before. McCarthy's toughest word on the competition: "When **David Denby** came to Sundance this year, he could write just one think piece about it. But I have to write a couple reviews a *day*. That's really intense."

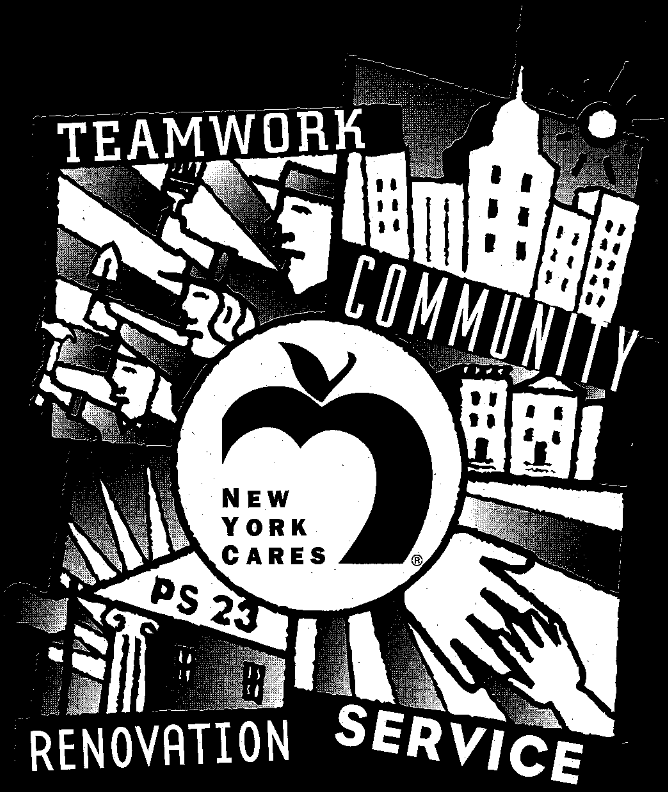
For his part, Denby isn't campaigning for the job. "They simply wore Janet out," he says, "and they would wear anyone else out." Other magazine critics, like *Entertainment Weekly*'s **Owen Gleiberman** (who called *The Phantom Menace* "overstuffed" while Maslin loved it), may be similarly cowed.

The *Times* bench is deep but problematic. **Caryn James**—who was Maslin's extremely competitive No. 2 before being made chief TV critic—could stage a comeback, though Maslin is said to be helping to choose her successor. Current second-stringer **Stephen Holden** seems best suited for the repertory-film beat. **Michiko Kakutani** could take it on but would have to give up her current post as literary dean and culture poohbah at large.

The provinces are notoriously lacking in talent. But the Washington *Post*'s **Stephen Hunter** could be the iconoclast the *Times* is looking for. "I don't socialize with other critics," he says. "I can't stand to sit in those screening rooms and listen to people make bad Noël Coward conversation. Do I sound like I'm auditioning for this job? Well . . . no, I haven't got the call." ROBERT KOLKER

Photographs: top, Michael Sofronski; bottom, Marina Garnier/NYT Pictu

NEW YORK CARES DAY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Stars and Stripes

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

THE BROOKS BROTHERS SUITS AT THE FIFTH AVENUE STORE'S September 21 party for the *Spin City* fall premiere were placing bets on who would be the taller of the sitcom's two big stars: Michael J. Fox or newcomer Heather Locklear. Just as the odds were being calculated, Irina Pantaeva, the Siberian supermodel, burst through the revolving doors. Wrapped in a bright-orange cable-knit hoodie and suede patchwork bell-bottoms, the exotic beauty looked like a fabulous extraterrestrial among the pin-striped executives. The sea of suits parted again as Locklear arrived just behind cast members Alan Ruck and Richard Kind (the former in gray windowpane flannel, the latter in three-buttoned black wool, both suits courtesy of Brooks Brothers). The platinum-blonde actress had replaced her short *Melrose Place* pastels with Gotham's all-black uniform. Fox, dressed in his own nattily tailored midnight-blue suit, stuck close to his wife, Tracy Pollan, smiling graciously and navigating through tables stacked with crewnecks and khakis (Alex P. Keaton would have had a field day in this bastion of eighties preppiness). As the crowd moved to the second floor for a screening of the season opener, Sandra Bernhard, in casual weekend *shmattes*—beige jeans and a yellow jacket—walked into the lobby, looking a bit dazed by the rising tide of tweed. After a moment's adjustment to her rather staid surroundings, she headed toward a kindred spirit: Brandywine, a drag queen dressed up in a fuchsia wig and leopard-print coat. MAURA EGAN

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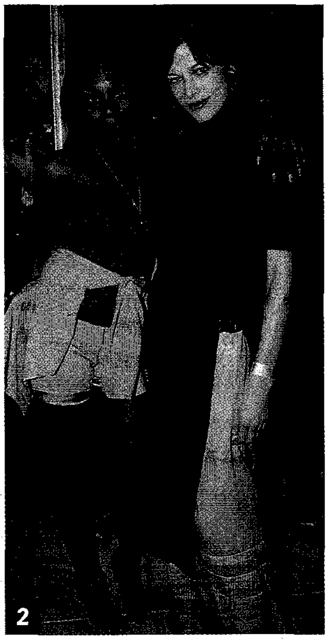
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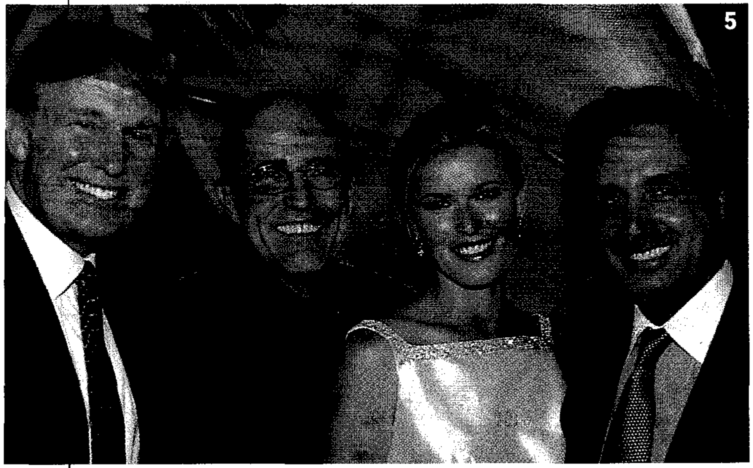
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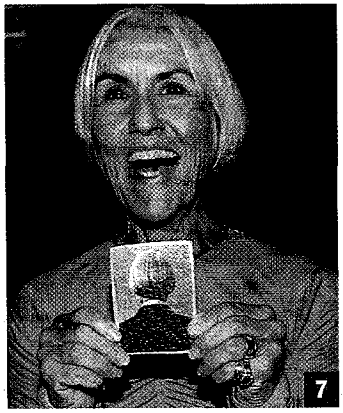
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1. Connie Britton, Michael J. Fox, and Heather Locklear at the *Spin City* season-premiere party at Brooks Brothers' Fifth Avenue store. 2. Foxy Brown and Milla Jovovich at the DKNY store for the launch of the DKNY fragrance. 3. Gavin Rossdale, Ghost designer Tanya Sarne, and Nur Khan at the Ghost fashion-show after-party at Khan's home. 4. Kate Betts, Tommy Hilfiger, and Diane von Furstenberg at the Hearst Magazines party honoring Betts at Fressen. 5. Donald Trump, Mayor Giuliani, Vendela, and Ron Silver at the NYC 2000 fashion show in Times Square. 6. Robert Redford, James Redford, and Tom Brokaw at HBO's premiere of *The Kindness of Strangers* at the HBO building. 7. Polly Mellen at a party honoring her given by *Allure* magazine and Barneys at Fred's restaurant. 8. Bai Ling at the American Cancer Society's "Dream Ball" in the Waldorf-Astoria.

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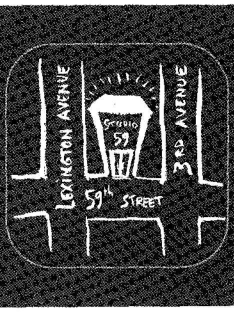
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FASHION WEEK EDITION

The (Eighties) Hit Parade

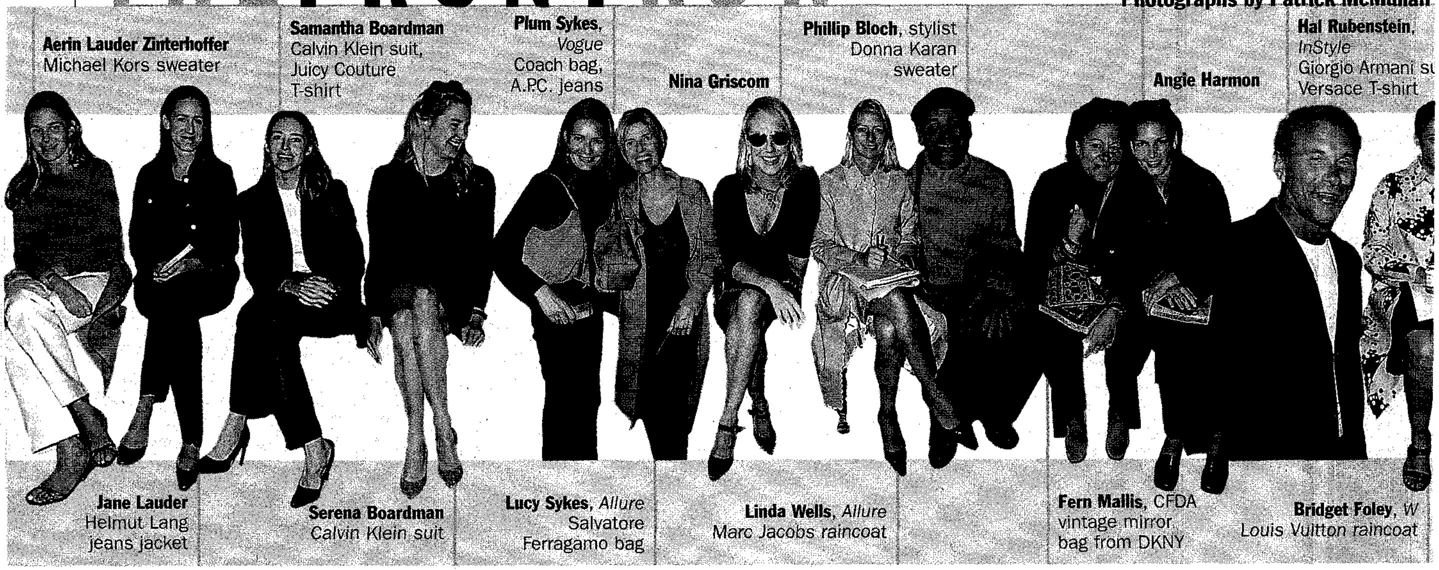
Seventh Avenue designers may be watching too many hours of VH1's *Where Are They Now*: Last week's runway shows featured enough one-hit wonders to fill a John Hughes soundtrack. With the exceptions of the live performances by Bush at Tommy Hilfiger's Madison Square Garden show and Les Rhythms Digitales at the Versus spectacle at Roseland, most designers featured lost music from the eighties. Jill Stuart played tracks from Yaz's *You and Me Both,* the ideal complement to her retro denim-and-rhinestone designs. Cynthia Rowley cued up Berlin's quasi-pornographic "Sex (I'm a . . .)," and Matt Nye blasted Bow Wow Wow's "I Want Candy." Even Daryl K, who played a soundtrack of thunderstorms and chirping birds during her show, piped in a simultaneous blast from the past: Sweetback, the backup band for eighties icon Sade. MAURA EGAN

Puff Piece

Where was André Leon Talley's famed pomp and flash at last week's runway shows? Positioned in the front row, the *Vogue* editor-at-large had the perfect opportunity to showcase his customary haute couture splendor: pin-striped suits, wide-brimmed hats, walking sticks. Instead, Talley wore subdued sportswear from Puff Daddy's Sean John label—a denim ensemble at Michael Kors, a T-shirt with the signature logo at Catherine—looking more Rochester Big & Tall than larger-than-life. Was the flamboyant fashion sage indicating a new dressing-down trend? (Bloomingdale's fashion director, Kal Ruttenstein, was also spotted in Sean John T-shirts throughout the week.) "As an African-American man, I am proud to wear his clothes," Talley explains—before revealing an even more compelling reason: "Not only are they comfortable, but I get the most compliments from the young ladies at *Vogue,* who think I look sexy and trim in them." M.E.

THE FRONT ROW

Photographs by Patrick McMullan



Aerin Lauder Zinterhoffer
Michael Kors sweater

Samantha Boardman
Calvin Klein suit,
Juicy Couture
T-shirt

Plum Sykes,
Vogue
Coach bag,
A.P.C. jeans

Nina Griscom

Phillip Bloch, stylist
Donna Karan
sweater

Angie Harmon

Hal Rubenstein,
InStyle
Giorgio Armani su
Versace T-shirt

Jane Lauder
Helmut Lang
jeans jacket

Serena Boardman
Calvin Klein suit

Lucy Sykes, *Allure*
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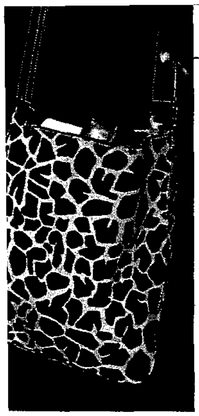
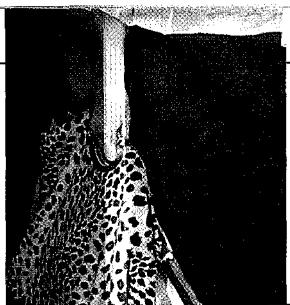
Ferragamo bag

Linda Wells, *Allure*
Marc Jacobs raincoat

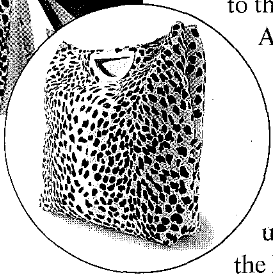
Fern Mallis, CFDA
vintage mirror
bag from DKNY

Bridget Foley, *W*
Louis Vuitton raincoat





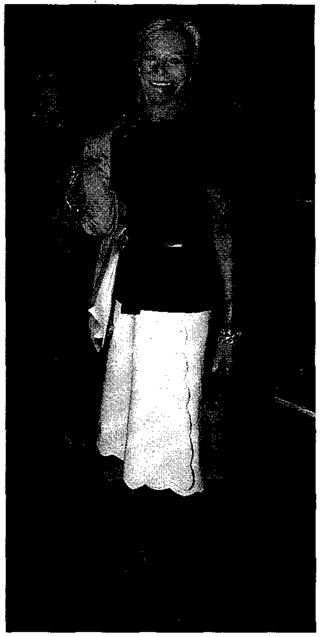
The Wholesale Club



Even as they studied the au courant spring looks floating down last week's runways, fashion's younger forecasters were squeezing one more wearing out of last season's animal-print bags and dark denim jackets. The recycled look may have been due to the early arrival of Fashion Week (now that American collections are being shown before the European ones). Or, as one editor explains, it was simply a matter of penny-pinching: "Sample sales begin after the shows. And no one buys retail until the shows in Milan." That's where underpaid fashion staff drop their bags at the hotel and make a beeline for the holy trinity: Gucci, Prada, and Miu Miu, which offer up to 30 percent discounts to visiting editors. Until then, the fashion flock must settle for last season's Fendi baguettes (snatched up for as little as $100 each at last winter's sample sale) and drool over their bosses' front-row wardrobes. M.E.

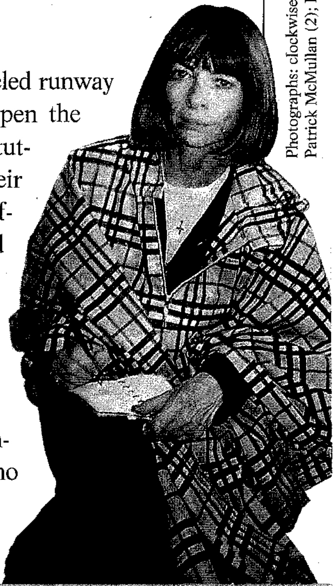
The Late Show

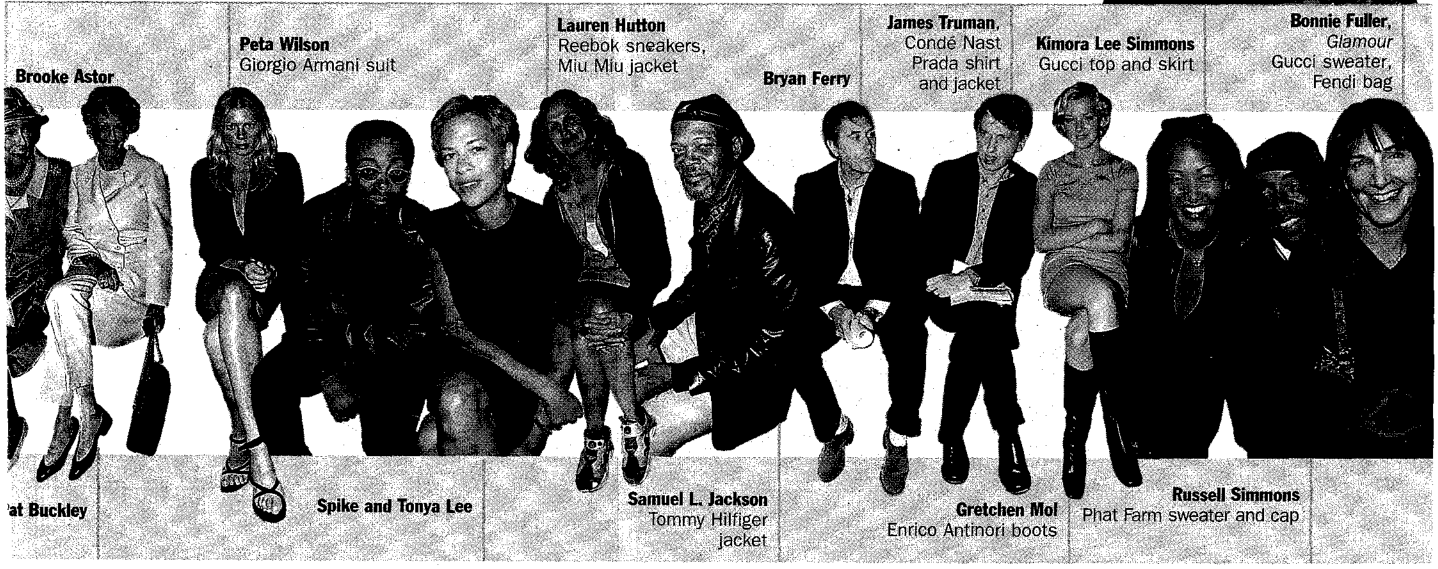
Nan Kempner made a special appearance on the catwalk at the Oscar de la Renta show. No, the svelte socialite wasn't modeling clothes for her longtime friend, just trying to get a better view of his collection: Arriving late to the Bryant Park tents after getting caught in traffic, Kempner decided to make a dash for the VIP section and join the front-row ranks with Barbara Walters and Brooke Astor. Slipping past security, Kempner blocked the view of the photographers' pit and, as she sprinted down the runway, nearly ran into one wobbly-heeled mannequin. But Kempner shows no remorse for her fashion faux pas, explaining: "Hey, better late than never!" M.E.



Dampened Spirit

Despite torrential downpours and canceled runway shows, Hurricane Floyd couldn't dampen the fashion flock's outfits—most just substituted knee-high Barbour wellies for their Manolos. Burberry sent hats to out-of-town editors' hotel rooms and issued emergency ponchos to the city's top editors, even though most were guaranteed to stay dry in their chauffeured cars. *Talk* fashion editor Constance White shuttled her poncho, folded neatly, from show to show while Anna Wintour wore her plaid cape with stilettos—no wellies for *her.* M.E.





Brooke Astor

Peta Wilson
Giorgio Armani suit

Lauren Hutton
Reebok sneakers,
Miu Miu jacket

Bryan Ferry

James Truman,
Condé Nast
Prada shirt
and jacket

Kimora Lee Simmons
Gucci top and skirt

Bonnie Fuller,
Glamour
Gucci sweater,
Fendi bag

at Buckley

Spike and Tonya Lee

Samuel L. Jackson
Tommy Hilfiger
jacket

Gretchen Mol
Enrico Antinori boots

Russell Simmons
Phat Farm sweater and cap

Photographs: clockwise from top center, Patrick McMullan (4); Sang An; Dan Lecca; Patrick McMullan (2); Henry McGee/Globe Photos; Jen Lombardo/Mazur.

CITYSCAPE KARRIE JACOBS

Architecture 101

New student-activities centers at Columbia and NYU expose the complex and sometimes contentious relationships between two schools and their neighbors.

YOU HAVE BEEN TO THIS MEETING before—or, if not exactly the same meeting, one very much like it. It's a community gathering held on a hot summer night in an un-air-conditioned room at the Judson Memorial Church, across the street from Washington Square Park. It's a free-for-all in which local residents vent their emotions about New York University's Kimmel Center for University Life, which is about to be erected on the corner of La Guardia Place and Washington Square South. Similar meetings took place uptown when Columbia University was planning its newly completed Alfred Lerner Hall. Both are large complexes—upwards of 200,000 square feet—housing theaters, rooms for student activities, and dining facilities.

The Kimmel Center will replace the Loeb Student Center, completed in 1959 and not much loved by anyone—at least, not until the proposal for Kimmel was made public. Now, right here at this meeting, the Loeb is being heralded as a "significant modern building," suitable for landmarking. It isn't. And its loss isn't the problem.

A beleaguered NYU functionary holds up a rendering of the proposed ten-story Kimmel Center. Designed by architect Kevin Roche with pinkish granite walls, glass corners, transparent mansard roof, and shiny entrance canopies, it's a flashback to the pomo eighties. It could be the most architecturally distinguished building in a greater-Atlanta office park. But it doesn't really belong in Washington Square. All around the room, people hiss. The design is so banal that neither preservationists nor fans of contemporary architecture can embrace it.

So Tschumi: Above, Bernard Tschumi's completed student center at Columbia; right, a rendering of Kevin Roche's NYU center.

EVERY PLAN FOR NEW CONSTRUCTION IN New York is contested by someone, often on the grounds that the new building, whatever its size or style, is incompatible with those around it. NYU, because it has no real campus, has had endless opportunities to incur the wrath of its neighbors. The most notorious dispute, in 1966, was over Philip Johnson and Richard Foster's Bobst Library. The tall red-sandstone box, seemingly designed more as a container for its 100-foot-square, vertigo-inducing atrium than as a repository of books, was opposed by some 29 community groups and survived a lawsuit filed by, among others, Jane Jacobs and City Councilman–elect Ed Koch. At the time, *Progressive Architecture* noted that NYU's "75-year record of design and planning in Greenwich Village invariably has been characterized by blundering, poor taste, and poorer community relations."

Kimmel, then, is part of a long tradition. "I don't think that it's possible to do anything that wouldn't be a target," Roche insists. "You put your head up, you get shot at."

In the neighborhood outside NYU, the customary solution to this problem is to fake it; note the *faux*-neo-Georgian townhouses along Washington Square North that are actually part of 2 Fifth Avenue, a contemporary white-brick apartment tower. NYU, to its credit, hasn't done that. Roche talks about the "punched" window openings he designed, as a nod to the real neo-Georgian townhouses on the square, and says that the building should look quasi-residential. A hotel, he acknowledges, "is not necessarily a bad analogy." From Lynne Brown, NYU's associate vice-president for government and community relations, comes the idea that the design was intended almost as an antidote to Bobst. "It has an air of lightness," she says, "and not massivity. . . . It wasn't the Johnsonian impulse."

Yet what comes across is a lack of character, an attempt to use very mild architecture as a form of camouflage. It's as if NYU's administrators said to Roche, *Design something that will offend no one.* Of course, that's impossible.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELVE blocks uptown, Columbia University is putting the finishing touches on Lerner Hall, the new 225,000-square-foot student-activities center designed by the school's dean of architecture, Bernard Tschumi, in association with the firm Gruzen Samton. To be sure, Tschumi remembers neighborhood residents' going "berserk" over the unbroken expanse of glass he drafted for the building's north façade. In fact, Lerner Hall looks like something ingeniously planned to short-circuit those sweaty public meetings. It has two distinct wings housing student meeting rooms, administration offices, and dining facilities. Each wing defers to the 1893 McKim, Mead and White master plan for the campus. The west façade, along Broadway, is topped by a *faux*-copper seamed roof that matches its neighbors'. The east, facing Butler Library, sports a couple of columns to echo the older building's colonnade and uses the official campus palette of brick and granite.

Connecting the wings, however, is a

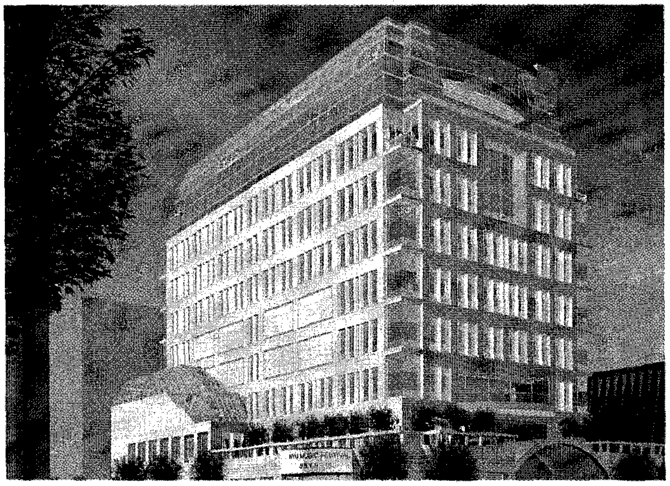
Photographs: left, Peter Mauss; right, courtesy NYU

flamboyantly of-the-moment atrium, where a series of glass-and-steel ramps run diagonally behind a 60-foot-tall glass wall. The north façade is made of 800-pound sheets of glass held in place by spider clamps attached to the ramps. The ramps are suspended from a network of rods. It's all very high-tech and very floaty, and *it* defers to nothing.

"I've always been suspicious of oversimplification," Tschumi says, casting aside the idea that buildings can be entirely historicist or contemporary. "I think life is more complicated than that."

Indeed, Tschumi has done something very complex. Most architects and developers apply fake historical details to buildings in order to make them "contextual," and as a result, few contemporary buildings in this city are unabashedly of their time. Tschumi, by contrast, has used historical reference as cover, as a defensive tactic to protect the portion of the building that means the most to him.

"I am the most anti-contextual person by nature," says Tschumi, who as an architect is best known for the bright-red, abstractly shaped follies he designed in the mid-eighties for the Parc de la Villette, on the fringes of central Paris. As an academic, he's known for creating an architecture department at Columbia where students in "paperless studios" tinker with otherworldly computer-generated designs. And here he is with a rectilinear, eight-story brick tower on Broadway. Says Tschumi, "I have never built in bricks before."



"I don't think it's possible to do anything that wouldn't **be a target,***" says architect Roche. "You put your head up, you get shot at."*

Like NYU, Columbia is famous for being a bad neighbor. As the largest property owner in a minority neighborhood, it has long been accused of driving out low-income tenants in favor of students and faculty (and cash-generating businesses). Columbia, though, is trying hard to do better. During the years that Lerner was being designed and built, the school was also working on a book-length "Framework for Planning," a document that examines the history of the university and its surrounding neighborhood and works out ways to build and grow without disrupting the life of the neighborhood.

"When we were developing Lerner," recalls Emily Lloyd, the university's executive vice-president for administration, "the thinking was that anything on the campus should try to be very respectful of the McKim, Mead and White architecture. At the same time, we really wanted to allow the opportunity for innovation as well. We don't want to be [Colonial] Williamsburg."

Unfortunately, the new approach winds up being an argument for polite contextualism. Architect Robert A. M. Stern (who is pro-contextual by nature) is designing a new residence hall at Broadway and 113th to resemble a typical Broadway apartment house. And the Robert K. Kraft Family Center for Jewish Student Life, a six-story building on West 115th Street designed by Gruzen Samton, will be clad in Jerusalem stone that is "very contextual in color and texture," according to Lloyd, and the architects yielded to community requests to make the center's cornice line up with those of neighboring buildings.

What Tschumi did—not so different, really, from building fake nineteenth-century row houses to mask a fifties apartment tower—seems more like a meditation on the meaning of context than a contextual building. What's especially clever is that he used McKim, Mead and White's organizational logic as the premise for his own scheme. The 1893 campus plan called for lining the perimeter of the campus with matching sets of buildings, each pair separated by a courtyard. Of the original buildings, only Avery Hall, home of the architecture library, was constructed this way. That is, until Lerner came along. Tschumi recognized that the space between the east and west wings was his: "There was an enormous amount of freedom in the gap."

During student orientation in early September, new students and their parents meander up and down Lerner's ramps. Most are searching for the office that dispenses keys to the mailboxes mounted on the back wall of the Lerner atrium at an angle that mimics that of the ramps. The students, if they are impressed by this oddly skewed, daylight-flooded space, don't let it show. Sure, it's new, but from their perspective, the domed rotunda of nineteenth-century Low Library is equally new.

Actually, the official explanation for Tschumi's ramps, which take up a lot of space and don't always offer the quickest route from point A to point B, is that they are an updated, all-weather equivalent of the Low Library steps, the university's premier public place. The steps, of course, are best remembered as the scene of 1968's student insurrection. One can only assume that students will someday find unintended uses for the ramps too.

BACK DOWNTOWN, NYU'S administrators and their architect are contemplating changes in the design of the Kimmel Center. In June, the Municipal Art Society sent a letter to NYU vice-president Robert Goldfeld advocating more "architectural animation and interplay" at sidewalk level. Roche had already added display windows to what had previously been a blank wall, but the Municipal Art Society wanted more.

And the society also "strongly endorsed" replacing the granite skin with red brick. "The use of red brick would resonate more successfully with the neighborhood," argued the letter. As if a red-brick façade would more effectively hide the building's size and newness. Ideally, you shouldn't have to mask new buildings with red brick. Tschumi's trade-off—I'll give you context if you give me freedom—is better than the more commonplace alternatives. It is certainly preferable to Roche's Kimmel Center, a polite contemporary design that will adapt an old-fashioned veneer, if that's what it takes to pacify the neighbors. ■

MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

Publish and Perish

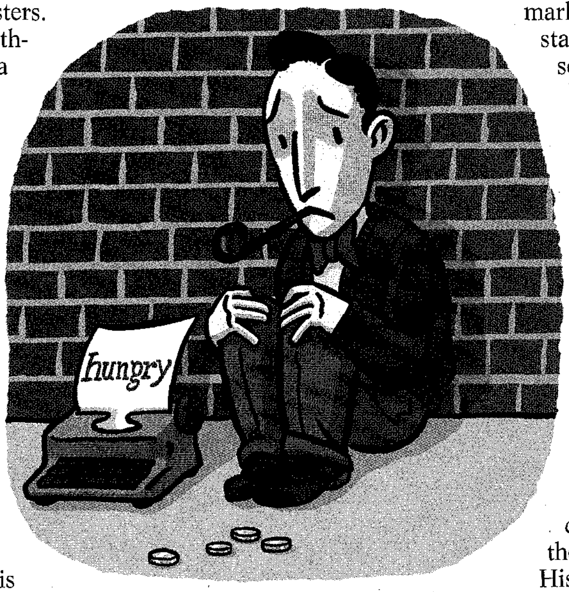
A writer is only one book away from career disaster today. Just ask best-selling author Joe McGinniss what it takes to market a book once the scribbling is done.

IF HE WEREN'T JOE MCGINNISS, HE might be a kind of archetype of an American writer. He's taken on big and diverse subjects, invented genres, engaged in mighty literary controversies, and for 30 years produced more or less best-selling books. But he is Joe McGinniss, and for various reasons—a guilelessness and certainly an extraordinarily poor sense of his profession's politics among them—he has tended to walk into literary disasters. The journalistic Establishment together with Kennedy partisans heaped a mountain of bad press on him ("mauled and devoured and eviscerated" him, he says) for his book on Teddy Kennedy (McGinniss imputed thoughts to Kennedy); Janet Malcolm—the black widow of journalism—made him the primary illustration of what is undoubtedly the most hyperbolic sentence (indeed what is the most-talked-about sentence) ever to appear in *The New Yorker* ("Every journalist who is not too stupid or too full of himself to notice what is going on knows that what he does is morally indefensible.") And now, with the publication of his ninth book, his American publisher has abandoned him, his English publisher has snubbed him, his Italian publisher has dumped him, two agents have parted ways with him, and he's set to go on trial in Italy for something called "criminal defamation."

E-mails from him started arriving early in the summer. Now, I am a veteran of the scorched-earth language and general performance art of the flame (as receiver and initiator), but his e-mails made a big impression. For one thing, there was an added authenticity to his rage because he did not really know how to use e-mail—there was the visible cc: list (he had copied his friends, publishing acquaintances, and Don Imus), the odd formatting, and the interminable length. And then there was the subject of the ever-increasing thread: an author confronting his publisher. There was a blood feud here.

Throughout the summer, not only did more e-mails come—the crazy-man rage extended to publishers in other countries—but prior e-mails were forwarded from other writing friends who had just received them forwarded from still other friends.

It was over the top. It was, vividly, a picture of a writer disintegrating. It was bad. And yet compelling. It didn't take much to see this as something more than just one writer self-destructing, indeed to see it as another indication of the career of writing itself going up in flames.



It's a journalistic truism that when you want to learn what's really going on, you look for the least-stable person—the crazy lady—who will tell you things that others, for reasons of decorum and self-interest, hold back. McGinniss is the crazy lady.

FOR 30 YEARS, MCGINNISS HAS MADE HIS living writing books. Not doing anything except writing books—not teaching, not working for a newspaper or magazine, not writing screenplays—has always been a rarefied place in American letters. But you could get there. It was possible to be a journeyman writer, a true independent, not hitched to politics, subject matter, genre, or form, writing about what interested you and what caught your imagination. Such careers—Mailer-, Vidal-, Talese-, Halberstam-like careers—were made not only of big books but of books between big books, of digressions, of piffles, of collections (almost nobody, save John Updike, can publish collections these days). The understanding was that along with the marketplace for books by celebrities, by statesmen, scholars, ideologues, and self-healers, there was a market for books by writers—writer writers.

McGinniss, who had, at 26, changed the way politics is covered with his book *The Selling of the President* and then gone on to create three classics of true-crime journalism, decided in 1996 that he didn't want to write a book about O. J. Simpson for which he had been paid $1 million (McGinniss sat through every day of the Simpson trial). He wanted to write about soccer—his midlife passion. Sometimes, in a writer's life, it is hard to tell the difference between writerly passion and bad career management—sometimes they are one and the same thing.

His agent, the big-money Mort Janklow, believed this to be strictly bad management (McGinniss had to return the $1 million he'd been paid for O.J.) and refused to represent the soccer book, passing it off to a junior agent in his office and dumping the book altogether shortly after it was completed.

Still, on the basis of an eight-page proposal, the publisher, Little, Brown, paid McGinniss $250,000. The proposal described a book about a soccer team in a small town in Italy defying all odds and achieving championship status, something like Pawtucket heading to the World Series. McGinniss proposed to spend a season with the team.

This was, from the start, an unlikely bet. For one thing, McGinniss didn't speak Italian. For another, among the many things Americans are not interested in are anything to do with a foreign

Illustration by Christoph Niemann

country and professional soccer. Still, as any publisher will tell you, it is all in the telling. Americans may not be interested in the particulars of Italy (quick: Name the prime minister. How 'bout an Italian writer?), but we are, apparently, interested in the romance of Italy—hence, the surprise success of Francis Mayes's books about owning a house in Tuscany. And while Americans are surely not interested in soccer, they are reliably interested in come-from-behind stories of all kinds.

A classic of subject-defying storytelling is a book called *The Secret of Santa Vittoria*—one of the best-sellers of the sixties, about a small town in Italy during World War II. The book was a favorite of McGinniss's, and he invoked it in his proposal (book proposals must always invoke successful like-minded books). By coincidence, the head of Little, Brown is Sarah Crichton, whose father, Robert, wrote *The Secret of Santa Vittoria.* On such serendipity or sentiment are book deals done. (While this was initially to McGinniss's advantage, he would come later to see it as a liability: "While your father was an author, and a fine one, you are a businesswoman, a very different breed," he wrote her.)

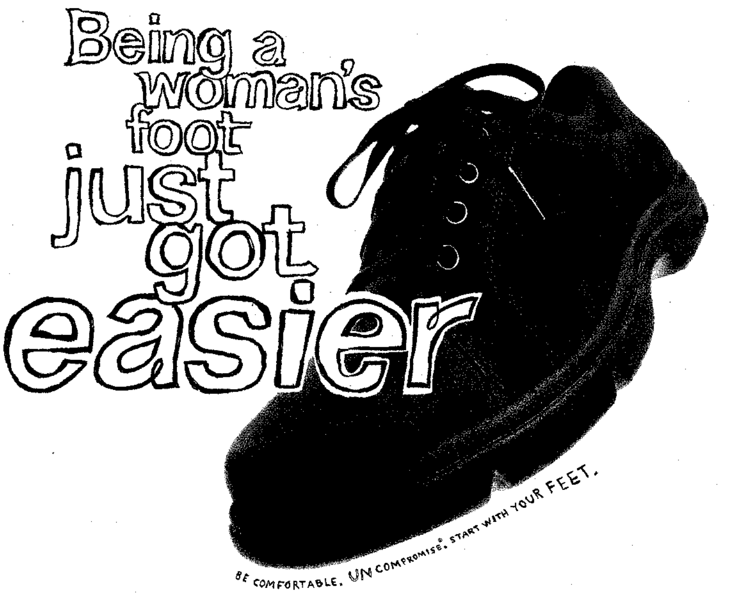
"It is perhaps unfair to accuse publishing houses of being **solely bottom-line-focused,** *because people who work in publishing houses actually know frighteningly little about business."*

The issue—the gamble—was straightforward: Could McGinniss transcend his subject matter and turn it into a story with wide appeal?

"IT IS SO ORIGINAL, SO HUMAN . . . IT IS INtoxicating," Crichton wrote McGinniss shortly after he turned in the book. But that did not necessarily mean she was pleased with it.

The Miracle of Castel di Sangro is an eccentric book—an obsessive tale rather than a universal one. There's too much Italy, too much soccer. What's more, McGin-

(continued on page 89)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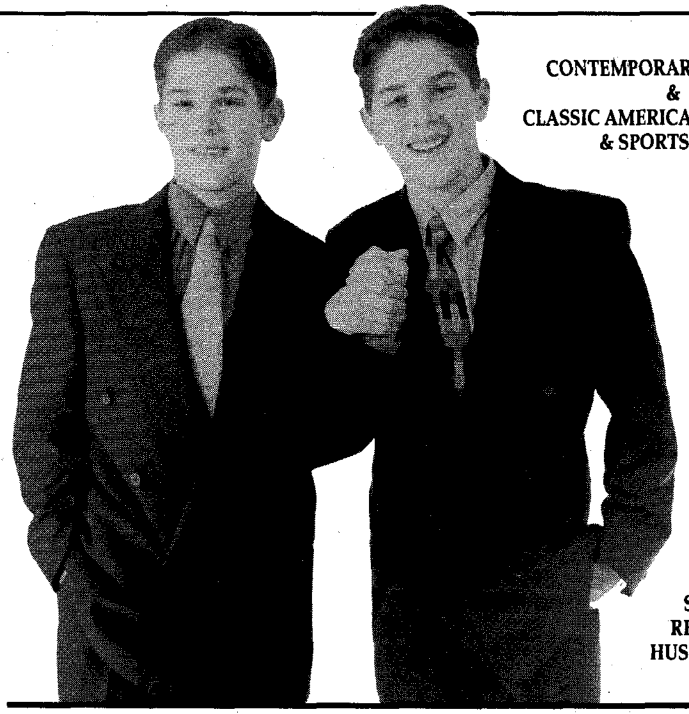

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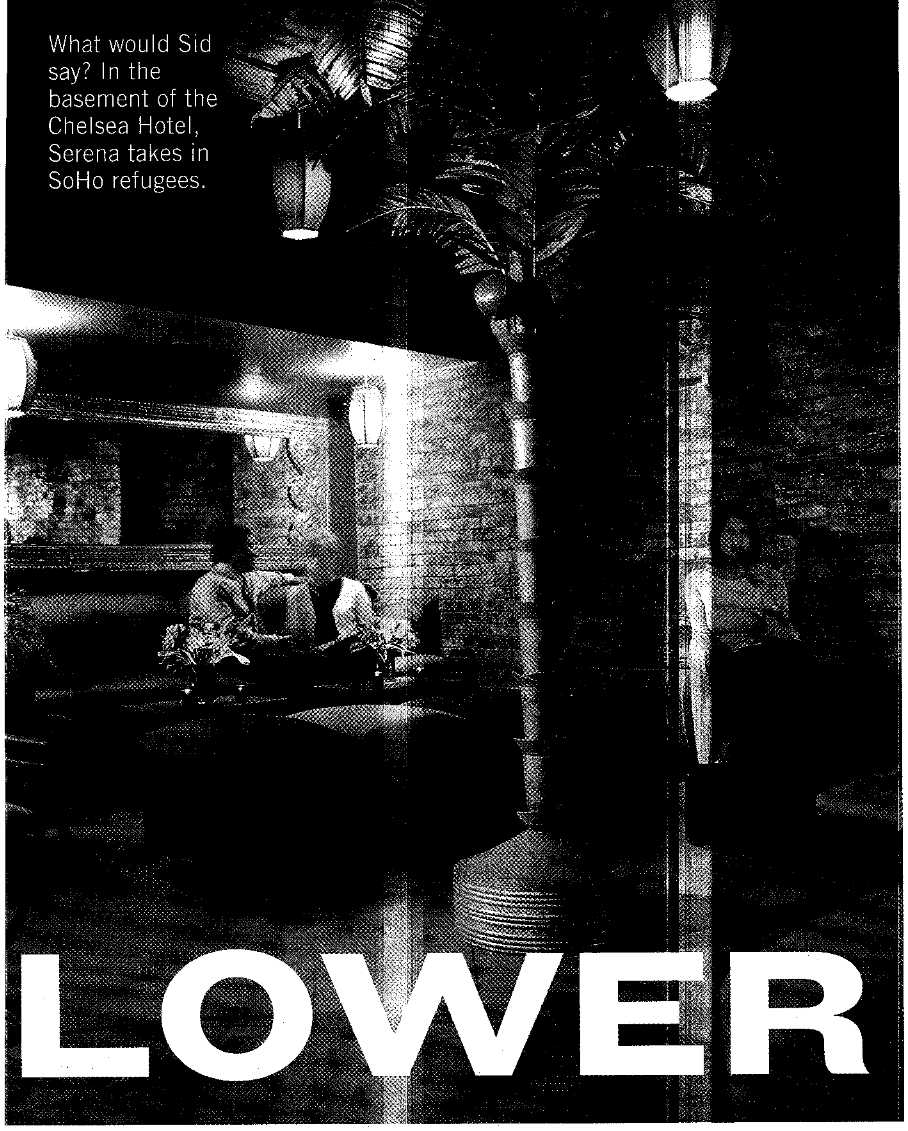
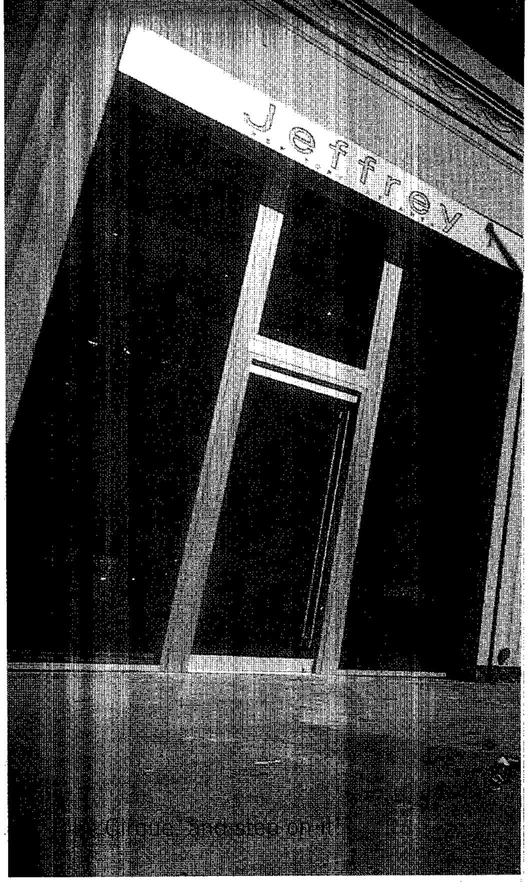
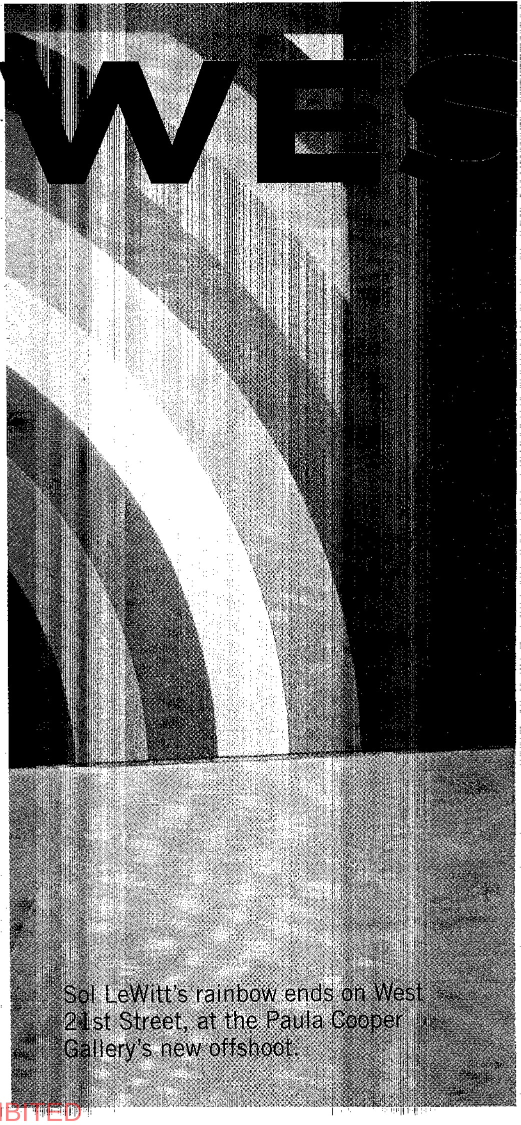


What would Sid say? In the basement of the Chelsea Hotel, Serena takes in SoHo refugees.

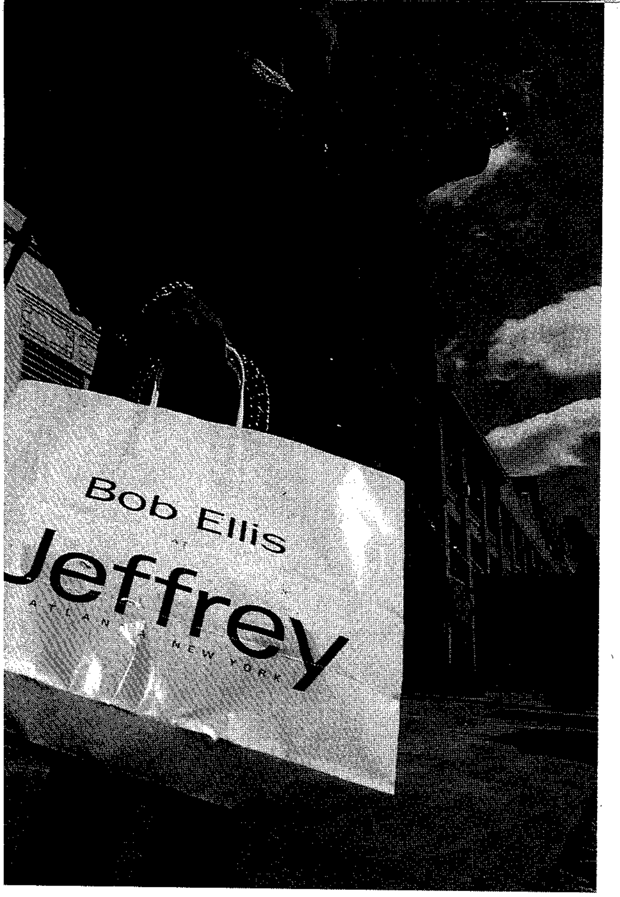


Cirque and step on it!

LOWER WES

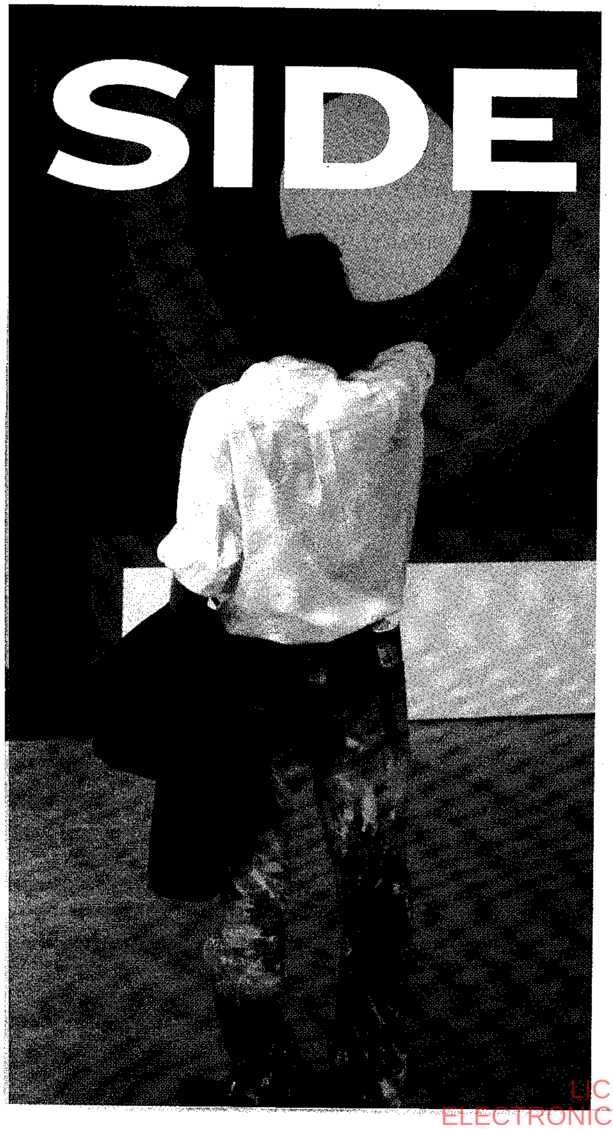


Sol LeWitt's rainbow ends on West 21st Street, at the Paula Cooper Gallery's new offshoot.



Everything SoHo was fifteen years ago—creative hotbed, destination for the gotta-have-its, quiet streets concealing vast loft spaces and galleries—West Chelsea is today. And there aren't any tourists. Yet.

By Alex Williams



SIDE STORY

YOU MIGHT SAY THAT DONNY DEUTSCH IS to the advertising business what Yankees ace David Cone is to baseball, a veteran of New York's go-go eighties who has managed to keep his fastball well into the go-go-go-go nineties. And like Cone, Deutsch—chairman of the flourishing downtown shop Deutsch, Inc.—isn't afraid of getting a little creative, of tossing sidearm, if you will, when he squints his eyes, leans in, and fires the pitch. • But today, Deutsch is not going after any top accounts—say, a Chrysler or a Ralph Lauren. Instead, he's doing a little pro bono work, thinking up a fitting name for his ad agency's new home. Last April, he pulled up stakes on Park Avenue South and headed for the hinterland-on-the-Hudson, a spooky fringe of monolithic manufacturing

Photographs, clockwise from top: Michael Schmelling; Rob Kinmouth; Rachel Cobb; Rob Kinmouth.

buildings in West Chelsea with a population you could fit, seemingly, onto a few floors at Bloomingdale's during tax-free week. But that was before open office space in New York became as precious as a rent-controlled two-bedroom apartment. Today, the once-negligible neighborhood stretching from 14th Street into the Thirties and west from Eighth Avenue to the Hudson is undergoing such a swift, and jolting, transformation that a new identity does seem to be in order.

"I heard somebody suggest 'the Midwest,' " Deutsch mentions in passing. "That's *so* not what it is," he adds, dismissing it outright. Ball one, a knuckler that bounces fecklessly in the dirt. He winds up and delivers another:

"It's kind of cheesy, but what about 'West New York?' "

One problem. There already *is* a West New York, and it's on the other side of the river—in New Jersey. High and inside. Ball two.

Undeterred, Deutsch rocks into the motion and hurls yet another.

"How about . . . 'the Lower West Side'?" he says, weighing the options. "You already have the Lower East Side, the Upper West Side . . ."

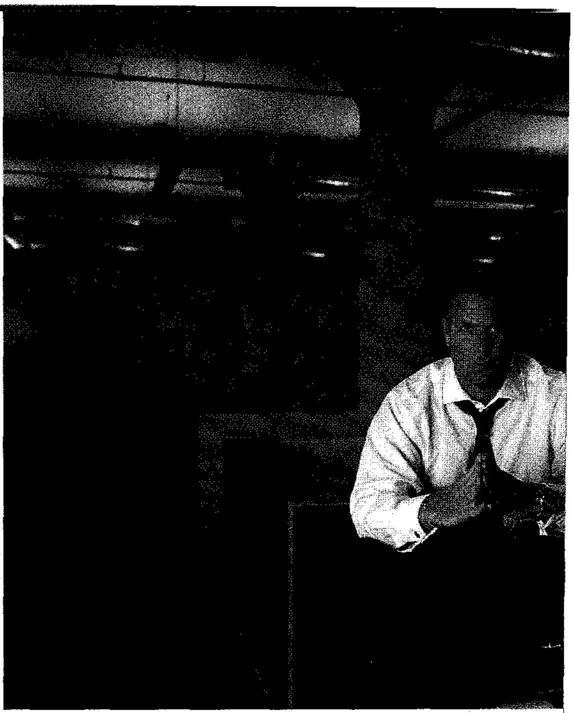
Deutsch looks into the distance, then turns emphatically. "That's it. That's *it.*" A fastball—right down the pipe. "I like that. *The Lower West Side,*" he crows. "I want five bucks for this."

THE LOWER WEST SIDE, THE WEST COAST, Manhattan's Left Bank—whichever label eventually sticks to the Velcro—is suddenly the most dynamic corridor of the city, a rejuvenated commercial district ablaze with art galleries, hot restaurants, photography studios, and fashion boutiques.

"The Lower West Side. Hmmm—what would that turn out to be? "Lo . . . *LoWeSo. LoWeSi?*" says Martha Stewart, who seems slightly skeptical that this rheumy acronym will take. That doesn't mean the Den Mother of American Taste hasn't been charmed—yes, *charmed*—by the neighborhood.

In mid-August, the chairman and chief executive officer of Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia signed a lease for 75,000 square feet in West Chelsea's coveted Starrett-Lehigh Building. The 2.3-million-square-foot factory warehouse at Eleventh Avenue and 26th Street is the Chrysler Building of this rugged, broad-shoulders district that's been hulking next to the Hudson since the nineteenth century. Nine miles of strip windows band the nineteen floors of the vintage 1931 Bauhaus-influenced behemoth. Architects consider it a minor masterwork. But up until recently, few A-list tenants did—which is not to speak ill of the Westway Cone Winding Corporation or the Atlantic Hardware and Supply Company, both of which have resided quietly here for years.

Come March, Stewart's Internet operation and various design-oriented aspects of her business such as photography studios will be steaming into the third millennium at the Starrett-Lehigh. Stewart's impending arrival has truly basted the district with credibility. Blessed with a talent for making lemons not into mere lemonade but into a perfectly photogenic pie capped with an Everest of springy meringue, Stewart is now poised to spruce up an entire neighborhood, casually branding West Chelsea "a good thing" with her very towheaded presence.



Power rangers: Donny Deutsch prayed for more space—and found it on Eighth Avenue. Opposite, the Starrett-Lehigh is Martha Stewart's next big project.

Not that Martha doesn't already have company. In the elevators, she'll be brushing cashmered elbows with artist Sandro Chio, who is already splattering acres of canvas in his own vast studio in the building. Ad legend Jay Chiat, best known for squiring Apple Computer into the public consciousness, is newly aboard at ScreamingMedia, an Internet firm headquartered there. With Internet start-ups, cable networks, and ad firms peer-

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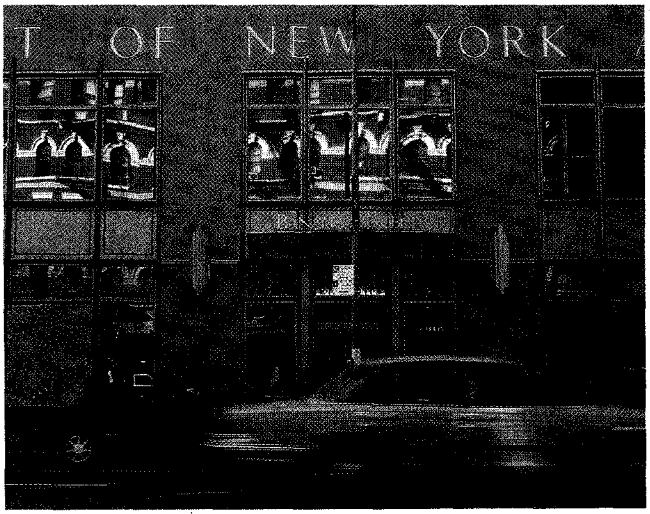
PORT AUTHORITY, 111 EIGHTH AVENUE

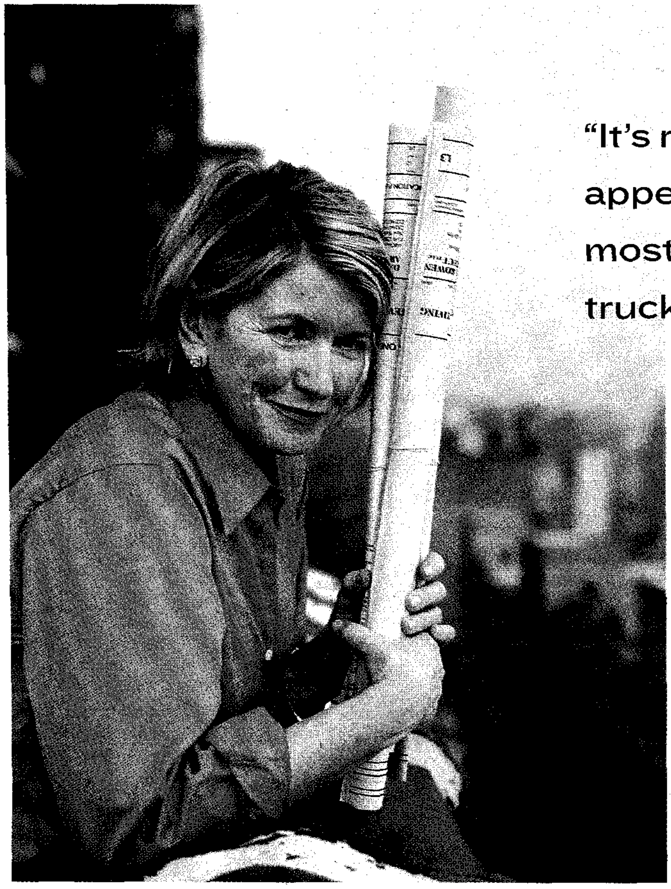


The old **Port Authority Building** at 111 Eighth Avenue might have languished forever in post-industrial semi-vacancy were it not so fortuitously located alongside the fiber-optic canals that run below Ninth Avenue and through the Holland and Lincoln tunnels. Convenient access to the New Economy's matrix, plus oversize power capacity (the building has its own "fuel farm," which can survive a weeklong blackout), has turned the sixteen-story behemoth into a telecom mecca: **NTT**, **Bell Canada**, **Cable & Wireless**, **Verio**, **Frontier Global**, **Teligent**, **Swisscom-NA**, **MCI**, **Sprint**, **AboveNet**, and **TCG** have all taken space. **Barnesandnoble.com** was attracted by the building's multiple fiber-optic entrances, whereas **St. Vincent's Comprehensive Cancer Center**, which has leased almost the entire, city-block-size ground floor, simply needed the room. Ad firms like **Dewynters** and **Deutsch, Inc.**, as well as legal-services companies like **CCH Legal Information Services**, were lured by the wide-open office layouts, fourteen-and-a-half-foot ceilings, and full-height windows. "The standard layout is 800 by 200; stand smack in the middle and you're still getting sunlight," boasts one broker. MICHAEL STEELE

Photographs: top, Rob Kinmouth; bottom, Rachel Cobb.

ing into the building's hangarlike concrete interiors almost daily, the building is becoming the platinum address in the neighborhood.

Downstairs, the Chelsea arts scene is pulsing with activity. There are some 100 galleries here now, pushing north past 21st Street, which Paula Cooper pollinated in 1996. (Like Matthew Marks, Cooper has also opened a second gallery in Chelsea.) The giant yellow-brick West Chelsea Arts Building, a vertical art colony on 26th between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, is currently home to Gorney Bravin + Lee, where the likes of Alexis Rockman, William Wegman, and Sarah Charlesworth show. Eschewing his swanky 57th Street address, Robert Miller—who represents Diane Arbus and Lee Krasner—has taken half the ground floor. And along with the galleries, of course, come the SoHo-slick watering holes and shops: the restaurants Lot 61 and Bottino, the bar Serena in the Chelsea Hotel, and the Comme des Garçons store with its funky intestinal entrance.



"It's real grungy still, and that's what appealed to me," says Stewart. "But what most appealed to me is that I can drive a truck into an elevator up to my floor."

The Lower West Side boom also has a solid southern anchor in the increasingly hot meatpacking district, where Jeffrey, a quixotic mini-Barneys, opened in August and has a throng of people waiting to get in every Saturday morning. In coming months, restaurateur Mark Strausman of Campagna will be unveiling Chinghalle, a quasi-industrial brasserie on Gansevoort Street. Keith McNally, whose Odeon jump-started TriBeCa as we now know it, is finessing his Balthazar follow-up, Pastis, on Ninth Avenue at Little West 12th Street.

The infrastructure of cool will fully be in place if the hip hotels follow, as expected. André Balazs (the Mercer, Chateau Marmont) is said to be looking in West Chelsea. Christina Ong (who owns London's ultrachic Metropolitan and Halkin hotels) is rumored to be planning an outpost in the meatpacking district on Washington Street. Bill Kimpton, San Francisco's answer to Ian Schrager, is also said to be interested.

Any of these hotels would make for a decent East Coast pied-à-terre for L.A.'s Skybar crowd if Miramax and its glossy niece, *Talk* magazine, do end up on West 20th Street, an idea that's been knocked around by both parties a lot recently.

Across the street from the West Chelsea Arts Building is the peak-roofed automotive garage, now divided into two equal spaces, that is suddenly the neighborhood's great visual study in contrast. The eastern half is still occupied by the King Bear mechanic shop, with its stacks of tires banked on the sidewalk in front. As of July, however, the western half has been commandeered by photographer Annie Leibovitz, who has already turned her side into an airy shooting space as minimalist as any of the galleries nearby.

"It's just a very simple building, just a big open space, really," says Leibovitz, who moved from a fourteenth-floor studio on Vandam Street so she could walk to work from her London Terrace home of eight years. "Buildings like this one were built in the teens as auto mechanics' garages to repair Model Ts. But this one just has great bones, great character."

Leibovitz was already a zealot when it came to the area's proletarian chic ("Architecturally," she says, "the Starrett-Lehigh Building always has been one of my favorite buildings in New York City, period"). So she took great pains to be historically accurate when she installed her 7,000-square-foot studio and offices. For inspiration, she pored over books of artsy industryscapes by German conceptual photographers Bernd and Hilla Becher and even tracked down the same Glendale, Queens, ironworks—A&S Windows—that made the windows for a lot of the warehouses in the area.

"It feels exciting to be in Chelsea right now; it's throbbing," she says. "With the art galleries here, the better restaurants have followed. You've got the crowd at Bottino, which is young, smart, lively. Lot 61 is terrific. It just feels alive over here."

"Of course," she adds a bit mournfully, "I've been dying for a better coffee place."

Indeed, so many photo studios are thriving in West Chelsea that another London Terrace resident insists that when dusk falls, with all the camera flashes exploding behind warehouse windows, it's "like looking out over some gigantic disco."

It seems a familiar script: First come the artists, then the art galleries, the restaurants, the Porticos, and the yuppies in their $2 million lofts—the SoHo paradigm all over again. But there are many currently at work shaping the neighborhood's future who think the Lower West Side has a different, and utterly distinct, fate in store.

FOR A CENTURY, THE COASTAL STRETCH OF land along the Hudson River, from the northern border of Greenwich Village at Horatio Street all the way up to 42nd Street, was a paunchy white elephant, at least in the eyes of most city real-estate agents. It was here that small printing companies and manufacturers beavered away in obscurity behind grit-stained windows. Operating out of the city's hindquarters at a several-block remove from the nearest subway lines was well worth the inconvenience; rents were cheap—$6 per square foot, if all you required was a huge, unfinished industrial space.

Photograph by Todd Eberle.

But *huge, unfinished,* and *industrial* are today's real-estate-world buzzwords. They make perfect sense for ad agencies, Internet start-ups, and new-media companies—peopled by just the sort of creative souls who bear-hug the art-gallery-cum-aircraft-hangar aesthetic such buildings afford and have enough manifest destiny on the brain to realize their new hires will need somewhere to sit once the business takes flight.

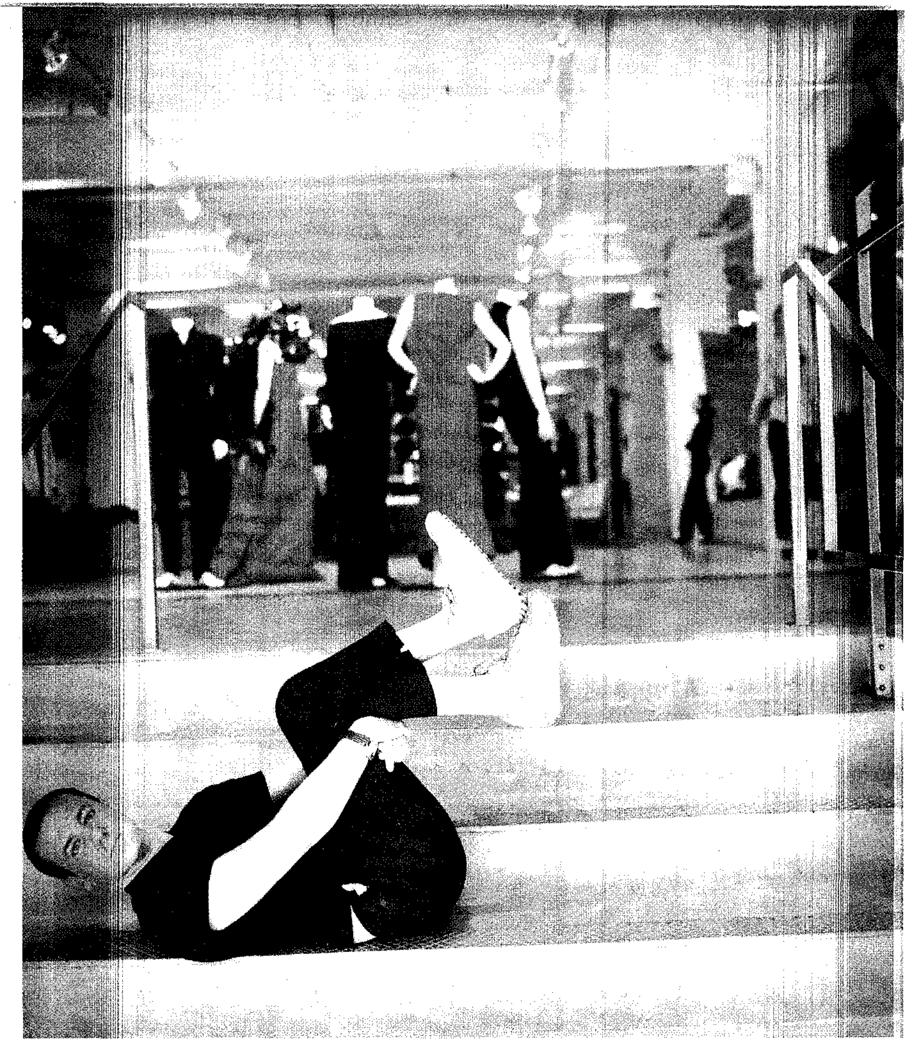
And they'll have a front lawn when the hotly anticipated Hudson River Park appears on the horizon. Approved by the State Legislature last year, this vast stretch of green rolling four and a half miles up the Hudson—from Battery Park City to 59th Street—is supposed to be finished by 2005. It will sprawl over 550 acres and thirteen public piers. The New York *Times* has already decreed that Hudson River Park "could do for New York in the 21st Century what Central Park did in the 19th."

Most immediately, the park—with a projected price tag of $390 million—will replace miles of rotting piers and parking lots with an esplanade, a bike trail, baseball diamonds, and basketball courts. But the park is also likely to serve as an elaborate invitation for the city as a whole—and likely its developers—to pay a visit to this former industrial moonscape.

Up until now, the elevated High Line freight rail west of Tenth Avenue and snaking up to 34th Street had been the area's defining feature. Railroads built in the mid–nineteenth century on Ninth and Eleventh Avenues were the conduits from the slaughterhouses, breweries, and apparel factories to the nation's consumers. But in 1982, the freight lines finally fell silent, leaving behind a rusting penumbral skeleton.

The city has wanted to tear the High Line down for decades, but its new owner, the rail company CSX, has been stalling. CSX, which still pays $200,000 to $300,000 a year on real-estate taxes for the tracks, reportedly would love to fob them off on a nonprofit group or a group of entrepreneurs willing to develop the structure as an elevated promenade, with shops or with landscaping. This is either a brilliantly counterintuitive land-use proposal or a brilliantly absurdist ploy to get the city to throw up its hands and pick up the cost of dismantling the tracks.

Mooring the center of the district is the Chelsea Piers recreation complex, whose management insists it is now on healthier financial footing after some lean years (some 3.8 million people reportedly visited the complex last year, up from 2.1 mil-



On a roll: Jeffrey Kalinsky lets the genius out of the bottle at the old Nabisco complex.

BUILDING DIRECTORY STARRETT-LEHIGH, 601 WEST 26TH STREET

Starrett-Lehigh Building, 1932.

Thanks to its landmarked, Art Deco façade, the **Starrett-Lehigh Building** (601 West 26th Street) may be better-dressed than any of the other West Side cargo-container giants, but it's still plenty big: "What we always say about Starrett-Lehigh is that it's a New York skyscraper lying on its side," says broker Mary Ann Tighe of Insignia/ESG. Currently undergoing a $20 million overhaul, it's attracting high-profile new tenants like Martha Stewart and Jay Chiat's ScreamingMedia. Despite rents that have climbed from $9 a square foot to the mid-$20s, the truck-accessible floors are filling up with new-media firms (**Off Line Entertainment Group, WilTel, Martha Stewart Living Omnimedia**), film and photo studios (**Network Plus, Sibling Entertainment, Sunset Studios, Tomar Studios**), and art galleries (**Sherry French Gallery, Bound & Unbound, Jan van der Donk, Leslie Tonkonow, Pamela Auchincloss, Cencebaugh Contemporary, Solo Impression, White Box**). M.S.

Photograph by Chris Buck.

lion in its first year, 1996). One developer maintains that a few city officials have told him the city would like to make Chelsea Piers the focus of a concerted effort to bring the Summer Olympics here.

Meanwhile, the Prada set has been doing its best to establish a Mercer Street beachhead, only the SoHo paradigm has taken a sharp detour down Silicon Alley. The city's Internet firms are expected to employ more than 180,000 people within the coming year. Telecommunications companies like Level 3 and AboveNet—already thriving because of increased deregulation of the industry—have wandered westward, lured by a key fiber-optic-cable artery running up Ninth Avenue. Geraldine Laybourne's Oxygen Media, Barnesandnoble.com, and DoubleClick are only a few of the dozens of firms that have dug in along the Hudson. And iVillage, Razorfish, and TheStreet.com are shopping around, too, real-estate sources say.

"This area is never going to be intimate," says Annie Leibovitz, who sees a very distinct New York district forming. "It's not quaint. Tenth and Eleventh Avenues are like highways, and that sort of protects things from getting 'cute'—like SoHo."

"I THINK THE AREA'S VERY DIFFERENT FROM SoHo," Martha Stewart is saying. "It's an unusual accumulation of high-tech people and very hardworking, long-hour-kind-of-job people. That's what attracted me to it. Right now, it's a place for people who don't mind a little funkiness, which I don't. People are walking around in shirtsleeves, if not bare-chested. It's real grungy still, and that's what appealed to me. But what most appealed to me is that I can drive a truck into the elevator up to my floor and unload things. It's very weird and wonderful."

The feeling of tabula rasa opportunity seems to flourish in the vast, raw interiors of this new alterna-midtown. It might be called the spirit of the great indoors.

When I first show up at the Deutsch agency, Donny Deutsch keeps me waiting for a good eight minutes in the reception area.

"I actually left my office the second I heard you were here," says Deutsch. Conspicuously personal-trained, Amagansett-tanned, and dressed in a tight black silk T-shirt, Gucci loafers, and no socks, Deutsch admits it took him all that time just to reach the lobby. *"That's* how big this place is," he says. "You get winded here. I walk four or five miles a day."

Deutsch, Inc., has rented the entire fourteenth floor of the Port Authority Building on Eighth Avenue. Until recently, Deutsch was planning to install a three-quarter-length basketball court

WESTWORLD | RESTAURANTS

Chow, Baby

In the old days, if you were in Chelsea and hungry you wound up on Eighth Avenue. Not anymore. West-of-Tenth pioneers like La Lunchonette and Empire Diner have been joined by trendy new boîtes like Bottino, making the Far West as fashionable a restaurant landscape as South of Canal. Likewise, lower Chelsea is feeling the heat of the simmering meatpacking district, as new neighbors like Keith McNally prepare to move in. Here's the best of the new crop:

THE RED CAT (227 Tenth Avenue, near 23rd Street; 212-242-1122) Updated American grub and a heavy roster of post-show-opening dinners attracts a gay-and-straight art crowd.

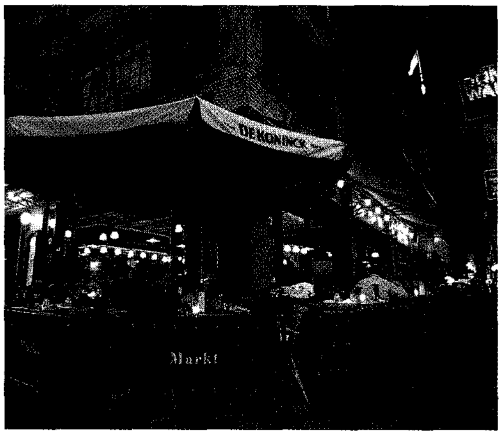
THE LITTLE PIE COMPANY (407 West 14th Street; 212-414-2324) An offshoot of the popular Hell's Kitchen bakery, with counter stools and red vinyl banquettes (right).

ORIONT (431 West 14th Street; 212-645-1988) Decorated by Madonna's baby brother, Christopher—who's bringing in the music-and-fashion crowd—this pan-Asian restaurant and lounge has built-in buzz and a chef from Macao.

BONGO (299 Tenth Avenue, near 27th Street; 212-947-3654) Outfitted entirely with trendy mid-century furniture, this seafood-and-cocktail lounge capitalizes on the current crazes for Eames chairs and raw shellfish.

WILD LILY TEA ROOM (511 West 22nd Street; 212-691-2258) A tranquil spot with a Japanese-garden vibe that attracts Asians on shopping sprees and aesthetes on their way to the Dia Center or Comme des Garçons.

FRESSEN (421 West 13th Street; 212-645-7775) Despite chef Lynn McNeely's art-world pedigree (he used to be Ross Bleckner's private chef) and the super-sleek concrete-and-steel design, this converted meat locker is the least self-conscious of the new breed of grand cafés.



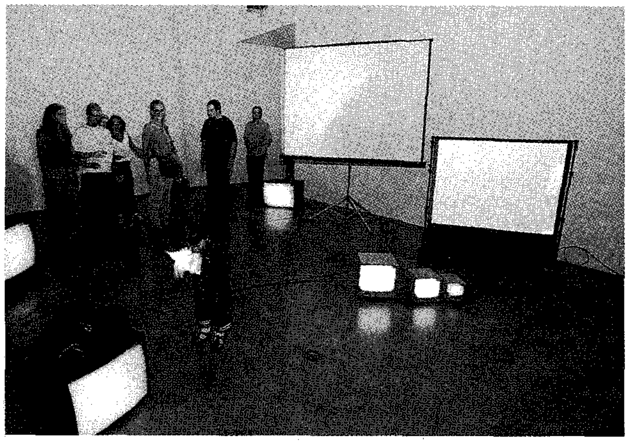
MARKT (401 West 14th Street; 212-727-3314) A bustling recreation of a Belgian beer hall with mussels and fries, cream sauces and seafood, whose motley crowd of hipsters and tourists coexist in hoppy harmony (left).

PETITE ABEILLE (400 West 14th Street; 212-727-1505) This tiny outpost of the popular Belgian chain (there's a bigger one on 18th Street) attracts young moms pushing strollers and couples on brunch dates.

COMING SOON SoHo's original artists' diner, Jerry's, is opening a satellite on the corner of 23rd and Tenth, and Keith McNally's Pastis and Mark Strausman's Chinghalle should help the meatpacking district achieve critical mass. ROBIN RAISFELD

Photographs by Rachel Cobb.

The Art of the Deals



When the Dia Center for the Arts opened on West 22nd Street in 1987, there were no galleries in Chelsea to speak of (except a short-lived outpost of Larry Gagosian's). Liftoff came in 1995 after Matthew Marks Gallery, Morris-Healy, Annina Nosei, and Pat Hearn Gallery appeared on Dia's block. Over the last four years, the retreat from SoHo has turned into a rout, with former West Broadway stalwarts like Barbara Gladstone Gallery (pictured), 303 Gallery, Metro Pictures, and Max Protetch Gallery moving to the West Twenties, followed by new galleries like Cheim & Read, D'Amelio Terras, and Jay Grimm. This year's notable debuts are:

PAULA COOPER GALLERY (521 West 21st Street) Before relocating to her first Chelsea space in 1996, Cooper, a founding member of SoHo's art aristocracy, was looking a little sleepy. But pioneering seems to agree with Cooper: Chelsea has revitalized her. Now, in addition to the chapel-like Richard Gluckman–designed main space, she's also opened a new 3,200-square-foot space across the street. Through November 16: an inaugural exhibition of wall drawings by Sol LeWitt.

POSTMASTERS (459 West 19th Street) No more climbing the endless stairs to the old SoHo space. The gallery's new home is one of Chelsea's most stylish, designed by Tamas Banovich, a co-owner and co-director of the gallery with his wife, Magdalena Sawon. Through October 9: paintings and constructions by Diana Cooper.

ROBERT MANN GALLERY (210 Eleventh Avenue, at 25th Street) Formerly on Madison Avenue, this photography gallery quadrupled its square footage when it moved to Chelsea last February. It shares offices with *Blind Spot,* the photography magazine, with which it occasionally collaborates. Through October 23: color photographs of San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge by Richard Misrach.

BRENT SIKKEMA (530 West 22nd Street) Previously tucked away in a building on Broadway near Prince, this eclectic gallery counts silhouettist Kara Walker, glass artist Josiah McElheny, and conceptual photographer Vik Muniz among its stars. Through October 16: recent large-scale color photographs by Mitch Epstein.

CHELSEA ARTS BUILDING (526 West 26th Street) Already home to several galleries, including Greene Naftali Gallery and Nicole Klagsbrun, this mammoth building is a rabbit warren of galleries and studios. Soon, Robert Miller Gallery and Gorney Bravin + Lee will occupy two of the coveted street-level, two-story spaces facing 26th Street.

COMING SOON Sonnabend Gallery has found a space on 22nd Street and expects to move in January; Gagosian Gallery opens its space at 24th and Eleventh Avenue in the spring; Feature plans to reopen a new ground-floor gallery next month with paintings by Alex Baker and a group show of drawings; and the Paul Kasmin Gallery, once a fixture on Grand Street, inaugurates its new converted garage space at 293 Tenth Avenue on October 5 with paintings by Elliott Puckette. Also, rumor has it that Sperone Westwater Gallery, PaceWildenstein, and Mary Boone Gallery are all shopping for new square footage.

EDITH NEWHALL

right in the middle of his offices, where diesel-engine trucks used to park and deliver the Port Authority's mail after riding up in the building's brawny freight elevators. A basketball court would represent a considerable sacrifice of space in most buildings, but in the midst of Deutsch's nearly 100,000 square feet, the expenditure seemed paltry. (Deutsch's minions, however, rose up against their sports-addicted boss and demanded a lounge instead.)

"I heard they're actually having a real problem down there," says one Adland competitor. "You forget your notes in a meeting, it takes twenty minutes to go back to your office and get them."

In many ways, Deutsch is typical of the high-style, distinctly urban businesses that are landing in the West Chelsea chafing dish: It was Deutsch that created the first mainstream, big-budget ad aimed at gays for its client Ikea (which has also, in fact, been scouting the area for a Manhattan toehold). Inside Deutsch, young creatives chatter animatedly but noiselessly behind dozens of large glass doors. "We can't have people sitting in nooks and crannies," says Deutsch. "We're very dependent on people 'villaging,' if you will. Creative-type businesses *need* a space like this; I don't think a bank necessarily would."

Sure, the offices are off the beaten path, but clients hire an agency like Deutsch for that sort of thinking, he figures. "Had Grey Advertising"—a more midtown, General Motors sort of agency—"moved here," says Deutsch, "you would have heard, 'Grey moved to Ninth Avenue—what a pain in the ass.' "

SO FAR, THE LOWER WEST SIDE BOOM HAS centered on a few mother-ship buildings, the Starrett-Lehigh being one and Deutsch's new home, the Port Authority Building, being another. The Chelsea Market building and the New Media & Arts Center, each part of the old National Biscuit Company complex at Ninth Avenue and 15th Street, are the two other commercial buildings in the area to have reached an almost midtown maturity in the past couple of years.

These are, essentially, the model homes for the district. Deutsch cut his price per square foot ($32 in the old space) by more than a third when he moved downtown. Already, just five months after Deutsch got here, new Port Authority Building tenants are being asked to pay prices matching those at his old Park Avenue South offices.

But it is universally acknowledged that it is Stewart's move into the Starrett-Lehigh Building that is the neighborhood's true watershed moment. And indeed, a torrent of new businesses head-

Photograph by Rob Kinmouth.

ing westward is now expected. Williams Communications Solutions, a telecom firm, has also just signed a deal for 65,000 square feet. The folks from the ad agency Mad Dogs and Englishmen have also had a tour.

"When I started working in Chelsea a few years ago, the landlords at the Starrett-Lehigh Building were content just to keep doing deals at $7 a square foot," says real-estate agent Susan B. Anthony, the premier gallery-space specialist. "You couldn't even get their agents on the phone."

But last August, the building was sold, for $150 million, to a deep-pocketed partnership headed by investor David Werner and featuring Harry Skydell, the developer known for refurbishing the Puck Building and the East Village's Christodora House. Rents at the buildings have nearly tripled. Increasingly, the old industrial occupants have been left with the choice of paying in the mid-twenties per square foot or decamping to Queens or New Jersey.

"We had our Christmas party at the [photography-and-film] studio Day for Night, on the top floor of the building, and I just never got the idea of moving here out of my head," Martha Stewart confesses. "When I first saw the interior of the building, it reminded me of the movie *Brazil.* You open a door and just look down enormous shafts stretching into the distance. I love the double-height ceilings, with the skylights and that wonderful light. My space is a half a block, and that's pretty far to go if you have to run down to the studio for a second. You'll be out of breath by the time you get there. I might even get a scooter."

Stewart breezily admits the building is a Magellan-size pilgrimage from her house on Long Island Sound in Westport. "The heliport nearby," she says pluckily, "is lookin' real good right now."

WITH THE SUBWAYS SO FAR AWAY, IT SEEMS the area is hard to get to from *wherever* you live (which almost certainly isn't nearby). Residential development has lagged commercial development along the Far West Side, and neighborhood amenities that most of us take for granted—like dry cleaners, Food Emporiums, and maybe a Blockbuster or two—are in short supply.

So many photo studios are here that when dusk falls, with the camera flashes exploding behind giant windows, "it's like looking out over some gigantic disco," says a resident.

Once the Hudson River Park appears, it would be surprising if residential construction (or at least, conversion) did not follow. Premium park views, after all, typically require premium apartments—and prices.

"Development can move much more quickly in an empty area," says Tony Goldman, one of the main forces behind SoHo's reimagination and a leading authority on urban renewal. "You don't have as many issues of displacement to worry about like you do in a crowded residential area like the Lower East Side. Alphabet City took two decades to gentrify."

But there are those who fear that West Chelsea could morph into a high-end, open-air mall like SoHo.

"A lot of people in Chelsea think SoHo got too commercial, and they want to make sure they keep the art galleries in Chelsea and not have the buildings upzoned to residential," says Thomas Elghanayan, president of the giant Rockrose Development Corporation.

A Chelsea zoning revision that has been decades in the making just passed through the City Council last month. The plan essentially limits any future high-rises to the avenues east of Tenth. (As many as five residential towers may soon rise on Sixth Avenue parking-lot sites now used for weekend flea markets.) The city was very stingy when it came to granting residential zoning to the stretch west of Tenth, most of which has been earmarked for light-manufacturing or commercial use.

The great exception so far is 23rd Street between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, which was rezoned for residential use "to create a gateway to the Hudson River Park," according to the Planning Commission's Richard Barth. In addition to loft conversions on the street, Barth says, three or four twelve-story residential buildings are likely to be built there in coming years.

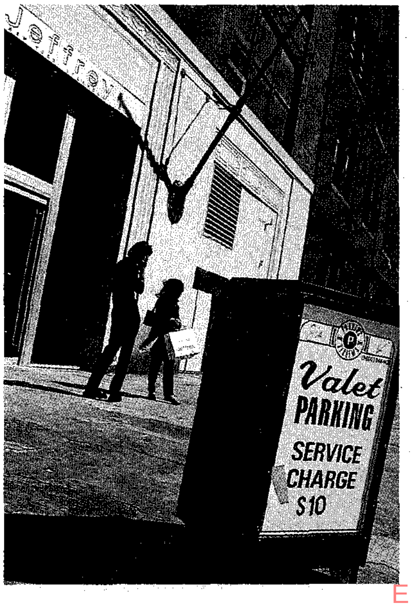
Still, only a few developers have managed to make inroads in West Chelsea. Three years ago, Savanna Partners converted a warehouse building at 525 West 22nd Street between Eleventh and Twelfth Avenues into condominiums. The so-called Spears Condominium stands on Gallery Row, along with the Dia Center for the Arts. "That's as far west as you can go," says Andy Gerringer, a senior vice-president at Douglas Elliman, the exclusive sales agents for the building.

Three years ago, that building sold its 30 "semi-finished" loft spaces for about $275 to $300 a square foot, Gerringer says. Another Douglas Elliman client, the development team of Christian Pompa and Barry Leistner, recently obtained a zoning variance to convert another building on the same block, the old Eagle warehouse at 532 West 22nd Street. Those lofts will start at $500 a foot.

Rockrose—which pulled down a section of the High Line in the West Village and remains a huge player in that neighborhood—has been getting in on the act, too. Between Seventh and Eighth Avenues, Rockrose is converting the former headquarters of a onetime Sears competi-

BUILDING DIRECTORY

NEW MEDIA & ARTS, 450 WEST 15TH STREET



Formerly part of the Nabisco complex, 450 West 15th Street is now called the **New Media & Arts Center**, though maybe they should start calling it the fashion frat. **Jeffrey New York** opened its doors on the ground floor in August (eventually, the store will take the second and third floors too), but the fashion connection goes back to 1996, when the building was Moishe's Mini-Storage. **Milk Studios** started hosting events in the building, and it soon became a popular place to shoot **Calvin Klein** ads. Since then, fashion-P.R. firm **KCD** and designer **John Bartlett** have moved in. Soon, **TSE New York** will be leaving its midtown offices to take a 30,000-square-foot space with unobstructed river views. Before you know it, fellow tenant ***Gear*** magazine will be doing features on ponyskin. M.S.

Photograph by Rob Kinmouth.

tor, the National Coat and Cloak Company, into the luxe Chelsea Mercantile building. The project is being trumpeted by the developer as "the Dakota of downtown": True to downtown taste, Rockrose opted for spacious loft-condos with up-to-fourteen-foot ceilings. In some cases, the building's raw-concrete pillars have been incorporated into the design. One apartment there just sold for a whopping $4.2 million. Even studios in the building are going for $375,000.

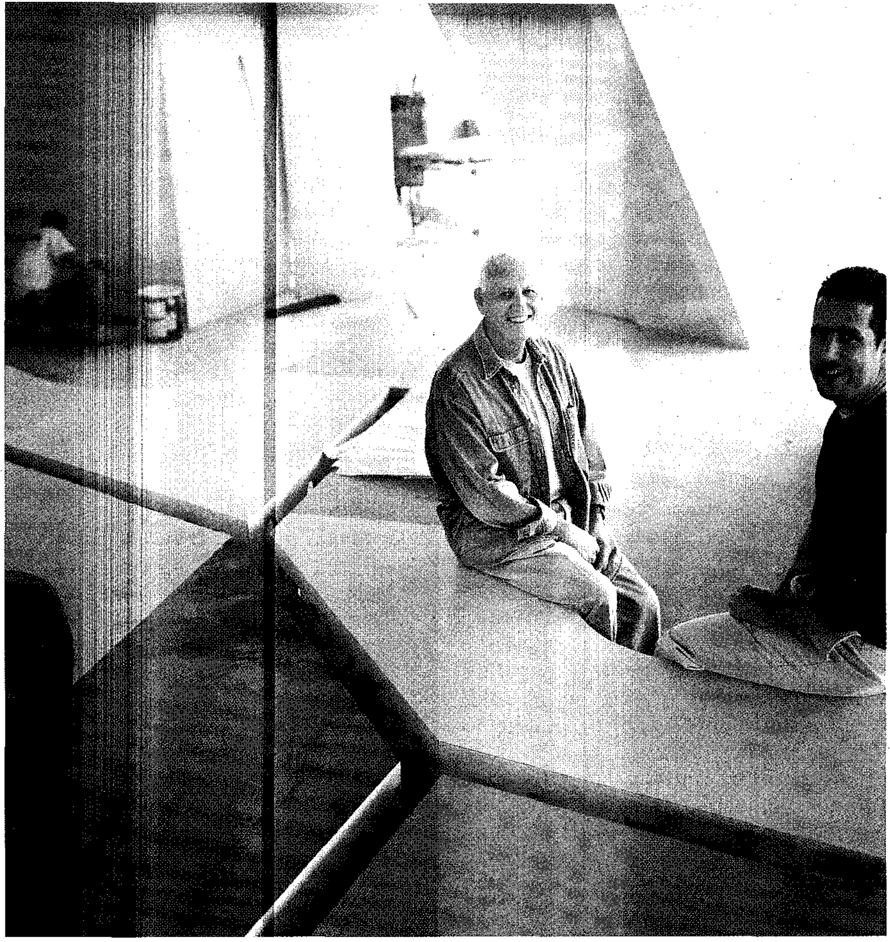
On blocks still zoned for manufacturing, creating residential lofts would require a variance from the city, and the city isn't keen to push even more of New York's declining manufacturing base to (shudder) New Jersey. Rockrose vice-president Kevin Singleton says that even in cases where developers have been able to secure a variance, they've had to buy out all the printers and manufacturers who still have many years left on their leases—often a harrowing and costly process.

This past year, a group called Vanguard Investors was in contract to buy the handsome Otis Elevator Building at 260 Eleventh Avenue, catercorner from Martha's new digs. A number of government agencies were leaving the building because their leases were up, and the idea was to convert it into 97 residential lofts. But when the City Planning Department decided against the variance, Vanguard pulled out. Newmark & Company is now "aggressively looking" for new commercial tenants—perhaps a single new-media tenant to take the entire seven-story building. "That building has twenty-foot ceilings on the ground floor and a parking lot behind it, *and* it's going to be empty before long," says Mary Ann Tighe, Insignia/ESG's high-profile real-estate agent who brokered the deal for Stewart's space. "It hasn't really popped up on a lot of people's radar yet. But it will," Tighe predicts. "There's even room for a basketball court outside," says Newmark's William Cohen. "*Two* of them."

CLUSTERED AROUND THE TEMPLELIKE ENtrance of the Jeffrey maxiboutique on West 14th Street, a small crowd of pouty young Brearley types and their mothers in Chanel armor are chattering on cell phones, waiting with minor annoyance for a magazine photo shoot to end inside.

Owner Jeffrey Kalinsky, a former Barneys shoe buyer who burnished his name with boutiques in Atlanta, has a CNN interview tonight. "I am being pulled in *way* too many directions, but I'm sure things will settle down soon," he sighs, with a distinct lack of conviction.

It is hard to believe, in the midst of this frenzy over Gucci goat-hair blazers and Manolo Blahnik croc pumps, that when Kalinsky first stumbled across his space last January, it was still a windowless brick mini-storage facility. The grand entrance was a concrete loading dock hidden by a steel gate.



Two men and a baby: Chiat (left) and Ellman are hatching ScreamingMedia in the Starrett-Lehigh.

"My real-estate agent, Caroline Banker of New Spectrum Realty, had done extensive research," Kalinsky recalls. "She thought the perfect space for me was lower Madison. This just happened to be our first appointment. When I saw the space, we canceled all our appointments that day, and we had a handshake agreement that night with the landlord."

The building Jeffrey Kalinsky stumbled across, 449 West 14th Street, between Ninth and Tenth Avenues, was the center of the multi-building Nabisco complex, which dates back to the nineteenth century. Then in January 1996, two developers, moving-van magnate Moishe Mana and Erez Schternlicht, bought the building and rechristened it, somewhat optimistically, the New Media & Arts Center. It has since filled out with 31 distinctly downtown tenants, including Bob Guccione Jr.'s *Gear* magazine, designer John Bartlett's showroom, and the photography mecca Milk Studios (which Mana and Schternlicht actually own).

"We're full," says Mazdack Rassi, a principal at the building. "We're in the process of renting our last 10,000 square feet to Domini Social Investments, a socially conscious mutual-fund company, for their headquarters. Even though it's a financial company, they fit the personality of the building. They don't *look* like stockbrokers. TSE Cashmere has also signed a lease. Its headquarters is going to be here by January."

The Chelsea Market building, just to the north, was bought in the early nineties by the Long Island City–based developer ATC Management, which installed the market, a collection of seventeen high-end food retailers like Amy's Bread. (The Food Network recently scored 25,000 square feet for its studio and test kitchen.) Sculptor Mark Mennin, who built the angular stone fountain inside Chelsea Market, still maintains a studio in the building. "Two years ago, we knew it was all going to happen in this area, but it hadn't yet," says Mennin. "Now if I didn't have a fifteen-year lease, I'd be scared."

Of course, a store like Jeffrey is subsisting right now on the buzz that accompanies many a hot opening: Everyone just *has* to make the trek to see what all the fuss is about. It remains to be seen whether Jeffrey will stay the course, whether there are enough East 64th Street rubberneckers who will repeated-

Photograph by Chris Buck.

ly brave post-lunch midtown traffic to get there.

Retail experts can't see a shopping district taking root anytime soon. "The rents have gone up tremendously for prime retail space in the area. It used to be $35 to $40 a square foot. Now it's $75 to $100," says Faith Hope Consolo of Garrick-Aug Associates, one of the city's premier retail brokers. "Banana Republic just took a site on Eighth Avenue. I could see a big-time furnishings store going in down there. But it's not going to be SoHo. I can't see MAC or Shiseido. You just need more foot traffic for places like that."

"There has to be a strong residential base to have successful retail," says Richard Seligman, president of Retail Development Partners. "And this area has a different topography from SoHo. Part of the appeal of SoHo is the streets themselves. They're just an inherently pleasant place to walk. That's certainly a different case from West Chelsea."

Seligman believes that it is largely the "destination" retail outlets that will survive the Lower West Side's adolescence. Big-box stores like Home Depot—which has also been poking around—are unique enough to draw people, regardless of transportation issues.

"With a Costco, an Ikea, or a factory outlet, people will get in a cab and go there," says Seligman, who's been helping Crate & Barrel find turf for an outlet. Williams-Sonoma and J. Crew are said to be trolling the neighborhood as well.

Comme des Garçons, says Seligman, prices its avant fashions so high that the boutique doesn't have to sell as huge a volume as a lower-cost clothing shop in order to pay its overhead. It can survive with fewer customers, in other words, so long as those customers bring their Céline wallets. And design and clothing boutiques that aren't yet big enough for SoHo may want to cut their teeth over near the Hudson. "I could see a lot of NoLIta type of boutiques opening up on the West Side," says Seligman.

AND THIS TIME AROUND, THE GALLERIES don't have to worry about getting elbowed out.

Matthew Marks, one of Chelsea's earliest settlers, now owns two galleries on 22nd and 24th Streets.

"We learned our lesson in SoHo," he says. "The galleries aren't going to be kicked out here, because we *own* the spaces; we don't lease. Now, that doesn't mean everyone is going to stay. But at least if we do leave, it will be because *we're* the ones cashing out."

"Larry wouldn't have come back if he hadn't found spectacular space," says Larry Gagosian's broker, Susan B. Anthony. Okay, so maybe this low-slung, window-

WESTWORLD | NIGHTLIFE

River Dance

Abundant loft space and uncomplaining industrial neighbors made Chelsea a favorite with night-crawlers. Gentrification now threatens the neighborhood's scuzzy chic, but the area is still *the* place where clubbers and bar-hoppers can party till dawn despite the Giuliani crackdown. While the A-list fire of Lot 61 (right) may have been stolen by uptown upstart Float, on Saturday nights, with Victor Calderone behind the turntables, even the venerable Roxy on 18th Street feels like a boisterous clubland newcomer.

ROCKSTAR LOFT This new club defines late-nineties cool by turning the tables on the velvet-rope concept: The monthly party is strictly invitation-only, but clubbers gain admittance (and the address) based on their contribution to the club scene rather than their proximity to Gwyneth. How will you know if you meet Rockstar's criteria for clubland coolness? Check your mailbox.

BAKTUN (418 West 14th Street; 212-206-1590) Maybe it was the lack of air conditioning, but newcomer Baktun was positively on fire during the hot summer of 1999, culminating in a 48-hour dance marathon earlier this month featuring D.J.'s from the club's consistently excellent "Bang the Party" and "N'Ice" nights.

HELL (59 Gansevoort Street; 212-727-1666) Though Hell isn't as hot as it used to be, this velvet-couch lounge still provides a pleasantly roomy, low-key place for a drink in the outer rings of the meatpacking district.

MOTHER (432 West 14th Street; 212-366-5680) One of the meatpacking district's pioneers (the club opened in 1996), Mother remains a subversive presence in this antiseptic club era, thanks to the cyber-fetish party "Click + Drag" and the legendarily tasteless Tuesday-night affair Jackie 60, which asks its patrons to riff on cultural moments like Kate Moss's collapse or the murder of JonBenet Ramsey.

TWILO (530 West 27th Street; 212-268-1600) Once dismissed as a Tunnel wannabe, Twilo (below) silenced critics by becoming the only superclub worth visiting, thanks to the monthly residencies of British-techno D.J. Carl Cox and the phenomenally popular trance-music team Sasha & Digweed. Twilo has had run-ins with the mayor's Praetorian guard, but the venue's emphasis on music over substance-fueled revelry should get it through the tough times.

2 I'S (248 West 14th Street; 212-807-1775) This bi-level space has long been overshadowed by its more popular neighbor Nell's but has still managed to make a name for itself hosting high-quality parties like "Pick-a-Pow," the roots-reggae-oriented Thursday night, and "Sticky Mike's," an easygoing Sunday-night event with everything from soul to house to reggae. ETHAN BROWN

Photographs: top, Michael Schmelling; bottom, Yechiam Gal.

less, mud-colored parking garage near the West Side Highway has potential. There are 23-foot ceilings, 21,000 square feet of floor space, and poured-concrete floors installed before they were even trendy.

But *spectacular*? The building was a parking garage for garment-center trucks that was last owned by Thomas Gambino, son of the late crime boss Carlo Gambino. Still, a prime ground-floor space in the middle of a frothy art scene is hard to beat, especially with Chelsea's rents a fraction of those uptown and down.

This will not be the Chelsea debut for this silver-haired, bi-coastal art mogul. In 1986, Gagosian operated the only real art gallery in Chelsea, on 23rd Street west of Tenth Avenue. Flush with cash after the Reagan years, Gagosian decided to upgrade, opening a new headquarters on Madison Avenue and 76th Street with a 2,400-square-foot SoHo annex on Wooster Street. But now it's back to Chelsea, along with everyone else. "Chelsea gallery spaces are now fetching prices almost equal to SoHo's," says Anthony—at least for upper-floor space (although ground-floor space, around $40 in Chelsea, still lags prime $200-a-square-foot territory in SoHo). "Chelsea is definitely the center of the art world now," Anthony flatly asserts. "SoHo is not."

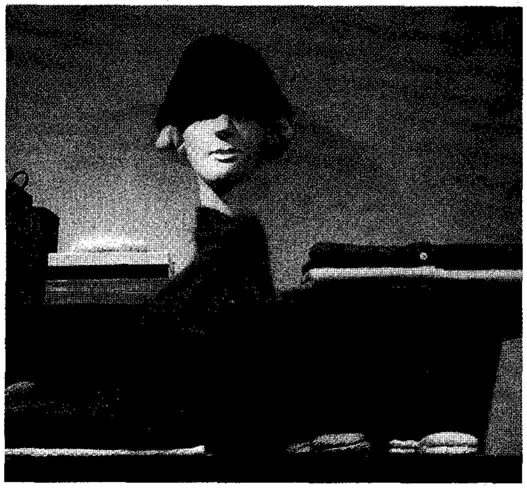
"ARCHITECTURE IS DESTINY," JAY CHIAT LIKES to say. Three years ago, Chiat-Day's co-founder cashed in his stake of the debt-laden agency; last winter, he journeyed west to join Alan Ellman, 36, as CEO at ScreamingMedia, a firm that filters and distills content from the vast, muddled universe of news sources on the World Wide Web for clients. It wasn't long before ScreamingMedia outgrew its old space in the Rudin family's high-rise, high-tech haven downtown, 55 Broad Street. The company is now expanding from 6,000 to 25,000 square feet in its current home.

"In a start-up, you're looking not to burn up that much capital," says the steely-eyed 67-year-old, who somehow still manages to seem hipper than a roomful of people 30 years his junior. "You're looking for better rents; you're looking for raw space and for a kind of environment that generates energy. You need cheap space—but you want space that you can actually use to express yourself."

"These companies want spaces that don't look like corporate offices," says Insignia's Mary Ann Tighe. "The things that conventional office tenants would abhor are all the things that attract these folks. I mean, you walk in and there are leaks in the windows, and they say, 'Don't you love that industrial feel?' If there are old signs left hanging on the walls from former industrial tenants, they say, 'Oh,

WESTWORLD | RETAIL

Spend-It Isolation



The Lower West Side's early adopters are settling in—and the retailers they love can't be far behind. In the coming months, there will be a lot more to buy here than fresh cuts of beef.

AUTO (805 Washington Street; 212-229-2292) Open less than a week, this design store (left) can provide something stylish on which to serve those wholesale steaks.

TEN THOUSAND THINGS (137 West 19th Street; 212-352-1333) After a year and a half in business, this jeweler has become the old guard. High-end materials, simple shapes, all handmade.

H55 (17 Little West 12th Street, buzzer No. 12; 212-462-4559) The local loft spaces beg for mid-century-modern furniture, and H55 has been dealing Scandinavian fifties pieces since April. Lots of teak, tung oil, and satin-finished edges. Upstairs in the same building is **LUZ LAMPCRAFT** (212-255-1909), where owner Lanie Kagan builds and sells paper light fixtures. She does custom work, so bring sketches.

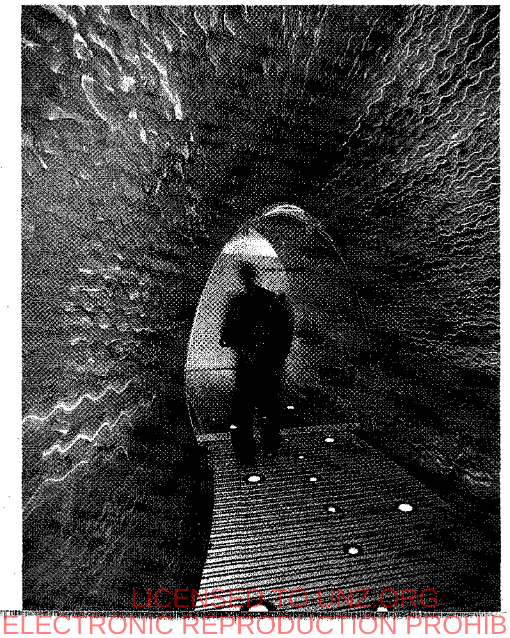
BREUKELEN (68 Gansevoort Street; 212-645-2216) Across from Florent, the new branch of Boerum Hill's top design store opens in late November. It will stock fewer housewares than its outer-borough brother, and more high-design furniture.

PORTICO OUTLET (231 Tenth Avenue, near 24th Street; 212-807-8807) You knew it and haunted it when it was the original Pottery Barn; now it's a good stop for house gifts like soaps and bath accessories, as well as furniture and linens. Other big chains arriving in the area: **BANANA REPUBLIC** (111 Eighth Avenue, near 15th Street; 212-645-1032) is here, and an **IKEA** is rumored to be on the way.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE (448 West 16th Street; 212-376-4985) Fashion people have begun hungrily eyeing the Chelsea Market's foot traffic, and Robyn Coval promises that her store, opening next month, will "bring some of that Ludlow Street style over to the West Side," starting with items from in-demand designers like Rebecca Danenberg.

COMME DES GARÇONS (520 West 22nd Street; 212-604-9200) Needs little introduction; it was one of the first hot retail arrivals in the neighborhood (right). Rumored to be the next: **YOHJI YAMAMOTO.**

JEFFREY NEW YORK (449 West 14th Street; 212-206-1272) The first expansion of the Atlanta megaboutique is already the neighborhood's alpha store. Its arrival is a sure sign that the formerly underdone meatpacking district is now ready for customers. CHRISTOPHER BONANOS



Photographs: top, Rachel Cobb; bottom, Rob Kinmouth.

we've got to save those.' It's that quality they're looking for, because it says, 'We are the New Economy.' "

Against a backdrop of stunning views of western midtown through the Starrett-Lehigh's nine-foot paned-glass windows, construction has commenced on a very Tomorrowland "conference room," featuring a Kubrickian series of sensually curved white plaster leaves folding against one another to form almost a cone at the top; the "room" looks a bit like a rose caught in early bloom.

ScreamingMedia's corporate culture is as nouvelle-twee as its offices. Whenever one of the sales force bags a sale, he or she beats on a bongo drum to celebrate.

"We try not to use the word *employees,*" Elena Salij, ScreamingMedia's vice-president of marketing, explains. "We call them 'Screamers.' Because we're not a hierarchical organization. Everyone in the Internet was doing something else five years ago. So it's hard to say somebody is in charge and someone is following."

She adds, "For Internet companies, there is no history. So there's no such thing as a prestigious address. We're free to move to a neighborhood like this."

Not that it's been an easy transition. ScreamingMedia had to issue a "Welcome to Chelsea" guidebook to its "Screamers" to help them find the local Krispy Kreme and negotiate the bus service in this urban Everglade.

While ScreamingMedia outgrew its downtown headquarters, a lot of other Net firms are outgrowing the very idea of trying to be a "virtual" company. Cyberspace, it turns out, wasn't a big enough place to do business.

"A lot of people thought these companies would be 'virtual,' that they wouldn't need office space, that everyone could just work out of their home on a computer network," says Alex Cohen, the senior research manager at Cushman & Wakefield who deals with many Net businesses looking for space in this area. "Now they're finding that face-to-face interaction is very important." Meeting once a week just doesn't cut it. The female-oriented site iVillage is on a quest for 100,000 square feet somewhere in West Chelsea. US Web has been looking for 100,000 square feet, Women.com for 50,000; and Hotjobs.com has entered the space race as well, Cohen adds.

Some fear West Chelsea could morph into a high-end, open-air mall. "A lot of people think SoHo got too commercial," says a developer. "They want to make sure they keep the galleries."

The Port Authority Building has become one high-tech hotbed, particularly for telecommunications firms attracted by concrete floors that can bear loads of 200 pounds per square foot—four times what the average floor at an average office building can bear. The building delivers up to 80 watts of electrical power per square foot, while the average Manhattan office building delivers about eight. Port Authority filled up with mostly high-tech firms within the first twelve months after it was purchased in January 1998 by Taconic Investment Partners. In addition to Barnesandnoble.com, Teligent, AboveNet, Allegiance, Bell Canada, Frontier Global, MFN, and Sprint all have back offices or switching stations here.

One Port Authority telco tenant, Level 3, has expanded across the street, purchasing 85 Tenth Avenue and opening a "Telecom Hotel." The building has actually sold twice in the same year, its value leaping from $29.4 million in the spring to $53 million on July 20.

BACK AT SCREAMINGMEDIA, CHIAT AND ELLMAN stroll over to the mural-size window. If this frenzied push up the West Side is to continue all the way up to 42nd Street, one last link in the chain needs to be polished—the twelve-square-block stretch of the West Side delineated by 30th and 34th Streets, Ninth Avenue, and the river. The most prominent feature of this dismal quadrant—considered by many urban planners to be the most underutilized urban site in the world—is the vast West Side rail yards. Last year, a Canadian competition asked five top architects to come up with a master plan for the area. City officials say they'll be speaking with the competition's winner, Peter Eisenman, about his proposal, which included plans for a new Yankee Stadium, a new Madison Square Garden, and a giant rooftop park extending out over the Hudson. The plan also calls for an extension of the No. 7 subway line, which might prove to be the most important Eisenman idea to catch fire.

Ellman and Chiat look down at the rail yards. Neither seems thrilled about having tens of thousands of sports fans anywhere near their citadel of e-riches.

"At least we'd have a good view of the games," Ellman shrugs, thirteen stories above the theoretical playing field.

Just beyond the tracks is a nest of industrial riverside buildings. At Tenth Avenue and 36th Street, Ian Schrager has a dry-ice-cool, ivory-walled headquarters of his own. Architect Robert A.M. Stern has his offices on 34th Street near Tenth Avenue. The offices of Gwathmey Siegel are two blocks to the south. Way up at 450 West 33rd, at Tenth Avenue (home of the *Daily News*), the Net company DoubleClick recently took over 150,000 square feet that once belonged to Skyrink, now at Chelsea Piers. In a quintessential Lower West Side flourish, they installed a basketball court for employees.

Sorry, Donny.

But at least you came up with the name first. ■

BUILDING DIRECTORY **CHELSEA MARKET,** 75 NINTH AVENUE

The food court on the ground floor of the nineteenth-century **Chelsea Market** building (75 Ninth Avenue, at 16th Street) has been the neighborhood's retail anchor from the day it opened in 1997, but many shoppers might be surprised that the Dickensian-looking building also has 40 commercial tenants working away on the other seven floors of what once was a Nabisco factory. They range from television industry types (Tom Fontana's **Oz Productions**, the **New York Council of Motion Picture and Television Unions**, the **Food Network**'s studio and test kitchen) to designers and publishers (**Excel Graphic Technologies**, **Global Financial Press**, **Stevens Press**, **OXO International**) and a theatrical-supply company **Rose Brand Wipers**. M.S.

Photograph by Rachel Cobb.

That Swing Thing

Down in Lincoln Center's smallest theater, Broadway's slinkiest choreographer works out her thirties thing with a little help from Benny Goodman, Stephane Grappelli, and a lissome star poised to make *everyone* jump, jive, and wail. By Jeremy Gerard

SUSAN STROMAN AND THE THIRTIES WERE MADE FOR EACH OTHER—you knew this the first time you saw her funny-elegant dances in the Gershwin musical *Crazy for You* and her poignant-tough dances for the marathon-dancing era *Steel Pier,* shows that put a contemporary stamp on vintage material. Stroman stepped out of the chorus line to create work that folds Tommy Tune's giddy-making inventiveness into Michael Bennett's seamless, eroticized vision of the whole Broadway-musical deal. In *Contact* (her collaboration at the Mitzi E. Newhouse with playwright John Weidman and the main event in their three-part show of the same name), a successful but suicidal adman played by gangly **Boyd Gaines** stumbles into a mysterious SoHo pool hall by day turned swing dance club by night. Like everyone there, not to mention everyone in the audience, he is soon in thrall to a dancer in a yellow dress played by **Deborah Yates**. And for good reason: She has those fatal looks, as Cole Porter put it, that make book censors enjoy their books. "I was in a room filled with 25 other dancers and I couldn't take my eyes off her," Stroman recalls of the ex-Rockette's first audition. "No one could. She's almost ethereal—she has a very beautiful way of moving that's effortless." When Gaines and Yates finally connect, you may find yourself thinking of the jitterbug contest in *It's a Wonderful Life.* "I was in an underground swing club in the meat-packing district," Stroman remembers, "and there *was* a woman in a yellow dress, and she kept backing away from the men who approached her. I thought, She's going to change some man's life tonight." If *Contact*—whose score rivals that of any Nora Ephron movie—seems airborne in the love of swing, it's also pure nineties: That Capra echo is infused with a strong dose of Ambrose Bierce; it has bite, not to mention raging sex appeal. "The thing about Deb," Stroman says of her irresistible muse, "is that's she's also a great actress. She really understands the short story."

Photograph by Michael O'Neill

The Bell Tolls for the Big Board

LED BY CHAIRMAN **RICHARD GRASSO**, THE **NEW YORK STOCK EXCHANGE**, THE HEART AND EMBLEM OF AMERICAN CAPITALISM, IS **TRADING THE TRADING FLOOR** AS WE KNOW IT FOR AN UNCERTAIN ELECTRONIC FUTURE.

BY DAVID D. KIRKPATRICK

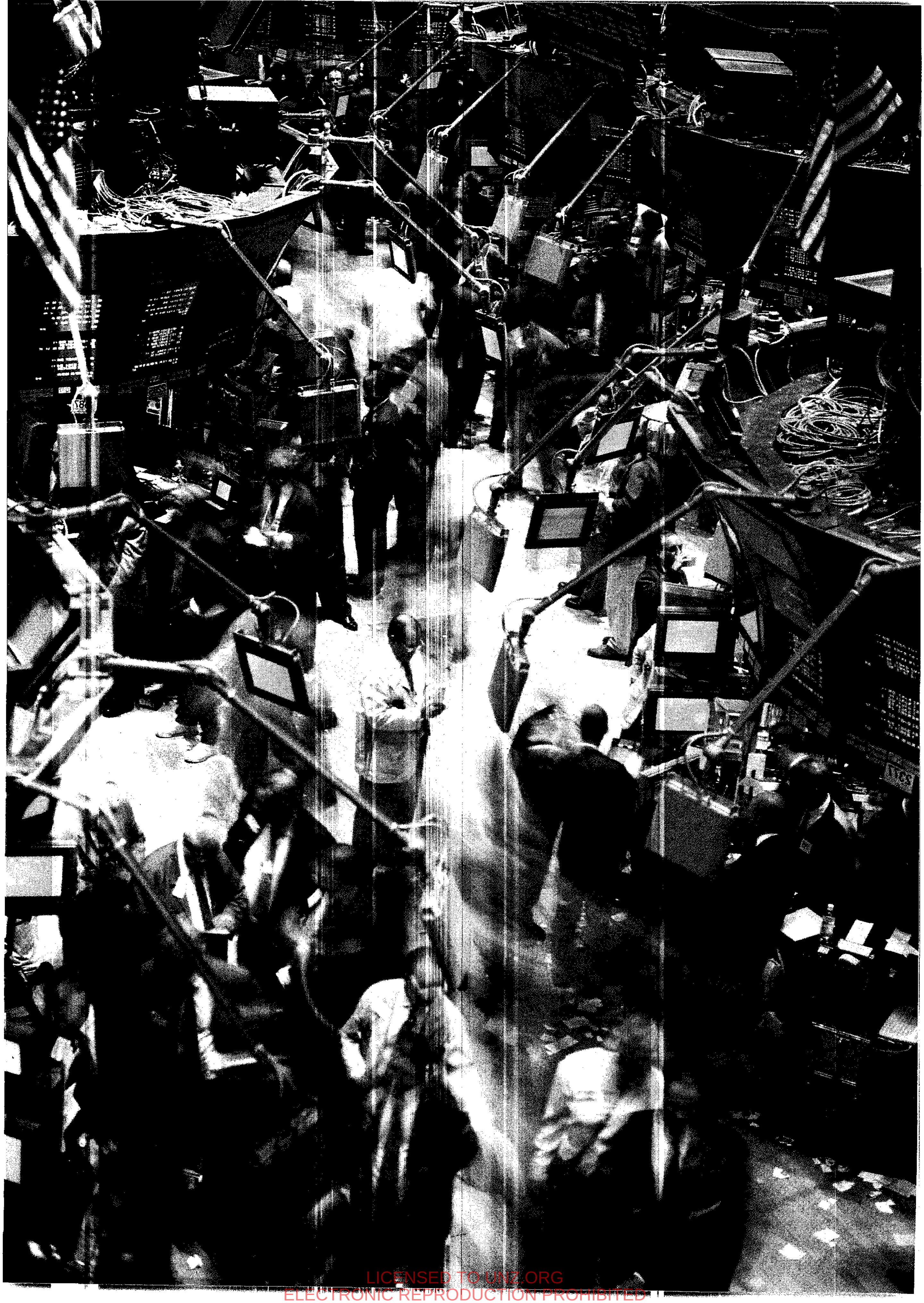
STARTING AT AROUND 7 A.M., THE 1,315 MEN and 51 women who trade on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange pour into its Corinthian marble façade, more or less as their predecessors have done for nearly 100 years. While a handful are in standard Wall Street power regalia—heavy cuff links, bespoke suits—most of the traders who work on the floor dress like tabloid reporters: They wear jackets and ties because they have to, not because they mean it. Upstairs, in a coatroom off the hallway of the exchange's wood-paneled dining club, many check their sport coats in favor of mesh-backed canvas jackets, because it can get hot running around the floor, or shove their wing tips into cubbyholes to don rubber-soled shoes, since the wooden trading floor can devour shoe leather. By nine, dozens of brokers have drifted back out onto the sidewalk on Broad Street to smoke their last cigarettes before the 9:30 opening bell. Smoking is a relic of the past among the investment bankers and lawyers of Wall Street, but it is still widespread among the Big Board's floor brokers. The exchange is an anachronism in many ways, the last redoubt of face-to-face human interaction in a digital world. It is still a place where a bright kid from the boroughs who never went to college might land a job as a clerk and grow up to make more than $1 million a year.

But after the 4 P.M. closing bell on Monday, August 2, all that began to change. In the first of three carefully scripted meetings that week, about 400 members gathered in the gigantic boardroom on the NYSE's luxurious wood-and-carpet executive floor—a world apart from the fluorescent lights and paper litter of the teeming trading floor. Standing under a stained-glass skylight in the chamber's 70-foot-high ceiling and surrounded by oil paintings of the NYSE's former chiefs, chairman Richard A. Grasso told the assembled members that the Big Board could no longer hold out against the Internet's sweeping transformation of Wall Street. In the past two years, a handful of fast-growing new electronic "alternative trading systems" had begun threatening to replace the exchange with cheaper, faster, and arguably fairer automated networks capable of matching buy-and-sell orders and finding prices for stocks. To compete, Grasso said, the NYSE had only one choice: to buy or build a new electronic network of its own. "These have been the best five years in our history," he told them, "and if you take the time to celebrate, you die."

The brokers shifted in their chairs, struggling to imagine just what Grasso had in mind. A short, bald man in thick rimless glasses, Grasso is nobody's picture of an inspirational leader. The members had watched warily over the last few years as electronic trading eliminated smaller trading floors in London, Paris, and elsewhere. Grasso was pushing a plan that the members knew could put many of them out of business and end a 200-year-old way of life.

Since its founding in 1792 under a lower-Manhattan buttonwood tree, the NYSE has operated as a not-for-profit organization owned by its seat-holding members. They consider it a public utility, as well as a handsome living for themselves. Now, Grasso told them, the Big Board needed to sell shares in itself to the public as a for-profit corporation to help finance its new high-tech investments. He had previously resisted the idea, fretting that a public company might put short-term profits over investors' long-term interests. Now Frank G. Zarb, head of the National As-

Photograph by Jose L. Pelaez/The Stock Market.



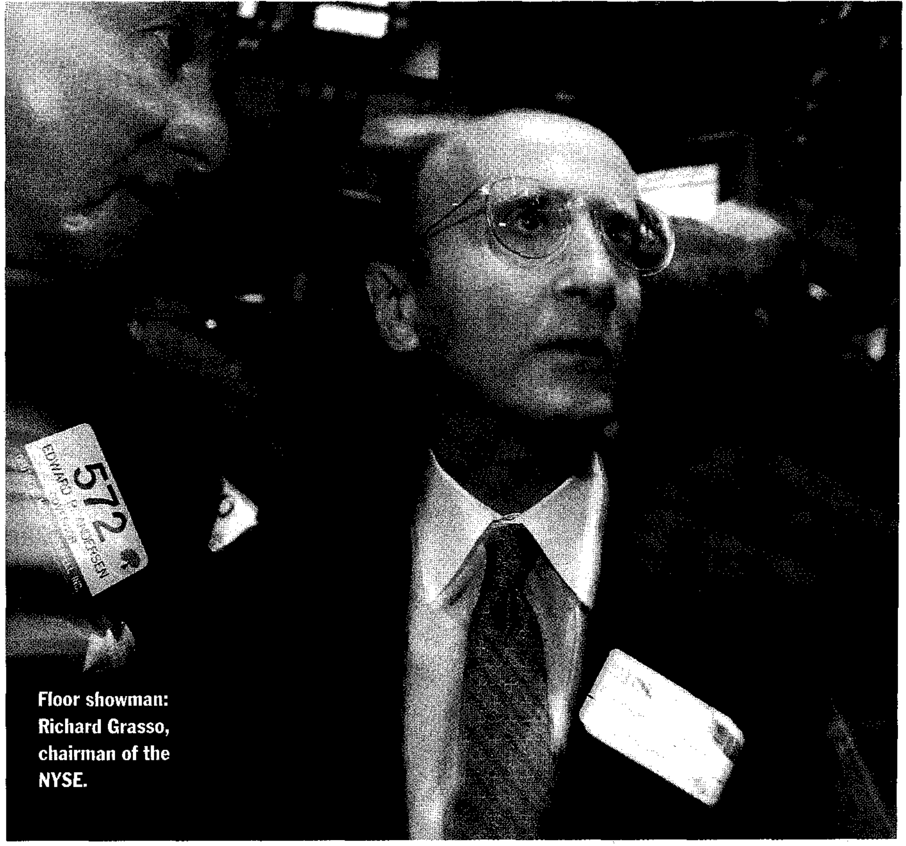
sociation of Securities Dealers, had announced plans to sell its NASDAQ stock market to the public for similar reasons. If the NYSE didn't keep pace, it would risk losing its place as the center of the financial world.

MANY FLOOR BROKERS HAD their doubts. They knew that converting to corporate form would eliminate much of their control over the Big Board's future. "Once you start doing it on a computer, all this will disappear—there is no reason to have a floor," says Paul Olsen, a longtime broker. "For 200 years, the members have been able to solve all our problems with the staff, and now the Internet comes along, and they want to make the whole thing electric—it's bullshit." "It will put a lot of people out of work and clear a lot of taxpayers out of New York, that's for sure," says Robert Hardy, another broker. Grasso didn't say it, but the audience also knew that the exchange didn't need to sell shares to raise money. The NYSE ended last year with more than $700 million of cash on its books, and it could charge the costs of an electronic trading system to members and their deep-pocketed Wall Street firms. These facts gave rise to speculation as to Grasso's real motives. Was the IPO essentially a gambit by Grasso to pay them off to get out of the way, by giving them a chance to cash in their seats for shares?

The members exercised their occupational habit of making quick calculations in their heads. Priced at the same multiple to its earnings as the average stock in the Standard & Poor's 500, the NYSE, Inc., would be worth roughly $3.5 billion—almost enough to equal the total current market value of all its members' seats.

In a heated question-and-answer session, one member asked a string of seven questions about the future value of his seat; Grasso addressed them in order from last to first, impressing the members with his memory and command of the details. The first exchange chairman to work his way up through the institution's staff, Grasso had spent 31 years schmoozing with members. He had gotten to know most of them by name, chatting with them on the floor or over bacon and eggs in the exchange dining club. Now he was relying on all of the goodwill he'd built up over the years to bring the exchange's members into the terra incognita of electronic trading. It was a Nixon-in-China moment, and Grasso carried it off. He told them that the NYSE's board would retain Merrill Lynch on a pro bono basis to report back on the possibility of an IPO. Meanwhile, the NYSE might take steps toward building or buying a new electronic network at any time.

For Grasso, a 52-year-old college dropout from Jackson Heights, the next five years are a chance to write history. The advent of electronic stock trading—not just placing orders online through E*Trade for execution by a human broker but electronically matching orders and finding prices—is revolutionizing the way stocks are traded. Electronic networks already account for 30 percent of the trades on the NASDAQ; only NYSE rules have protected its volume, by hindering connections to its market and restricting its members' firms from trading its shares elsewhere. The trend toward automated electronic trading promises to dramatically lower the bite Wall Street takes out of investors, from brokerage commissions to mutual-fund expenses. Automated systems operating today charge less than a quarter of the fees an NYSE broker does, and they can provide investors much more direct access to the markets. To prepare, the firms with the most seats on the NYSE floor are becoming its competitors. Goldman Sachs, Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, Salomon Smith Barney, and other giant NYSE-member securities firms are investing in its upstart electronic rivals. Even Merrill, the NYSE's IPO adviser, acquired a 14 percent stake in Archipelago, an alternative trading system based in Chicago. Several of the upstarts are now applying to the SEC to become self-regulating "exchanges" themselves.



Floor showman: Richard Grasso, chairman of the NYSE.

The pace of change is quickening. Last week, the Securities & Exchange Commission's chairman, Arthur Levitt, threw his own considerable weight behind electronic stock trading and effectively challenged the NYSE to prepare. In a speech at Columbia University, he outlined a vision of a national electronic stock-market system, in which several exchanges compete with each other to execute investors' trades. To bring it about, he discussed reforming the rules that give the NYSE a near-monopoly on trading many of its listed stocks. And as soon as this week, Frank Zarb is expected to launch another salvo in the war as well—a new electronic system sharing information about orders among investors and dealers in the NASDAQ stock market.

"I TELL THEM, WAY YOU DID IN

LEANING BACK IN AN ARMCHAIR INSIDE HIS palatial office in the Big Board's executive suite, his French cuffs dangling loosely around his wrists, Grasso talks about his approach to the members like a tough parent bringing up sometimes shortsighted kids. "Sure, the changes now are going

Photograph by Nina Berman/Sipa Press.

to be wrenching, and of course change is resisted," he says. "But the one thing they understand down there is winning. I tell them, if you think you are going to do business in '01 the way you did in '99, you are woefully wrong—not wrong for me; wrong for you, for your kids, and for your grandkids. You know, no matter how good a blacksmith you were at the turn of the century, if you wanted to remain a blacksmith, you were in trouble."

But Grasso also knows he has to be careful, because any major change needs the approval of two thirds of the members. "I want you not to get the impression that I am in the business of cannibalizing the current model—I am in the business of reinventing it," he says, slipping back into his everyday role as the NYSE's salesman-in-chief. "This place is very different from anything else on the face of the earth, different from any of those exchanges in Europe. We bring together 70 million investors—some are massive, some are minute, but they rank equally, they have the same speed of access to prices, they have the same opportunity to compete for execution. Is there a piece of software that can replicate what we do here? Not right now. Is there going to be? Probably. And if anyone is going to deliver it, it is us."

OU THINK YOU'LL BE DOING BUSINESS IN '01 THE
YOU'RE WOEFULLY WRONG,'" GRASSO SAYS.

ASIDE FROM TALK OF THE POSSIBLE IPO, the summer of 1999 was the quietest in recent history on the NYSE trading floor, says Bernie McSherry, a longtime floor broker, as he walks briskly through a maze of brokers' booths, trading posts, and telephone clusters mounted on poles. It's early in the day, but the floors are already strewn with paper, and uniformed staff are carrying out the first of many trash bags full of empty Coke bottles, chewing-gum wrappers, and foam cups. The fluorescent and halogen lights cast a ghostly glow over the tourists looking down from behind glass in the galleries above. An ancient POW-MIA flag hangs on a wall, a nod to the large number of veterans working on the floor.

McSherry, a boyish 42-year-old with a round, reddish face, is the son of a Staten Island police officer. When he was in accounting school at Staten Island's Wagner College, a friend got him a job as a clerk at the American Stock Exchange. He graduated and found work as an accountant, but on his first day, he quit out of boredom. "All I could think about was how much fun I was having back on the floor," he says.

The small securities firm he worked for eventually moved him to the NYSE. After the crash of 1987, the firm "got cold feet," so McSherry persuaded it to spin him out as an independent and let him assume the lease on his seat. (Many floor brokers own their seats, which carry the right to trade on the floor and these days sell for about $2.6 million; others lease from inactive members who live off the income.) The $13,333 a month in seat rent was tough at first. He spent $2,000 on a week's vacation with his family at the Grand Canyon and couldn't help thinking that his empty seat was costing him another $3,333. (Seats lease for about $250,000 a year today, and since no one else can use a seat while a broker is off the floor, even smoking breaks can be expensive.) It was rough going, McSherry says, until a former colleague joined a major investment firm and began sending him trades.

The roughly 400 independents like McSherry are known as $2 brokers, because their commissions were once fixed at $2 per 100-share trade. Congress ended fixed commissions altogether in 1975 as part of the legislation that set in motion the competition among brokers and markets now roiling Wall Street. Today, commissions on the Big Board are negotiated with each client. They typically run about $1 to trade 100 shares for a client, but they can run below 30 cents per 100 shares for a big institution. The best $2 brokers are highly sought-after and make the most money on the floor, pocketing well over $1 million a year in good times, even after the expenses of leasing a booth on the floor and paying clerical staff. "House brokers" who work for firms like Merrill or Goldman are paid a salary of about $150,000 a year as well as a hefty incentive bonus.

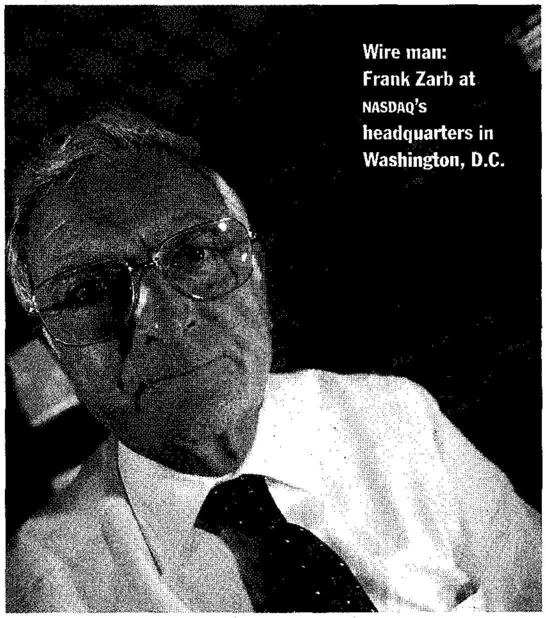
Trading on the floor is "a relationship business," as any broker will tell you. It's based largely on trust; many brokers do $100 million in business a day without signing a single contract. Honoring oral agreements is the easy part, however. The art of trading, on the floor as elsewhere, is about information. Every time McSherry approaches another broker with a bid to buy or an offer to sell shares, he makes himself vulnerable by revealing his intentions. The other broker could trade ahead of him, taking advantage of the impact his buying or selling will have on the price. (*You've got a big order that will bid up the price? Maybe I'll just buy some first . . .*) If McSherry has been a buyer in a stock, a friend may track him down when an order to sell comes in, even if McSherry is out grabbing a smoke. But a spiteful broker will take the trade elsewhere if he can, embarrassing McSherry in front of his client. "There have been vendettas between brokers down here that have lasted whole careers," he says.

The striptease of concealing a client's intentions is a broker's most important skill. If a client wants to sell 5 million shares of Lucent Technologies, McSherry might split it up, selling it piece by piece so potential buyers don't see the magnitude of the sale. If they sense its size, buyers will pull back; his sales are likely to lower the price, letting them buy more cheaply later. A large trade's impact on the price of a stock can add much more to a big fund's trading costs than paying a broker's commission. "You have to understand how someone you are trying to trade with operates," says Joe Cangemi, a floor broker who got his start in the business from the NYSE member whose lawn he used to mow growing up in Queens. "I might tell a client, *Don't buy now, this guy is a sloppy seller, he is going to do a bad job and it will hurt the stock. You'll get a better price later.*"

Which leads to a broker's other key skill—figuring out what the other guys are up to. Sometimes, it behooves a broker to execute a big order all at once, depending on the market. Good brokers provide clients what is known as a "look," a quick snapshot of activity on the floor, a sense of who is buying or selling what and how much. It comes from knowing what other brokers are doing and who they tend to represent. "That is one of the big services we provide," says McSherry. If a large fund gives a $2 broker a big order to buy Merck, the broker will sometimes warn other favorite clients who call about Merck that he has "a size buyer," so they know not to sell right away—they stand to get a higher price after Merck is bid up. This is a breach of fiduciary duty, McSherry says, but traders who call the floor say it happens all the time. (Distrust is a part of the system, too: From a portfolio manager to his trading desk to the brokerage firm to its trading desk, and all the way down to its floor broker, everyone splits up orders and tries to hide their size, in an effort to prevent leaks. "Sell these and let me know how it goes" is the standard refrain. "I might have some more later.")

Thus, a floor broker's craft takes a knack for "multitasking," McSherry explains. "See that guy over there?" he says, pointing twenty feet away. "While we were talking, I just heard him say, 'Sell 10,000 LU.' It's just a skill you develop. At a cocktail party I follow four conversations at once. It drives my wife crazy."

The web of relationships is further complicated by the fact that a surprising number of the brokers on the floor are related. "I used to know 50 blue-blood-type guys, who inherited their seats from their dad," McSherry says, as we stroll the floor. "There is less blue blood now, but there are still a lot of fathers and sons in the business." There is almost nowhere else to learn floor-trading skills, and to get even a clerical job on the floor it helps to know someone. As a result, there are a lot of cousins trading with cousins. Some families, like the Hendersons, the Schuberts, or the LaBranches, have been on the floor for generations.



Wire man: Frank Zarb at NASDAQ's headquarters in Washington, D.C.

THE ELITE AMONG THE TRADERS ON THE floor—and the best or worst aspect of the NYSE's system, depending on whom you ask—are specialists, members who are assigned by the exchange to manage trading in each particular stock. Essentially, they're auctioneers. Robert Seijas, who helps manage Fleet Bank's operations on the floor, is the specialist for Johnson & Johnson, or, in the parlance of the exchange, "Johnny John." Each morning, after a quick swig of mouthwash—"an essential part of the face-to-face auction system"—Seijas takes his place in front of a teller-style window in a round kiosk on the floor of the exchange, surrounded by computer screens pointing in all directions.

All trading in Johnson & Johnson takes place at Seijas's post, right in front of him. Brokers trade with each other, or hand him slips of paper with orders to buy or sell if the stock is at a certain price (limit orders). He displays the best bid to buy or offer to sell, and a clerk keeps track of the trading behind the window. Floor brokers try hard to stay on Seijas's good side because, in a world where information is the key to success, a specialist has the most. "I work hard on my relationship with the specialists," McSherry says. "If I'm a seller, a specialist can say to me, 'Goldman was buying yesterday when the stock was at 42, and it's around 42 now, so they might be interested.'"

The virtue of the specialist system is that Seijas is expected to step in when there is an imbalance of buyers and sellers in order to keep the price of the stock moving smoothly, this helps make the Big Board much less volatile than the NASDAQ. The controversial aspect of the specialist system, however, is that specialists are allowed to use their unique vantage point to make as much money trading their assigned stock as they can. The exchange enforces certain fairness rules—a specialist, for instance, can't ever step in front of another broker who wants to make a trade. And the advantage isn't perfect: These days, specialists also customarily show their electronic order book to any floor broker who asks, and, consequently, brokers reveal as little as possible in the book. But seeing all the orders first is still an edge similar to being the only poker player at the table who gets to see the next few cards coming up in the deck.

Specialists are only required to maintain enough capital to buy at least 25,000 shares of a stock—just a tiny drop in the bucket of most companies. Some also wonder how much price stability they could provide in a big downturn; their capital hasn't kept up with the growth in the market, and if they can't keep the markets moving smoothly, why give them such a trading advantage?

By 9:45, Seijas has bought 8,000 shares for his account at $97.50 a piece, and the price has fallen 25 cents—four sixteenths, known as "teenies" or, occasionally, "steenths," on the floor. The price is going down, but Seijas can't unload his shares even if he wants to because a broker from Merrill Lynch is loitering in front of his station, and every time an order to buy shows up, she sells. (By waiting for buy orders, she can sell at the price of the best offer rather than capitulate to the prevailing bid.) Finally, she is done selling, and when the next big bid comes in, Seijas turns to me, "Should I sell now or hope the price moves up?"

I swallow hard and try to demur, but he insists. Sell, I say, breaking a sweat. He does. Thirty minutes later, the price is back up to $97.5625 a share—up a teeny from where he bought it. But with my help, Seijas managed to unload them down four teenies. "That's a stone-cold loss of $2,000," he says. "Get a hunch, lose a bunch—you can't stress it. You should try it when there are a few more digits."

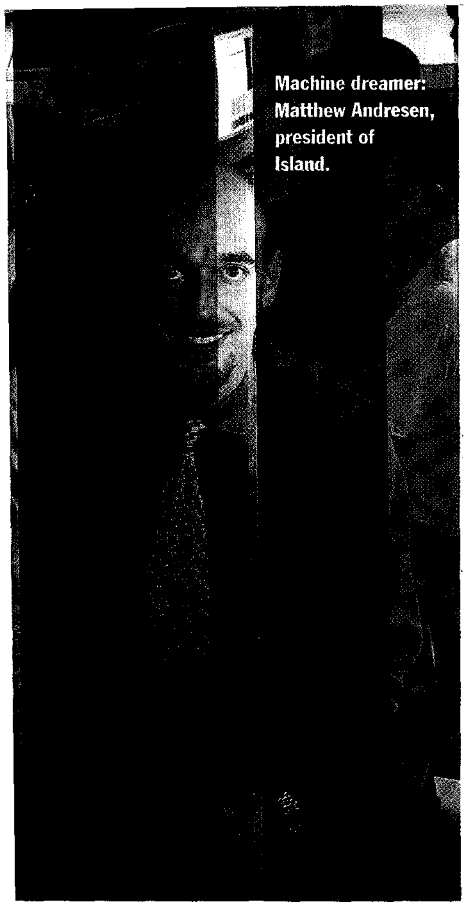
Seijas proudly shows me the Big Board's biggest concession so far to electronic communication—a computerized system called Super-DOT (for "designated order turnaround") that can send orders of up to 99,999 shares directly to the specialist's computerized "book" of orders, without passing through the hands of a floor broker. Completed in the eighties, Super-DOT took nearly a decade to fully install, in part because members fought it fiercely; it wiped out a whole echelon of brokers who made their living handling mainly small orders. Today, 90 percent of the NYSE's orders come in through DOT, accounting for 45 percent of the shares that trade. "The independent brokers who make their living on order overflow still have very mixed feelings about it," Seijas says.

"EVERYONE IN ORDER TAKES A

Critics of the exchange, though, note that DOT just brings the orders to the floor without actually executing them. Seijas must open DOT orders up to any floor broker who wants to buy or sell to them, but orders are visible only at his post, not off the floor. As a result, DOT orders become "free options" to the floor crowd—they have an instant information advantage over the person who sent the order in. For that reason, few send large trades over DOT, and critics say that even when it has modernized, the exchange has taken care of its own.

At noon, Seijas retires to smoke in a slightly run-down barroom attached to the exchange dining club—wood-paneled walls, leather-upholstered chairs, and yellow paint peeling around an electrical outlet in the wall. Specialists, he explains, are actually involved in trades that account for less than 15 percent of the volume on the floor; brokers meet each other directly the rest of the time.

Photographs: left, Manuello Paganelli; right, Warren Salowe.



Machine dreamer: Matthew Andresen, president of Island.

WHOLE BUCKET BRIGADE THAT HANDLES MY ,” SAYS HAROLD BRADLEY, A FIERCE NYSE CRITIC.

But it is the presence of the specialist to provide liquidity—that is, make sure it is never too hard to buy or sell any stock—that is the hallmark of the NYSE. “The New York Stock Exchange is the Mercedes-Benz of stock trading,” says Joel Surnamer, Pfizer's specialist, who joins Seijas in a smoke. Although its fees are high, the NYSE saves investors less-obvious costs, like volatile prices. The big brokerage companies push the new trading systems so they can make money matching orders themselves, Surnamer says, but they still want to use the NYSE's fair prices and fall back on its liquidity in a pinch, essentially hitching a free ride on the NYSE's system.

Investors and traders off the floor, however, often grouse that the human element of the NYSE is maddeningly fallible. None complains as vociferously as Harold Bradley. Bradley sits halfway across the country from the canyons of Wall Street, in Kansas City, managing a portfolio for the mammoth American Century Investments. “The NYSE makes it so needlessly complicated just to put the peanut butter on the bread!” he tells me over the phone. “Everyone in the whole bucket brigade that handles my order takes a cut, and each of them has a chance to tell five other people!” Bradley and some other fund managers have petitioned the NYSE for years to show the specialists' order books to the public and automate more of the process. “Brokers are just toll-takers. They should get shares for their seats and go sit on the beach,” Bradley says.

ONE REASON BRADLEY MAY FINALLY get his wish is right down the street. Island, one of the two biggest alternative trading systems and the first one to apply to become a self-regulating exchange, is based just steps from the Big Board, at 50 Broad Street. Island alone now accounts for about 12 percent of the trades each day on the NASDAQ.

Matthew Andresen, Island's 29-year-old president, works out of a dingy office on the fifth floor with three dusty chairs and a stained carpet in its narrow lobby. At 5:15 P.M., when Island's online market closes, he jumps up to show me where it all happens—the stock exchange of the future. He leads me down an elevator to the lobby and through the back stairs to the building's basement. “Do you have the gun?” he asks the security guard, a former New York City cop, who dutifully empties an old revolver for Andresen to play with. “I was stunned when I learned he was packing,” Andresen says, handing it back.

Walking and talking at a frantic pace, Andresen leads me past a small pantry of computers through a locked door into an off-white air-conditioned room full of rows of PCs on shelves. There it is in the back of the room: Island's candidate to replace the Big Board's 1,366 floor brokers is a real black box, about the size of a file cabinet. It was purchased off the shelf from Dell Computers for $5,000. (The software inside is proprietary.) Inside, nearly a million orders meet each day to execute 380,000 trades accounting for about 120 million shares. Island feeds the net results into the NASDAQ's national system. (Today, Island is open from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., and it may eventually stay open from midnight to 10 P.M.)

Andresen wears a scruffy goatee and shaves his balding head. He has a broad athletic frame developed as a member of the U.S. national fencing team. After graduating from Duke, he came to New York to train for the Olympics at the New York Athletic Club. All the other fencers worked on Wall Street, so he became interested in doing the same. “Disgusted” by his failure to make the Olympic team, he found a job on the commodities-trading desk at Lehman Brothers, where he fetched coffee and sometimes stapled. He quit in frustration to become a day trader at an office run by Datek Online. “I did all right—I got this job, didn't I?” he says. “I didn't like it as much as I thought I would. Day trading was pretty brutal to me, but I got a firsthand look at the market.” He began talking about how the markets might be more efficient with Josh Levine, who was then a young software consultant to Datek. At the beginning of 1998, Levine hired Andresen to manage his start-up electronic trading firm, Island. Datek, which has had its share of run-ins with securities regulators, now owns 73 percent of the company.

The possibility of wholly electronic stock exchanges arrived in the U.S. on January 20, 1997—a day Andresen calls “the most fundamental sea change in the history of the buying and selling of stocks.” That day, securities laws drafted after a price-fixing scandal on the NASDAQ market created the opportunity for new wholly electronic systems to trade stocks and automatically plug into the NASDAQ network. The NYSE's rules restrict Island from trading NYSE stocks, so Island applied to become a self-regulating exchange on June 28, and if it succeeds, it will be able to trade Big Board stocks too.

“You are talking to the A-1, true believer,” Andresen says. “It is not just that we don't have any people and so we are much cheaper—it's better. When there were 24 guys under the buttonwood tree down the street, they had to do it face-to-face because they didn't have the technology. It was, ‘Bob, you got any Confederate slave holdings?’ But today it is still people talking to people, and that is inherently inefficient. Maybe Bob had a fight with Steve over the bar tab the night before, maybe Bill went to school with Jim, maybe Estelle is too short and no one can hear her—whatever. It is inefficient; you are making decisions based on something other than the value of the order and when it came in.”

Island, Instinet, Archipelago, and the other alternative markets have three big advantages over the Big Board, as Andresen eagerly explains. First, trading on Island costs about 75 cents per 1,000 shares, instead of as much as $1 for 100 shares on the NYSE. Second, Island eliminates the edge that specialists and cunning brokers have by making the whole list of limit orders—how many shares of MCI WorldCom to buy or sell, and at what price—available on any investor's computer screen via the Web. Island only takes limit orders, and the only way to get to the front of the line is to submit a better price, and after that, it's strictly first-come-first-served. Third, everyone has the same degree of anonymity (no names on the screen) and visibility (the size of every order is on the screen as soon as it is entered).

The catch is that, without brokers, big investors need to do their own strategizing about how to trade and what to show the screen. And without specialists to keep the market moving smoothly, investors face the prospect of choppy price swings that can raise costs dramatically. In October 1987, the last time there was a major stock-market rout, some big trading houses on the NASDAQ market simply stopped answering their phones rather than face a deluge of sellers, and liquidity dried up. But Andresen, who was in the eleventh grade in 1987, says he isn't worried.

"The fact is that the specialist really only trades when it suits him. Do you have to tip the scales so far in their direction in order to compensate them? In an electronic market with ease of entry and exit, with the whole world looped together, there are going to be opportunities for lots of dealers to step in and keep things moving. Why not have them compete on a level playing field, where everyone can see all the orders?

"Maybe Grasso will build his own electronic network and crush us like a bug," Andresen says. "But his members have no incentive to innovate, so maybe we will be able to move faster than his members are able to react."

FLOOR TRADERS CAN'T HELP WONDERING IF
WILL BE NO REASON TO COME DOWN HERE," SAYS

GRASSO REMEMBERS WELL THE market rout of 1987. On October 19, the Dow fell 500 points, and the next day, the NYSE's volume hit a record 608 million shares—double its previous peak. "When that wave hits again," Grasso says, "all of this playtime around the perimeter—the electronic communications networks, the alternative trading systems, the new cyber-trading models—they had better provide value. My guess is, they won't."

As the exchange executive overseeing the trading floor in the late eighties, Grasso spearheaded a controversial effort to increase its capacity fourfold including the addition of the SuperDOT system. "There was a time when people on the floor said that system was an absolute end to our business," Grasso says. "They fought it, and they fought me. Some of them aren't around anymore. But the ones who embraced the technology have never done better."

Grasso's spent his entire career climbing the ranks of the exchange's staff. "It's my first job and my last job," he says. He never knew his father, who abandoned the family, and he was raised by his mother and her sisters. (One woman was a paper-box maker, another a seamstress; the third kept house.) He grew interested in finance during high school, when he got a job for the neighborhood pharmacist, who traded stocks all day while Grasso filled prescriptions. He also failed the eye test to become a policeman. So, after a stateside stint in the Army, in 1968 Grasso found a job on the New York Stock Exchange staff. He started out angling for a job at a specialist firm and enrolled at Pace University at night. But he never finished his degree or became a dealer. "I fell in love with the exchange," he says.

At 22, the exchange sent him with John J. Phelan, a powerful specialist, on a tour of its listed companies to explain the strength of its system. Flying with Phelan around the country, Grasso became his protégé—Grasso still calls him J.J.—and had a chance to schmooze the chief executives of the biggest companies in the U.S., at a time when few in the exchange had contact with the outside world. When Phelan became chairman in 1984, Grasso was his right-hand man as he sought to professionalize the NYSE's management. Phelan kept a plaque outside his door bearing a quote from Machiavelli: "There is nothing more difficult to take in hand, more perilous to conduct, or more uncertain in its success, than to take the lead in the introduction of a new order of things."

As chairman, Grasso stepped up efforts to build the NYSE's brand name. He encouraged CNBC and CNNfn to broadcast from the floor. And he threw himself into promotional stunts like getting coated with green slime with Kelsey Grammer and parading the floor with Cindy Crawford and Mariah Carey—all in the name of promoting the listed companies, he insists. More than one floor broker, though, has speculated that Grasso wouldn't mind the attention he stands to receive as the first chief executive of the publicly traded NYSE, Inc. (To say nothing of the potential pay raise.)

This spring, Grasso bewildered the trading floor by shaving what hair was left on his head—a style he borrowed from Andresen. Then he surprised them again by flying to the jungles of Colombia to extol the virtues of the free market to machine-gun-toting Marxist guerrillas. (He was introduced as "the president of capitalism.") A few weeks later, he ran into Frank Zarb, head of the NASD, at a meeting in Washington to discuss after-hours trading. Diagnosing "a serious midlife crisis," Zarb handed Grasso an orange wig.

Grasso, too, had come prepared. He gave Zarb a photo of his Colombian encounter doctored to impose Zarb's laughing face on the *comandante.* "The only thing I don't like about this picture," Zarb told him, "is, it makes me look shorter than you."

Zarb and Grasso are the friendliest of sworn enemies. Zarb, 65 years old, also grew up in a family of Italian immigrants, in Flatbush. He had begun to make a name for himself training gas-station managers to do paperwork when, in 1962, a young man named Sanford Weill invited him to help organize the back-office of a new firm. Other partners included Arthur Levitt, Arthur Carter, Roger Berlind, and Marshall Cogan. In 1997, after a career bouncing between Washington and Wall Street, and another job working for Weill—Zarb headed Smith Barney, and Weill headed its giant parent company, Travelers—he received a call from his old friend Levitt. Levitt, now chairman of the SEC, asked Zarb to take over as head of the NASD.

The NASDAQ is still a fifth the size of the NYSE, but Zarb has annoyed Grasso by retaining five of the most heavily traded companies—Microsoft, Intel, Dell, Cisco, and MCI WorldCom. There is no NASDAQ "exchange." Instead, it is simply a group of securities firms that act as "mar-

Paperchased: The NYSE floor the end of a recent trading d

Photograph by Viviane Moos/Sipa Press.

ket-makers" by constantly posting (lower) bids to buy and (higher) offers to sell NASDAQ-listed stocks, like currency exchange booths at the airport. Investors have to trade through market-makers, who pocket the spread between their bids and offers. They have a good deal: NASDAQ market-makers have the same advantage over their customers that specialists do—they see all the orders coming in. Competition among several market-makers in each stock is supposed to keep them honest.

On August 27, Zarb was pacing his Washington, D.C., office in front of a wall dedicated to newspaper cartoons of himself. He was preparing to announce that afternoon that part of the NASDAQ system would stay open after hours—a concession to the new alternative systems. The new electronic networks have already stolen business from his other member firms, and now, as they connect with each other after hours and register as independent exchanges, they are beginning to endanger the centrality of the NASDAQ network itself.

CHANGES WILL MAKE THEM OBSOLETE. "THERE

.. **"IT'LL BE THE END OF THE AUCTION SYSTEM."**

Zarb has his own membership problems. He has tried in the past to build an automated electronic NASDAQ exchange, but his member firms stymied him, telling the SEC that the NASD shouldn't compete with them at the same time that it regulates them.

Now, though, Zarb says NASDAQ is about to strike back against the new electronic networks by building a computerized central order book of its own called "supermontage." Investors will still need to trade through dealers, but the market-makers will no longer have an information edge over everyone else. Zarb says most of the firms realize their current position is untenable in the long run. "Sure, they'll take that as long as it lasts—and some of the firms lobbied mightily against us when we tried to change it before—but they know damned well it is not going to last," he says. "Securities firms have lots of ways to make money. I'm not worried about them." Like Grasso, he has proposed taking the organization public to gain more flexibility. It would also let him pay off his firms (and biggest companies) with shares. "Grasso knows that we are going to be cheaper and fairer," Zarb says. "He knows he has to respond."

"ASIDE FROM FIVE GREAT COMPANIES, I don't really see what Frank has got that I don't have," Grasso says, sitting forward in his office armchair. Indeed, Grasso knows his real problem is not his competition: NYSE's size, liquidity, and reputation for integrity are unrivaled. Its financial resources match anyone's. Grasso's dilemma is the exchange itself, a problem that is more complicated because it is more human. To maintain the NYSE's place at the center of the financial world, Grasso knows he, too, must now compete with his biggest member firms. And he must sell his individual members on technology that could evacuate the trading floors and make them obsolete.

Asked what the future entails, Grasso talks quickly, rattling off slogans about "continuously implanting technology" and "a seamless process from the end customer to the point of price discovery and back."

At heart, though, his vision is simple, if risky for his members. The centerpiece is a giant electronic-trading network, much like Island—accessible electronically from anywhere, with all the orders equally visible to everyone on and off the floor. But there will still be a trading floor, Grasso insists. There human brokers will wander around toting handheld computers—souped-up Palm Pilots, essentially—zapping trades into the system and beaming the "look" back to their clients. He sees a place for specialists too. Wrapping the new electronic network in the envelope of the current human system, he says, will maintain the security of a dealer's intervention in a pinch. (Specialists would no longer have an information advantage, but they may get paid for their services in other ways besides their own trading profits, such as special commissions.)

Why pay a floor broker when a seat on the floor no longer provides privileged access to trading or the order book? Relationships, Grasso says, and the trader's time-honed art of gauging and gaming his fellows. "If you are a seller of 10 million shares, you'd better not tell the world that by entering it straight into the system," Grasso says. "Then every buyer in the world will suddenly have an information advantage—they'll all wait until the price sweats to the bid side. It's not as simple as throwing everyone's bid and offer into a washbasin."

Still, floor brokers will have their work cut out for them in selling their services to investors. "Why should I pay somebody just to break up my order? A computer can do it for me," says Harold Bradley, of American Century. "Why pay a middleman to do what technology lets me do myself? The New York Stock Exchange is like the Berlin wall—for decades, everyone said it was crumbling and predicted it would fall. Now they take it down overnight, and people say, *Can you believe it?*"

ENTERING THE LARGEST OF THE FOUR ROOMS on the floor, McSherry points behind us to a special electronic ticker that displays the most recent bids and offers for exchange seats—the most closely watched display in the room. Seats are trading at an all-time high, a sign that the market believes Grasso can pull it off. "Some of that is Clinton and Greenspan, but much of it is Richard Grasso," McSherry says.

But the people on the floor still can't help wondering if their business can survive in Grasso's vision of an electronic and publicly traded NYSE. "There will be no reason to be down here," says Olsen, a broker who has worked on the floor for 37 years. "It will be the end of the auction system."

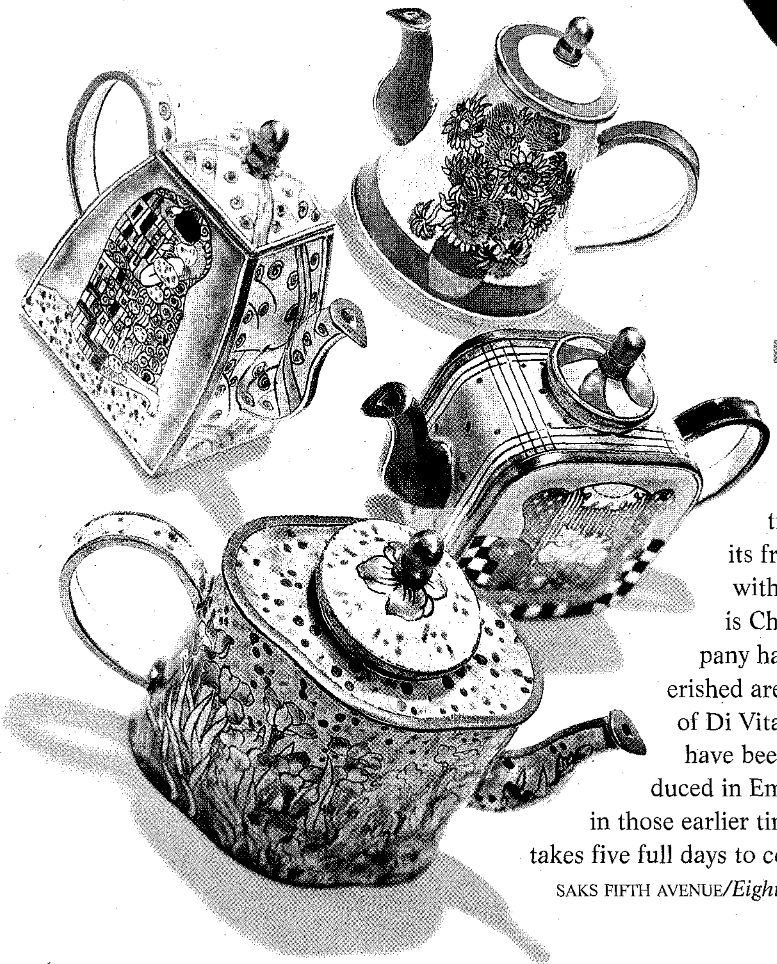
For his part, McSherry is more optimistic. "Mostly we are taking a wait-and-see approach," he tells me. "I think a lot of investors would like to own a little piece of the New York Stock Exchange." It's almost as if he had the Berlin Wall in mind. ▬

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN

RIGHT
ENTER
LEFT
LIGHT
SHIFT
ADJUST
MODE/CHA.
WATER 10BAR RESIST



Handles With Care

Here's proof that acquisitiveness and good deeds are not mutually exclusive. These exquisite little enamel teapots are handmade in China by indigent workers who have been trained under the Trade Plus Aid umbrella. Profits from the sale of the teapots provide these artisans with a steady income. The brains behind this project is Charlotte di Vita; she and her Trade Plus Aid company have set up and instructed craft groups in impoverished areas around the world. The teapots are the result of Di Vita's endeavors in rural China, where villagers have been taught the enameling techniques first introduced in Emperor K'ang-hsi's court. Each miniature, just as in those earlier times, is enameled and fired seven times and takes five full days to complete ($45).

SAKS FIFTH AVENUE/*Eighth floor*

Get Smart

The idea that you buy a watch to tell the time seems obsolete—today's timepieces do everything but turn on the TV. Consider Spoon's brainy new S.A.M. (Secret Agent Man): It can store 100 memos, scads of e-mail addresses and phone numbers, birthday and anniversary information, even the date summer ferry tickets to the Vineyard go on sale. All this can get programmed into one of three alarms, and the appropriate message scrolls across the screen as the alarm sounds. It's like wearing a Palm Pilot on your wrist—well, almost ($215).

STEVEN ALAN/*60 Wooster Street/212-334-6354, and 558 Broome Street/212-625-2541*

Four Eyes

French optician and eyewear designer Alain Afflelou believes reading glasses should be well made, chic, and fun to wear—and that you should always be able to find a pair. So his specs come in sets of four (each frame a different color or pattern). Stash one beside your favorite chair, another next to the bed, on your desk, in your bag or briefcase. The glasses weigh just half an ounce, and unlike most ready-mades, they come in nine levels of correction, available in quarter increments ($79).

EYE NY/*1135 Madison Avenue, near 84th Street/212-452-1135*

Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Dog Run

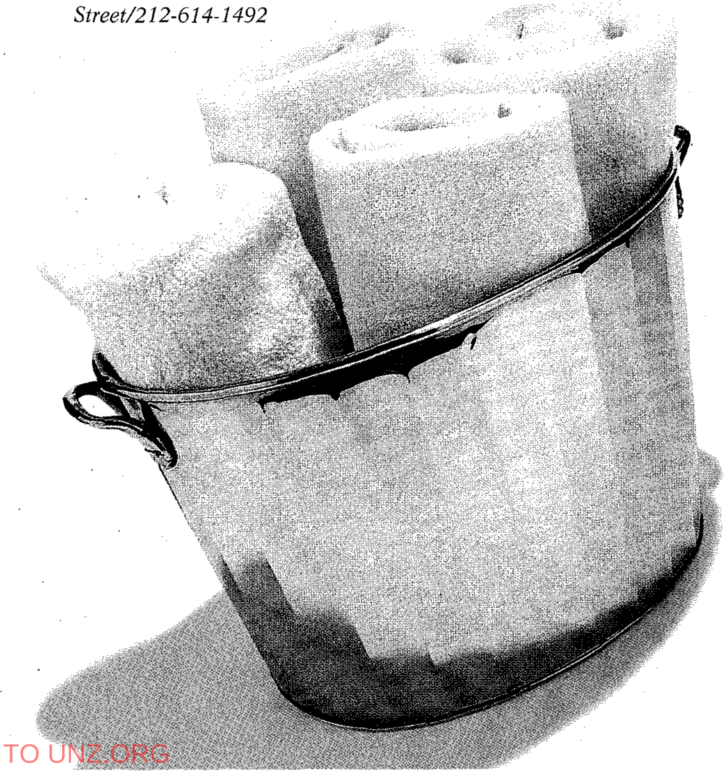
Have wheeled carry-ons gone to the dogs, or what? They've been morphed into plush pets, yet they're still perfectly functional. Kids can stuff one with a weekend's worth of clothing (or toys or books), and it'll roll merrily along on its sturdy luggage wheels (or they can hook the strap and carry it over a shoulder). And these Wheelie Bags, unlike the standard kind, are soft and cuddly ($54).

FARFETCHED/*110 Fourth Avenue, near 12th Street/212-460-8873*

Pre-Bash Stash

America ReToled's nickel party tub was inspired by the twenties, when they knew how to celebrate. But this is no ice bucket to stash away while waiting for a big bash. Use it now as elegant storage for towels near the tub, magazines next to the bed, assorted wrapping papers in the study—then, for midnight Y2K, you can tote it out filled with champagne ($85).

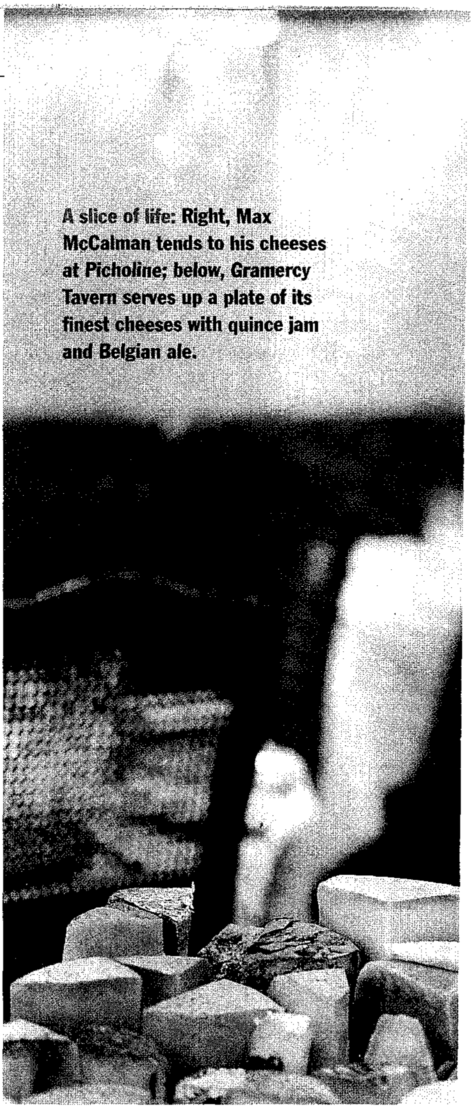
AVERY ON BOND/*2 Bond Street/212-614-1492*



SMARTCITY

Cheese Whiz

New York diners are discovering the cheese course—yet another place to explore the intricacies of flavor and geography. **By Tony Hendra**



A slice of life: Right, Max McCalman tends to his cheeses at *Picholine*; below, Gramercy Tavern serves up a plate of its finest cheeses with quince jam and Belgian ale.

SAYING YOU DON'T LIKE DESSERT IN New York City is a bit like saying you're not all that sure about statehood for Israel. Conversely, saying you prefer cheese is likely to peg you as yet another wild-eyed Atkins Diet nut who claims to have lost 148 pounds in three weeks eating nothing but deep-fried tripe.

The myth prevails that eating dairy somehow fires cholesterol directly into your bloodstream, but long before the Fat Wars, cheese had an ambiguous rep, as in "cheesy" and "cheesed-off." (And we do not refer, do we, to "toe-dessert"?) At best, cheese has found its way onto American menus as an appetizer: odd, considering its appetite-curbing acidity and bulk. (An evolution, no doubt, from that hideous fifties custom of serving cubes of cheddar with cocktails.) Yet in countries like France and Italy from which we have learned so much other food wisdom, cheese has always been a staple course served after the entrée—not an alternative to dessert but a prelude to it, the intermezzo between meat and sweet.

For whatever reason—high-protein high-rollers, retro Eurocentrism, or *fromage* chic—the classic cheese plate is appearing in more and more New York City restaurants. Cheesianados, once a reviled and ridiculed and always hungry bunch, can finally go to bed replete.

One speed bump on the road to cheesetopia is the federal law requiring that raw-milk cheeses, generally tastier than the same cheeses made from pasteurized milk, must be aged for 60 days to be imported into the U.S. This means that raw-milk versions of short-lived, soft, ripened cheeses (e.g., Brie, Camembert, and their relatives, Saint-Marcellin or *le roi de* stinky cheese, Époisses) are officially illegal. But, nudge-nudge-wink-wink, far from unavailable. This may be the Age of Cheese Prohibition, but whenever bootleg raw-milk stuff appears in town, it's immediately snapped up, to reappear later the same day at your local cheese-easy.

Picholine (35 West 64th Street; 212-724-8585) is the one to beat, with its four-star European-grade *grand plateau de fromages.* Some 50 cheeses perfume the trolley at any given time, up to 60 in a cornucopian week.

Max McCalman, Picholine's cheese manager, moves his product "very briskly." This helps storage problems with soft cheeses, which peak for only a few days. McCalman keeps his *fromages* in a proper "cave," temperature 48 to 50 degrees, humidity an all-important 85 percent: "There's some happy cheeses in there."

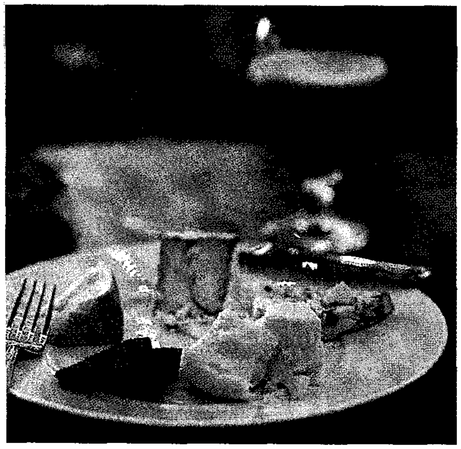
McCalman avoids the obvious, hunting instead for the exquisitely odoriferous; it's this as much as the size of his selection that makes Picholine No. 1. His faves are artisanal cheeses from Iberia and Britain, e.g., Torta del Casar from the Estremadura (wavering vegans should know it's bound with thistle, not rennet); Azeitao from Portugal; and Ruth Kirkham's Lan-

EXPERT TESTIMONY

Guitar Guru

New York is crawling with guitar demigods who will be happy to show you their rendition of Van Halen's "Eruption" at Sam Ash, but the town is also rich in the real thing: teachers of the six-string that are so good they'll scare you. "You don't have to like your teacher. You have to be intimidated enough to actually practice," advises Tom Beaujour, senior editor at *Guitar World* magazine. Beaujour recommends Richard Lloyd (212-544-9070), who has played with acts like Television and Matthew Sweet. "He's a legendary guitarist, and he's got an entire personal system of how the guitar works," says Beaujour. Lloyd is strong on mechanics and music theory, but more importantly, his life and his teaching are about making music. "Some people come in and think that I'm going to teach them to play a song or a riff," Lloyd says. "I won't. I teach the alphabet or the molecular chemistry of riff-making. I make you sound more like yourself." ERIKA KINETZ

Photographs by Joseph Scafuro. Illustration by Matthew Martin.



cashire, which "looks innocent but isn't." There are cheese gems from Switzerland, Ireland, and Austria also; it's a regular European Union on that trolley.

McCalman is as missionary about the benefits of cheese as he is about its welfare. He claims that the digestive system of many adults can't handle milk but can handle cheese, which, since it's undergone fermentation, creating lactic acid, actually aids digestion. "Cheese will make your tummy happiest after a meal," he says. The course price is three cheeses for $15.

Chanterelle (2 Harrison Street; 212-966-6960) has long been a haven for quesophiliacs. It offers fifteen to twenty cheeses on its unerringly superb menu, mainly from France, Italy, and these United States, notably Sally Jackson's chèvre from Washington and the yummy Massachusetts blue Great Hill. Blues are especially excellent: always a Stilton, Gorgonzola aged or *dolce,* and Spanish Cabrales (in my opinion the best blue in the universe). Chanterelle charges a $15 supplement for cheese to the $75 prix fixe, or $8 for cheese instead of dessert.

At **Gramercy Tavern** (42 East 20th Street; 212-477-0777), Danny Meyer's bottomless capacity for the customer-friendly makes its *plateaux* the most accessible of all. Manager Kevin Tyldesley provides a printed list of the thirteen-to-fifteen cheeses available, carefully organized into groups (cow, sheep, goat, soft-ripened, blue, triple-crème, etc.). There's an emphasis here on North America, notably chèvre like Humboldt Fog from California, Capriole from Indiana, and an Époisses-esque washed-rind baby from Chicory Farms Louisiana called Catahoula. Dat some stinky stuff, eh, *cher*? Prices are three for $6.50, five for $9.50, seven for $12.

As Tyldesley confirms, cheese courses are rapidly increasing in popularity, and a large number of places now offer anywhere from four to thirteen cheeses. These establishments range from the multi-starred (Lutèce, Le Cirque 2000, Le Bernardin, San Domenico) to bistros (Le Périgord, L'Absinthe, JUdson Grill). You will also find cheese at Union Pacific, Patroon, and '21.' Even places that don't list cheese will often rustle up an acceptable plate (e.g., La Fourchette). At some restaurants, the plate is preselected, as at **Veritas** (43 East 20th Street; 212-353-3700; five cheeses), where the wide selection of dessert wines gives you a fascinating number of combinations to play with. What to drink with cheese? If you stick with the red from the main course it will overpower mild cheeses and be overpowered by stinky ones. Some Loire Valley chèvres actually prefer dry wines (e.g., Sancerre). In general, a lightish dessert wine like Coteaux de Layon or Beaumes-de-Venise is sublime with most things but blue. With blues, drop predictable port and Sauternes for once; try subtler combos like Commandaria (from Cyprus) or a nutty full sherry (oloroso).

An intriguing one-size-fits-all companion is one of the rich dark Belgian ales like Chimay from the good Trappist fathers or even the dry, deep-flavored fruit lambics from Lindeman.

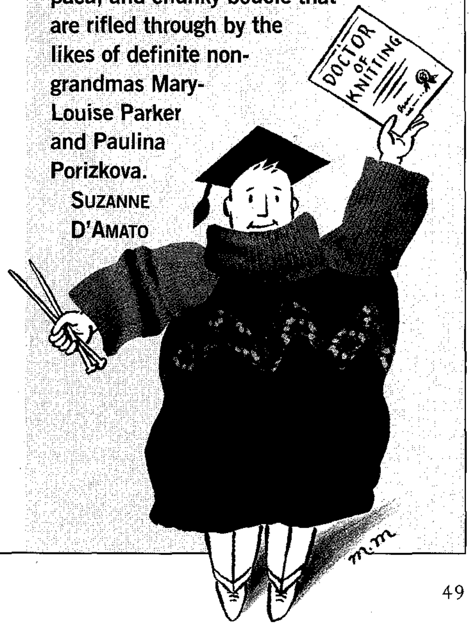
Shun sugar! Cheese is on the move. ■

NAVIGATOR

Q: This pashmina craze is completely out of hand, particularly since I don't have hundreds to drop on a shawl. Is there anywhere I can go to take matters into my own hands and knit it myself?

A: Thanks to A-list devotees like Cameron Diaz, Amber Valletta, and Julianne Moore, knitting is rapidly shedding its schoolmarm skin. With knitting's hipness quotient at record highs, classes abound for those whose mothers never taught them how. Pop into the **Fashion Institute of Technology** (212-217-7999) for Arnetta Kenney's "Knitting for Pleasure" class, where in six sessions you'll learn both the basics (how to cast, knit, and purl) and more advanced skills. Inspired students have gone on to work at Anne Klein, Ralph Lauren, and Liz Claiborne. If a simple scarf's a snap but cabling still eludes you, try the "Elements of Design" class at **The New School** (212-229-5690), where you can rub elbows with Donna Karan assistants brushing up on intricate hand-knitting techniques. Students learn to custom-make their own patterns for straight-off-the-catwalk shrugs, funnel necks, and wraps. Of course, you'll need the right supplies in order to put all that know-how to good use. Don't miss the exquisite yarns at **Gotta Knit** (498 Sixth Avenue, near 12th Street, second floor; 212-989-3030). Owners Laura Eackloff and Ann Regis stock of-the-moment shades like burnt orange and icy blue. The cozy shop is filled to the rafters with stacks of merino wool, alpaca, and chunky bouclé that are rifled through by the likes of definite non-grandmas Mary-Louise Parker and Paulina Porizkova.

SUZANNE D'AMATO

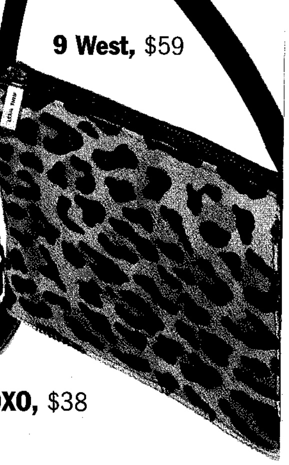


SALES & BARGAINS **SHYAMA PATEL**

Pony Express

Your furry friend: *This season's bags don't all come at hair-raising prices—head for these stores* **at full gallop.**

XOXO, $38

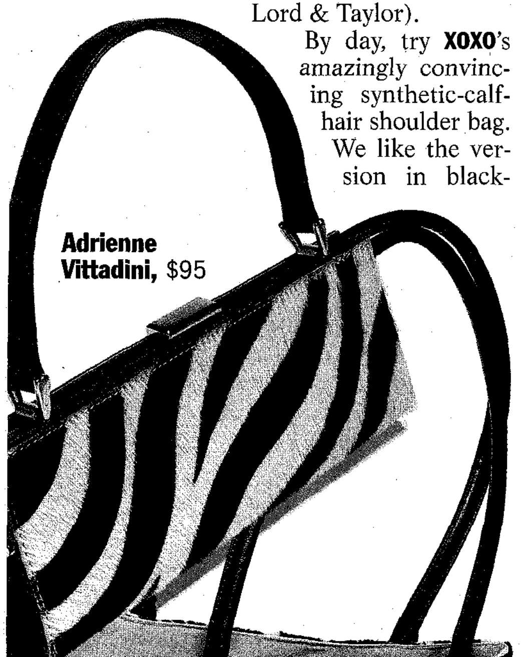

9 West, $59

PONY-SKIN ANYTHING IS A MUST THIS fall (and no, Cruella didn't raid the Hampton Classic—"pony skin" is really just hairy leather). The Concorde-to-the-collections set is on waiting lists for that Fendi patchwork coat, those Manolo Blahnik mink-trimmed mules, and that Lambertson Truex handbag. But if you can't fork over thousands for something small and furry with a big designer label, ride out this trend with a stand-in.

For evening, pick bags with short shoulder straps that fit only the bare essentials (that's lipstick, keys, wallet, and cell phone). Splurge on **Adrienne Vittadini**'s zebra-print calf-hair number with sharp red leather trim ($95 at Bloomingdale's). Or double your options with **Nine West**'s black-nylon-backed cow- or leopard-print styles ($59 at Lord & Taylor).

By day, try **XOXO**'s amazingly convincing synthetic-calf-hair shoulder bag. We like the version in black-and-white cow with a vinyl strap ($38 at Macy's and Lord & Taylor). Or sling on the **Gap**'s flat cow-print calf-hair bag, which sits on the hip. The limited-edition sack will arrive at a handful of Manhattan Gap stores in the third week of November—get one fast, these'll sell out ($125). To pack a serious load, pick up **Guess?**'s huge plush zebra bag ($60 at Macy's). When you're over the animal-print thing, recycle it as a gym tote.

Bloomingdale's, Lexington Ave. at 59th St. (212-705-2000); Lord & Taylor, Fifth Avenue at 38th St. (212-391-3344); Macy's Herald Square (212-695-4400); Gap, 680 Fifth Ave., at 54th St. (call 800-GAP-STYLE for additional stores).


Adrienne Vittadini, $95

Guess?, $60

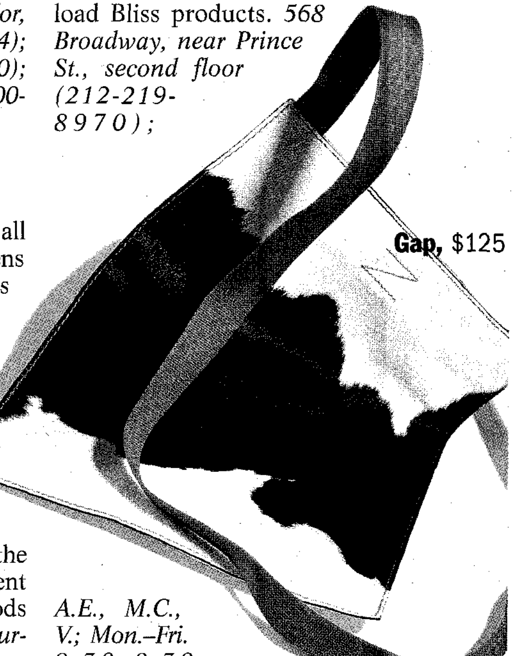
Picks of the Week

The Bridal Garden donates profits from all sales to the Sheltering Arms Childrens Service. Through October, the shop is clearing a stash of gowns by Ulla Maija at 50–75 percent off retail. Prices are from $795–$2,295. Sizes 4–8. *122 E. 29th St. (212-252-0661); M.C., V.; Mon.–Sat. by appointment only; 9/20–10/31.*

Hélène's alligator, ostrich, and crocodile handbags and accessories sell at boutiques for up to $4,500. At the sample sale, they're all about 70 percent off: from $250 for small leather goods to $2,000 for a large alligator bag. *Surrey Hotel, 20 E. 76th St. (for information, call 561-995-8898); A.E., M.C., V., checks; Tues.–Thurs. 10–6; 9/28–9/30.*

Gianfranco Ferré is taking 60 to 75 percent off a ton of women's clothes, shoes, bags and accessories from the "Boutique" line (plus lots of men's stuff and furnishings). *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St.; A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Wed. 9–6:30; 9/27–9/29.*

Bliss's switch project is bliss for potion lovers: Trade in your old skin or body-care ointments for a 20 percent discount on the equivalent product from Bliss (lines include Decleor, Remède, Guinot, Z. Bigatti, La Mer, and MD Formulations, as well as Bliss's own). The rules: You can only trade in similar goops (e.g., an eye cream for an eye cream), and you can't unload Bliss products. *568 Broadway, near Prince St., second floor (212-219-8970); A.E., M.C., V.; Mon.–Fri. 9:30–8:30, Sat. till 6:30; 10/2–10/9.*


Gap, $125

Tiecrafters is where many neighborhood cleaners send your cravats and silk scarves (as do stores like Saks and Hermès). Prices here are now about 20 percent off: $20.80 to clean four ties, $33.60 to alter or repair four; silk scarves are $12.80 apiece for cleaning (four-tie minimum; none for scarves). Pickup and delivery available. *252 W. 29th St. (212-629-5800); checks accepted; Mon.–Fri. 8:30–5, Sat. 9–2; 9/27–10/8.* ■

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs: clockwise from top, Steve Wisbauer (4); Davies+Starr (1).

Shrink Rap

In 'Mumford,' about a psychologist who actually makes people feel better, Lawrence Kasdan returns to the sunny side of the suburban street.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGIST IN QUIET, RESIDENTIAL Mumford is also named Mumford. As played by Loren Dean, Dr. Mumford is a clean-cut cipher: After only four months on the job, he's the talk of the town, but nobody knows much about him. He's a good listener—that's the key to his rapid rise—and yet he's also a straight shooter. When, for example, a smart-ass local lawyer (Martin Short) takes to the couch and starts singing his own praises, Mumford can't take it and throws him out. Written and directed by Lawrence Kasdan, **Mumford** is about the ways we help, and hide from, one another, and it's a bit too genial, too beneficent. You would think that a movie centering on the deep-rooted troubles of people would be more troubling, but Kasdan assiduously works the middle ground, where he's most content.

What we see is a can-do version of therapy stripped of psychoanalytic jargon or psychotropic drugs (which Mumford, not being an M.D., can't prescribe anyway). It's all about good listening, straight talk, direct action, but Kasdan is also realistic about the benefits. The changes worked by Mumford on his patients are noticeable but not monumental. He might not be doing much more for them than what a chummy bartender or a minister might do. His psychologist's credentials certify his expertise, yet when those credentials are cast in doubt, it hardly seems to matter in the end. People want to talk about their problems, and Mumford hears them out. That makes him something of a guru to the town's many malcontents, who are never listened to.

Most of the movies we've been seeing lately about the underside of white-picket-fence Americana—such as *The Truman Show*, *Pleasantville*, and *American Beauty*—exaggerate the hypocrisy and the horror. (The exaggeration can be as much of a crock as the sunniness it replaces.) *Mumford* emphasizes the mildness; the underside isn't very different from the topside. For Kasdan, psyches don't run deep, and the goodness people project isn't a false front—as it so often is in those other films—but a true rendering. What's more, people, and their problems, don't really change from era to era. The town of Mumford seems to be caught, along with its inhabitants, in a kind of time warp: It's vaguely fifties, but shards of practically every other decade in the century also show through.

Mumford seems the most old-fashioned when it attempts to be topical. Sofie Crisp (Hope Davis), who has come home to live with her uncomprehending family because she believes she has chronic-fatigue syndrome, gets taken out for walks by Mumford, and their genial strolls are like excursions in Mayberry. Another patient, Althea Brockett (Mary McDonnell), who is married to a high-octane investment banker (Ted Danson) probably more in need of therapy than she is, has a compulsive shopping habit fed by the mail-order mill. She's about as disturbing as a sitcom matron. A chubby pharmacist named Henry Follett (Pruitt Taylor Vince) recounts his sex fantasies to Mumford, which are enacted on the screen as naughty, imaginary film-noir playlets. Skip Skipperton (Jason Lee), who gets around on his skateboard, is virtually friendless because, as the billionaire founder of a computer-modem company based in Mumford, he employs a good part of the townspeople, and they're not comfortable hanging out with the boss. Skip hires Mumford to be his pal, but you get the feeling they'd be pals anyway; they play catch and amble into the hills overlooking the neighborhood. Skip's top-secret project, which he confides to Mumford, is the building of a "gender-specific sex surrogate"—a sex doll that responds like the real thing. The way the film presents this novelty, we might as well

Couch tomato: Loren Dean listens to Hope Davis, in *Mumford*.

Photograph by Gemma Lamana/Touchstone Pictures.

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be looking at a super-duper student-science-fair project. This movie has a way of cleaning up *everything.*

Kasdan may think he's offering up a jargon-free movie about the ways of therapy, but actually he's operating in a zone of psychobabble. With Mumford acting as their sounding board, his patients come to realize their own innately decent selves; he instinctively knows what they want, and he's nonjudgmental. The purity of their hearts transforms his own. And he's not only a healer but a matchmaker—many of his people end up pairing off. There's a sweetness to some of the stories: Hope Davis, especially, has such a marvelously expressive face that it's painful to see her zonked by whatever is zonking her, and when she warms to Mumford the flesh tones come back into her features and the film briefly becomes magical.

But Mumford himself never transforms before our eyes into something spectacular. Dean plays him like a blank with a mystery in his past. When we find out the mystery, he's *still* a blank. The film is about how we all have it in our power to start over—to leave our lives for another, better one. It's a peculiarly American notion, I suppose, and in this context, it's not very convincing. Although we're meant to regard his life changeover as the exercise of a free man in a free society, Mumford is actually pretty creepy. He comes across more like a con man than like a lost soul who has found redemption; the humbled person he finally becomes seems just another guise. In a darker movie this might be effective, but Kasdan isn't working that side of the street. For him, Mumford is a homespun original whose duplicity serves a higher truth. What you feel watching *Mumford* is that its director has been bamboozled right along with the good doctor's patients. It's a classic case of transference: Kasdan has fallen in love with his therapist.

In brief: HAVING SEEN **Jakob the Liar** ON THE heels of *Patch Adams* and *What Dreams May Come,* I see clearly that Robin Williams is not satisfied with his Oscar: What he's really bucking for is the Nobel Peace Prize. So give it to him already, and maybe he'll stop trying to melt our hearts. In this latest film, he's playing a poor soul in a Polish Jewish ghetto run by the Germans, and he's as misty-eyed as all get-out. He suffers his way into sainthood. The film itself is soberer and less dishonest (except in its outrageous final scene) than *Life Is Beautiful,* but the end point is about the same: Living through the Holocaust is made to seem like a great way to build character. ▬

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

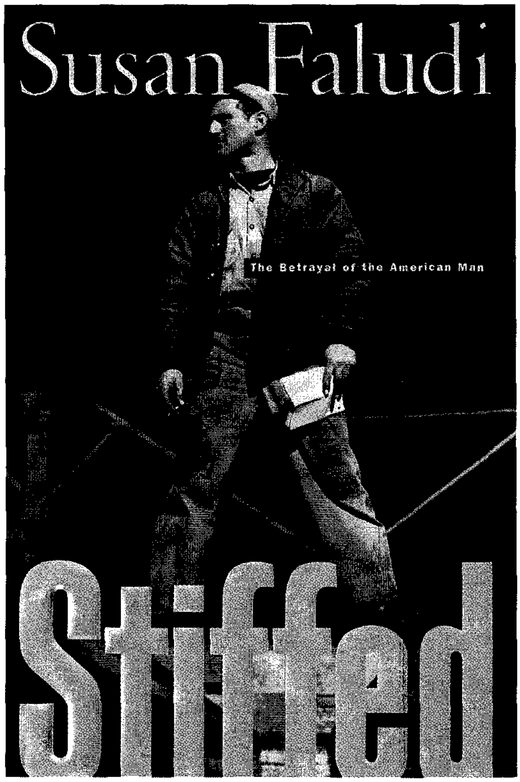
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Manhandled

In her new book, Susan Faludi takes her reporter's microscope in search of American men. Predictably, she misses the forest for the trees.

Stiffed
BY SUSAN FALUDI
William Morrow; 662 pages; $27.50

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN NONFICTION. AND LIFE is too interesting to be left to journalists. People have stories, but journalists have "takes," and it's their takes that usually win out when the stories are too complicated or, as happens, not complicated enough. Give a journalist any subject so massive as the lives of American men since 1950 and you can be guaranteed that she'll return with something between a big idea, a panacea, and a flat-out lie.



But don't tell any of this to Susan Faludi, the self-styled fairy godmother of victimhood who—not content to speak for all women, as she did in her last bestseller, *Backlash*—has managed in her new book, *Stiffed,* to reduce the massed experience of millions of postwar American men to a slick, newsmagazine cliché: Modern "manhood" or "masculinity" (here the simplifications begin and the battle for the Pulitzer is joined) is in a state of crisis. Beleaguered, besieged. And men themselves, the actual individuals, have been let down on a mammoth scale, left desolate. What's worse, Faludi personally feels for them—the football fans deserted by their teams, the Vietnam vets welcomed home by spitting hippies, the laid-off aerospace workers, the addled gang members. It's not your fault, boys, she wants to reassure them; there are forces beyond your control, I've analyzed them, and they've ground you down. Moved by feminist noblesse oblige, Faludi wants to complete the circle of gender-based victimization in America so that we can all enjoy its dubious privileges. And so, to all the insults and rebuffs supposedly suffered by men since 1950—the plant closings and corporate downsizings, the immoral wars and unfulfilling space program—add one last, castrating coup de grâce: the pity of Susan Faludi.

"This is the story of a feminist's travels through a postwar male realm," Faludi states in her intro. (Call her Ishmael.) Since the demise of Queen Victoria, such florid condescension has been rare, but it returns full force in *Stiffed,* gaining momentum from the opening line: "When I listen to the sons born after World War II, born to the fathers who won that war, I sometimes find myself in a reverie, conjured out of my own recollections and theirs." A few pages on, Faludi repeats the image, causing one to imagine a small room just off her study where she conducts her focus groups, possibly dressed as a nurse: "When I talk with men who grew up during the Baby Boom, this mission to manhood shows up in their minds not as promises met but as betrayals, losses, and disillusionments."

Job one for Faludi is finding the villain behind all this multi-generational misery. It can't be men themselves, since they're the dupes, and it can't be women, of course, who are still recovering from being lashed back at, and so the accusing finger lands on "culture"—the perfect culprit, since no one knows it personally and yet everyone can claim to be affected by it. "The culture they live in," Faludi writes in the bulging intellectual grocery bag that is her introductory chapter, "has left men with little other territory on which to prove themselves besides vanity." This statement sounds nothing if not definitive, but it is followed in the course of *Stiffed*—a book of over 600 pages—by a thousand other diagnoses of the degraded masculine condition that are at least as ringing and conclusive. In a chapter on the Patriot movement, Faludi concludes that men outraged over Waco "were fighting a world transformed by the women's movement" by joining anti-government militias. That, of course, makes two ways for men to prove themselves: vanity and violence. Faludi's not counting, though.

Almost any scene or incident involving a live male human being is capable of supporting Faludi's thesis that men, as a group, have been screwed by unseen forces, pickpocketed by the invisible hand. At one point, seeking fodder for her argument, she visits the office of a casting agent who hires men to act in porno movies. She's barely inside before she's calling the

Faludi wants to complete the circle of gender-based victimization so we can all enjoy its dubious privileges.

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cue

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place—in her sociologist's rich baritone—"a backstage door to the current American dream and an emergency escape hatch for some who find themselves capsizing in a reconfiguring American economy." But that's the trouble with Faludi (besides her prose, which could use some reconfiguring itself): She can't take anything for what it's worth; she has to make it pay off for her grand concept. Pornography may predate the new economy, and the reasons for acting in it may be as various as the actors' physiques, but she's not interested in such old truths. All she's interested in is her big book.

What the book requires first and foremost from the men whose life stories it feeds off is that those lives be pathetic. Sad. Ridiculous. Take "Big Dawg," an obsessive Cleveland Browns fan who's left inconsolable when the Browns leave town, hijacked to Baltimore by a callous owner. (Corporate bigwigs get the shaft in *Stiffed,* standing in for "culture" and "society" when a flesh-and-blood bad guy is in order.) Between his clownish costumes, his sorrowful childhood history, and his maniacal screams from the grandstand, Big Dawg is a huge but huggable mess—and the perfect patient for Faludi, who insists that the man doesn't really understand himself and that what he's actually doing by boosting the Browns is "fathering himself" and trying to "reclaim a lost patrimony."

Oh, go jump in a lake, Nurse Ratched. Joyless, clinical, and smug, convinced that any colorful male behavior is a mask for unacknowledged wounds (and that only she can find and probe those wounds), Faludi is straight out of *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* You can almost hear her gummy soles as she pads in spotless white shoes from bed to bed, penciling clever comments on her chart about the bewildered Promise Keepers, shell-shocked veterans, and raging militiamen locked up in her ward. Comments such as these about the man whose documentary on the Waco fire sparked the recent investigations (thus getting the sort of concrete results that Faludi's type of reporting never does): "Whether McNulty was trying to fulfill his obligations at home, fight the feds in Waco, or stake a new claim in Hollywood, the gunslinger's image had proved of little utility." Or these lines, chilly with psychological certainty, about male cadets at the Citadel: "The intimacy these men seek is physical and sensual . . . it is a dream of blissful oneness, a sensuality more closely associated with mother and child."

The nurse has researched and identified your problems, men. Line up for your shots. ■

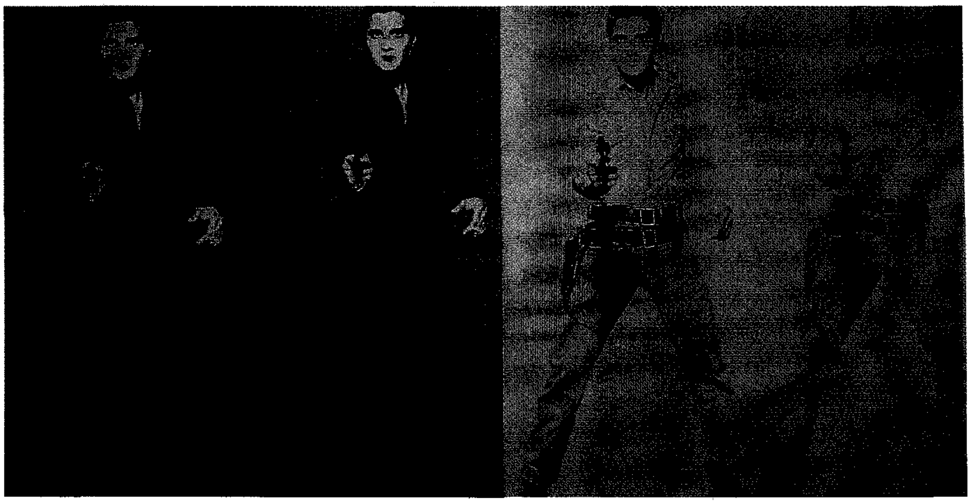
Walter Kirn's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

ART MARK STEVENS

History Lessens

Great works and surprising moments aside, part two of the Whitney's giant survey of twentieth-century American art feels like a freshman civ course.

At the outset of the twentieth century, during the massive Paris Exposition of 1900, the United States made a determined effort to present a fresh, distinctively American face to the world. The nation was becoming a great power; it longed to distinguish itself from European culture and chafed at being treated as provincial. And so the organizers of the so-called American School at the Universal Exposition selected art that would celebrate the New rather than the Old World; a turn-of-the-century woman depicted in an American painting appeared to critics of the time as a vision of wholesomeness when compared with the decadent, corset-popping femme fatale in many European works. In **Paris 1900: The American School at the Universal Exposition**, a show evoking the Exposition that Diane P. Fischer has organized for the Montclair Art Museum, almost every painting is presented as an illustration of some admired social value in the America of 1900.



From "The American Century" at the Whitney, Andy Warhol's *Elvis I and II* (1964).

The establishment of the Whitney Museum of American Art 30 years later continued what the Exposition began. The United States was a great nation; ergo, it had to support, advance, and nurture the creation of great indigenous art. After World War II, with most of the world prostrate, American art finally did assume center stage. And for the past 50 years, it has really never let the world forget it. The concluding part of **The American Century: Art and Culture 1900–2000**, which has just opened at the Whitney and covers 1950 to 2000, is nothing less than the culmination of a century of suspender-snapping cultural nationalism. According to Lisa Phillips, who organized the show, the years from 1950 to 2000 were "when American art really came into its own—when America led the cultural world." Bully for us.

At both ends of the century, scale puts the point on the exclamation. Although the Montclair exhibit includes only about 80 objects and paintings—many of which were at the Exposition—the curators use photographs and wall panels to emphasize the vast size of the original show. More than 50 million people attended it; America contributed 256 works of art. At the Whitney, part one filled the museum last spring. So does part two today. Together, the two shows will have packed in 1,200 works of painting, sculpture, photography, video, film, dance, and various cultural artifacts. Like the Exposition in Paris, "The American Century" emphasizes art's response to social issues, exploring what it calls "the evolution of American identity." Sprinkled among the rooms of part two are various "cultural sites" that provide a social context or mirror for the works of art. One such site is called "The Cold War"; you can watch a clip of the McCarthy hearings on a fifties-style TV. Another evokes the protest movements of the sixties; you can listen to music from Joan Baez, Bob Dylan, and Peter, Paul & Mary. All the familiar movements in art have their patch of ground: Here is a room of Abstract Expressionist painting, there one of color-field painting. And Pop, Minimal, and Conceptual Art with their main permutations. The genealogy of postmodernism—many works in this style never found an -ism—follows the same quick, social plan.

Of course, the twentieth century didn't turn out the way the organizers of the American School at the Exposition thought it should. A young, wholesome, virile, idealistic nation? If those early art patriots had known that in 1999, an American woman named Kiki Smith would exhibit a work of art in a national museum called *Tale*, in which a naked woman rests on all fours with an enormous turd-tail stretched out behind her, they would have suddenly discerned an abiding innocence and sterling virtue in European decadence. But the organizers of these shows at opposite ends of the century nonetheless share a fundamental approach, one that I dislike very much. In 2000 as in 1900, art matters because it illustrates social themes, often of the most banal kind.

Despite their glitter and size, shows with this singular focus diminish art. It is worth noting how they do so. "The American Century" is not wrong to suggest that art reflects aspects of American identity. What, after all, could be more obvious? The show resembles an American-civilization textbook for fresh-

Photographs courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

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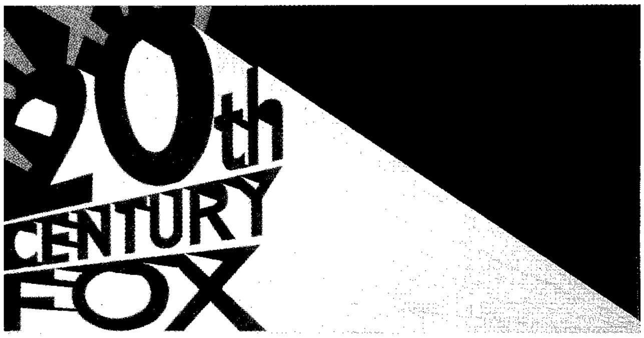
men or one of those earnest "on the one hand . . . on the other" documentaries on public television that examine the fractious character of American society. What's troubling is the rigid exclusion of other ways of viewing art—an unwillingness to teach the public how to respond to art in a more varied way. Books are a much better form, in any case, for examining the social implications of art. An exhibition inevitably oversimplifies, providing only the lightest gloss on the complex social context.

From a walk-through of "The American Century," you would never know that European ideas were essential to the formation of art on this side of the Atlantic. You would never grasp the remarkable power that Jackson Pollock has had upon the imagination during the past 50 years. You would not know that hundreds of serious artists have chosen not to participate in the conventional parade of AbEx-Pop-Minimal-Conceptual-Postmodern. You would never suppose that art could give pleasure. Most important of all, you would not be encouraged to cultivate that slow, complex, inward-coiling experience—when eye and mind seem to converge in a conversation without words—that is one of the serious rewards of art. A great painting should slow you down. This exhibit never stops pushing you along.


Edward Ruscha's *Large Trademark With Eight Spotlights* (1962).

In "The American Century," the perspective is aerial. You seem to look at art from above, your eye sweeping unimpeded across time and style. (It can be quite a trip—to use the fine old sixties slang—to pass in a moment from the noisy pizzazz of Pop to the austere silence of Minimalism.) And yet from above, everything also appears clean, bland, and smoothed out. The show may discuss "conflict," but its perspective doesn't convey it. It softens all tough quarrels and blunts every serious edge. Points of view that are truly contradictory—that represent profoundly different apprehensions of human experience—flow together as easily as one page follows another in a flipped-through magazine. Nothing is left to fester in the imagination. You are never far from a wall panel that explains what the art means. Even the messiest work seems well behaved. No style lasts much longer than a sound bite, and besides, there is always something new beckoning in the corner of your eye or some snatch of song to distract you. Quality never becomes an issue to struggle over. In this show, each historically sanctioned style is as good as the next. For example, it seems likely—but is certainly arguable—that American art begins to decline in the seventies. But there is no struggle to refine understanding, no encouragement for a viewer to develop his or her powers of discrimination. It's all equally part of history.

It would have been difficult, of course, for the Whitney to approach the twentieth century in any other way. It is, after all, a museum of American art; that is what distinguishes it from other museums of modern art. And it's understandably hard not to at least try to be comprehensive. The show certainly has many fine bits. There are some great works on display, and the curators here and there make unexpected choices and juxtapositions, in addition to presenting the usual greatest hits. It is interesting to see such artists as Grace Hartigan and Jay DeFeo represented, for example; an Alice Neel portrait of Andy Warhol looks surprisingly comfortable beside some Robert Mapplethorpe photographs. That said, such details are overwhelmed by the shiny production values embodied in this show. Something very odd has happened to the American museum world during the past twenty years. The values of art, entertainment, and the seminar room have mingled, creating an academy of the avant-garde that plays to the crowd.

On the wall labels of the Exposition show in Montclair, the curators often patronize the American culture of 1900. To them it seems blinkered that Americans should have idealized the United States, emphasizing a pristine landscape or an idealized version of women. That condescension is a privilege of time. When 2099 decides to look back at 2000, it will certainly tut-tut over the values that underlie "The American Century." No doubt 2099 will have a social vision of its own with which to imprison art. ■

Mark Stevens's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Sounds Okay to Me

'Il Viaggio a Reims' was composed as a showcase for the top ten singers of 1825; at City Opera, it showcases a complex new amplification system.

THE NEW YORK CITY OPERA'S FALL SEASON OFFICIALLY opened with Gioachino Rossini's **Il Viaggio a Reims**, and it's probably safe to say that the composer would not have been pleased. Surely one of the most spectacular one-off galas in musical history, the opera vanished from sight immediately after its Paris premiere in 1825, just as it was meant to. Written to celebrate the coronation of Charles X, France's last Bourbon king, the score was carefully tailored to display the specific vocal talents of no fewer than ten prodigious singers, all virtuoso exponents of the demanding bel canto style that ruled in those days. Since Rossini knew that a comparable cast was never likely to materialize again, he withdrew the opera, collected his fee, recycled half the music three years later in *Le Comte Ory*, and *Il Viaggio a Reims* disappeared for good—or so the composer thought.

Little did Rossini suspect that, 150 years later, diligent musicologists would track down and reassemble the score, long since scattered around the world in bits and pieces—the final chorus turned up only in 1992, at the New York Public Library. The opera has now been completely reconstructed, and it is indeed an extravagant musical feast. The sheer musical invention of *Il Viaggio a Reims* is staggering, and it would be a shame never to hear it, but Rossini was right. Even in this age of renewed interest in the bel canto repertory, ten singers able to do it justice will probably never be in the same place at the same time.

Essentially a glorious concert in one long act lasting more than two hours (here broken into two acts), the opera hasn't much of a plot, but it does have a wonderfully daffy cast of characters: an international assemblage of travelers lodged at a spa in Plombières, all waiting for a coach (which never arrives) to take them to Charles's coronation at Reims. Each role is amusingly drawn in words and music, and James Robinson's witty staging makes the most of this by encouraging the singers to develop sharply focused personalities, loony but never overdone. Allen Moyer's black-and-pale-green bathhouse décor is not especially attractive or evocative of the period, but never mind. The action bubbles along nicely, even if there's no disguising the fact that only the ladies have the vocal and technical goods to serve Rossini adequately. Sally Wolf as Madame Cortese, the hotel's ditsy hostess; Mary Dunleavy as the fashion-crazed Countess of Folleville; Camilla Tilling as the soulful Roman poetess, Corinna; Paula Rasmussen as the hotly pursued beauty, Marquise Melibea—all four eagerly seize the moment, occasionally turn a pretty phrase, and generally put their undervoiced male colleagues to shame.

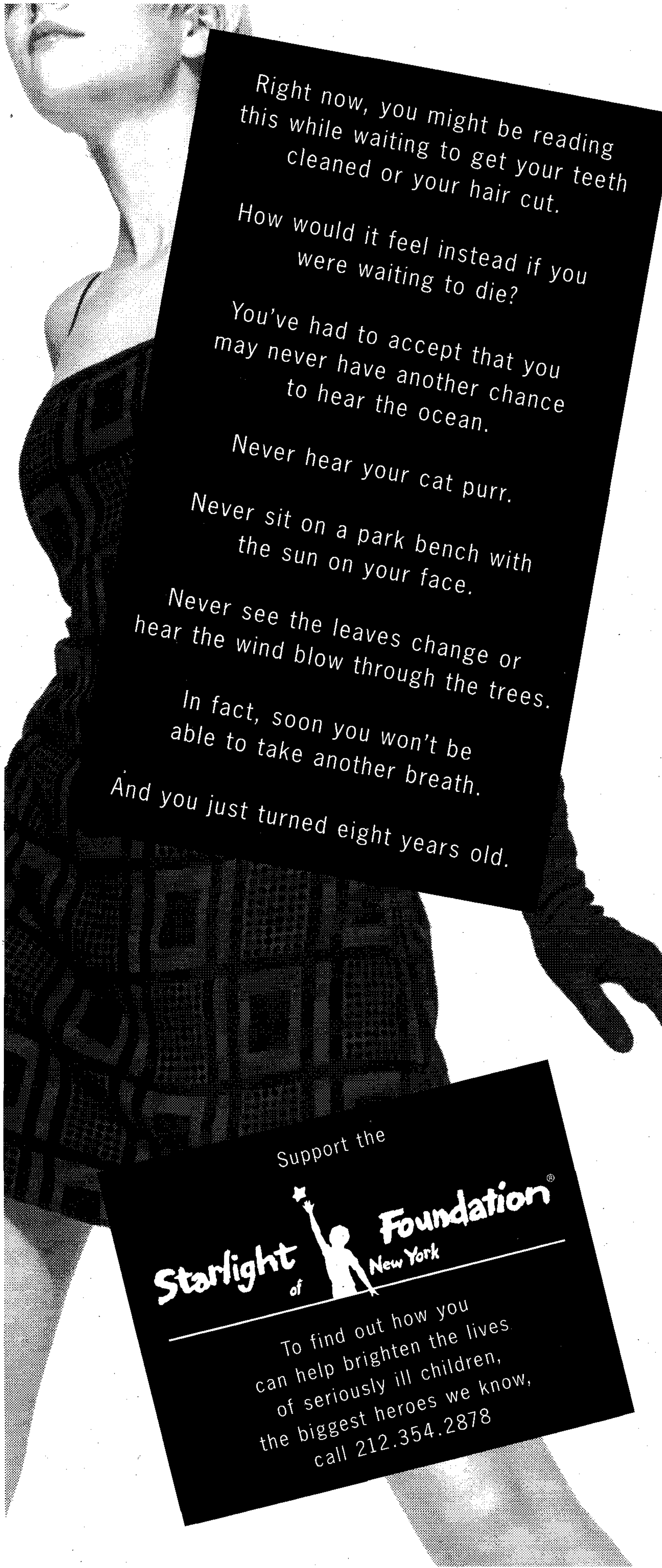
No doubt many disappointed bel canto enthusiasts found their attention wandering to the State Theater's new sound system, listening for signs of how it might affect what they hear. Some critics have already been thrown into a tizzy about the installation, agonizing over a subject fraught with issues that are as much moral as technical. After all, it's no secret that many concert halls and opera houses around the world are now equipped with some sort of acoustic-enhancement technology, but few managements are willing to admit it. At least the City Opera deserves credit for an up-front declaration about its latest and most drastic attempt to improve the theater's controversial acoustics. We've even been assured that the whole thing will be thrown out if it does not come up to expectations after a period of fine-tuning.

Simply put, the system divides the orchestra pit into ten acoustical zones and the stage into fourteen, each governed by a directional microphone. An analog

6
7
IL GIGLIO D'ORO

A weekend in the country: From left, Kevin Glavin, Benjamin Brecher, Mary Dunleavy, and Peter Strummer in *Viaggio*.

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.



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processor separates the music into 108 channels, which are transmitted to 144 speakers, augmenting the way sound is reflected through the house rather than feeding it directly into the auditorium. Ideally, the audience will still perceive the stage as the sound source, since this technology is designed to affect sound reverberation patterns, not their direction or amplitude. That may appear pretty extreme, but the ultimate goal is a worthy one: improved focus, clarity, and balance, not the sort of ear-splitting amplification one gets at a Broadway musical.

That said, I heard no dramatic acoustic alterations for better or worse, at least from my seat in the center of row H in the orchestra. There was no sense of disembodied sounds, voices coming from odd spots in the hall, or unrealistic orchestral balances, all problems that can arise when sound installations of this sort are in use. On the other hand, neither were there any miraculous improvements in the overall acoustic ambience. What struck my ears was more or less business at the State Theater as usual—in fact, if the City Opera had kept the whole thing a secret, I suspect that few would have even guessed that a new acoustic-enhancement system was in operation. Perhaps it wasn't. Being the suspicious type, I have a hunch that only when the novelty wears thin and our watchdog music critics have nodded off again will the electronic juices really be turned up. If that sneak-attack theory is wrong and the system is already in full operation, then the City Opera is, acoustically speaking, back at square one.

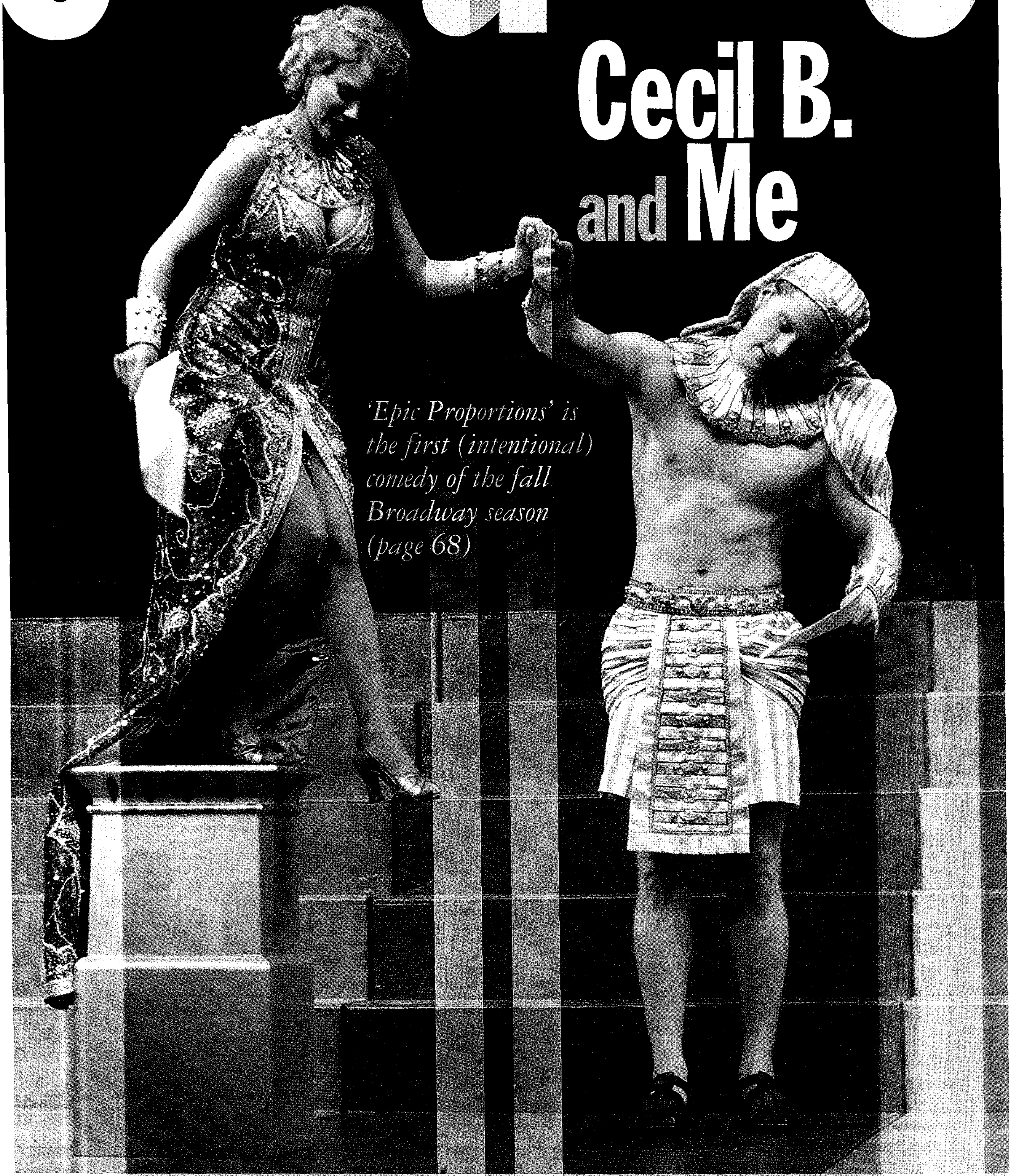
THE MILLER THEATRE AT COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY is expanding its musical activities in all directions this season, with an energy that virtually exploded at the opening-night concert played by the Absolute Ensemble under Kristjan Järvi. Titled **Jazz Concertante**, the evening never settled for easy crossover fixes, instead offering four meaty scores demonstrating just how sophisticated and vibrant the territory is these days for composers who can mix elements of jazz, rock, minimalism, and contemporary classical styles with imagination and skill. Virtuoso performers also play an active part—Daniel Schnyder's freewheeling *Concerto for Bass Trombone* was as much soloist Dave Taylor's piece as the composer's, a tour de force of extended instrumental technique and exciting musical ideas. John Adams's 1992 *Chamber Symphony*, an astonishing stylistic amalgam that already sounds like a classic, concluded the program with a brilliantly played performance. Music at Miller is off and jamming. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

cue

Weekly Guide to Entert m t and the Arts in N

Cecil B. and Me



'Epic Proportions' is the first (intentional) comedy of the fall Broadway season (page 68)

art **71** concerts **83** dance **83** kids **90** the mix **87** movies **60** nightlife **84**
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movies

Happy, Texas...Mystery, Alaska...Love Reinvented

Previews

Sand Illusion

After sorting out his own mother issues in the eerily Oedipal *Spanking the Monkey* and the more forgivingly neurotic (not to mention laugh-riotous) ensemble piece *Flirting With Disaster,* director David O. Russell takes on "the mother of all battles" with *Three Kings.* In the explosive movie, three American soldiers (Ice Cube, Mark Wahlberg, and Spike Jonze) team up with a special-ops officer (George Clooney) in order to "liberate" 70-odd Louis Vuitton duffel bags of gold bullion from one of Saddam's near-deserted bunkers. Opens October 1.

New Films

The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland—Elmo ventures after his lost blankie and in turn gains courage and learns about sharing. With Mandy Patinkin. (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) *Opens 10/1.*

American Beauty—Kevin Spacey plays a middle-aged zero living out a life of quiet desperation in spic-and-span suburbia with a harridan real-estate-agent wife (Annette Being) and morose daughter (Thora Birch) who despise him. His rebirth is brought about by his attraction to his daughter's cheerleader best friend (Mena Suvari); this new-style Rip Van Winkle is like a counterculture washout primed for salvation. Sam Mendes, celebrated for his direction of *Cabaret* and *The Blue Room* on stage, makes his movie debut; the script is by Alan Ball. (Rainer; 9/20/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Michael Myers's Austin Powers is a marvelous comic creation, and kids especially seem to love him. (Rainer; 6/21/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Autumn Tale—Eric Rohmer's autumn entry in his "Tales of Four Seasons" quartet is not as diagrammatic as some of his earlier films. He may be a moralizing *philosophe,* but he has his playful side. (Rainer; 7/19/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

B. Monkey—A professor falls for his beautiful but criminally inclined student and finds he's in over his head. With Asia Argento, Jared Harris, Rupert Everett, and Jonathan Rhys Meyers. Directed by Michael Radford. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Bandits—A movie about a female rock band that escapes prison (Did I mention they were in prison?) and tears across Germany, but not without finding some cool clothes, making a video, and recording a hit single. In German with English subtitles. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway.*

Bedrooms and Hallways—A campy romantic comedy about a man who joins a men's group and develops a crush on an Irishman. (1 hr. 36 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Better Than Chocolate—The story of a young woman who falls in love with her friend and must hide her feelings from her mother, who has come to visit. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *The Screening Room.*

Black Cat, White Cat—A romantic comedy wherein, to square a debt, a small-time shyster arranges for his son to marry the daughter of a wealthier gangster. In Serbo-Croatian with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 9 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The Blair Witch Project—A nifty, scary, zero-budget dramatic feature about a documentary crew that investigates a local legend—the Blair Witch—in the remote Maryland woods. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *CC Village East; Clearview's Chelsea.*

Blue Streak—Martin Lawrence is a jewel thief posing as a cop in order to recover a diamond he's hidden in a precinct. With Dave Chappelle and Luke Wilson. (About 1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

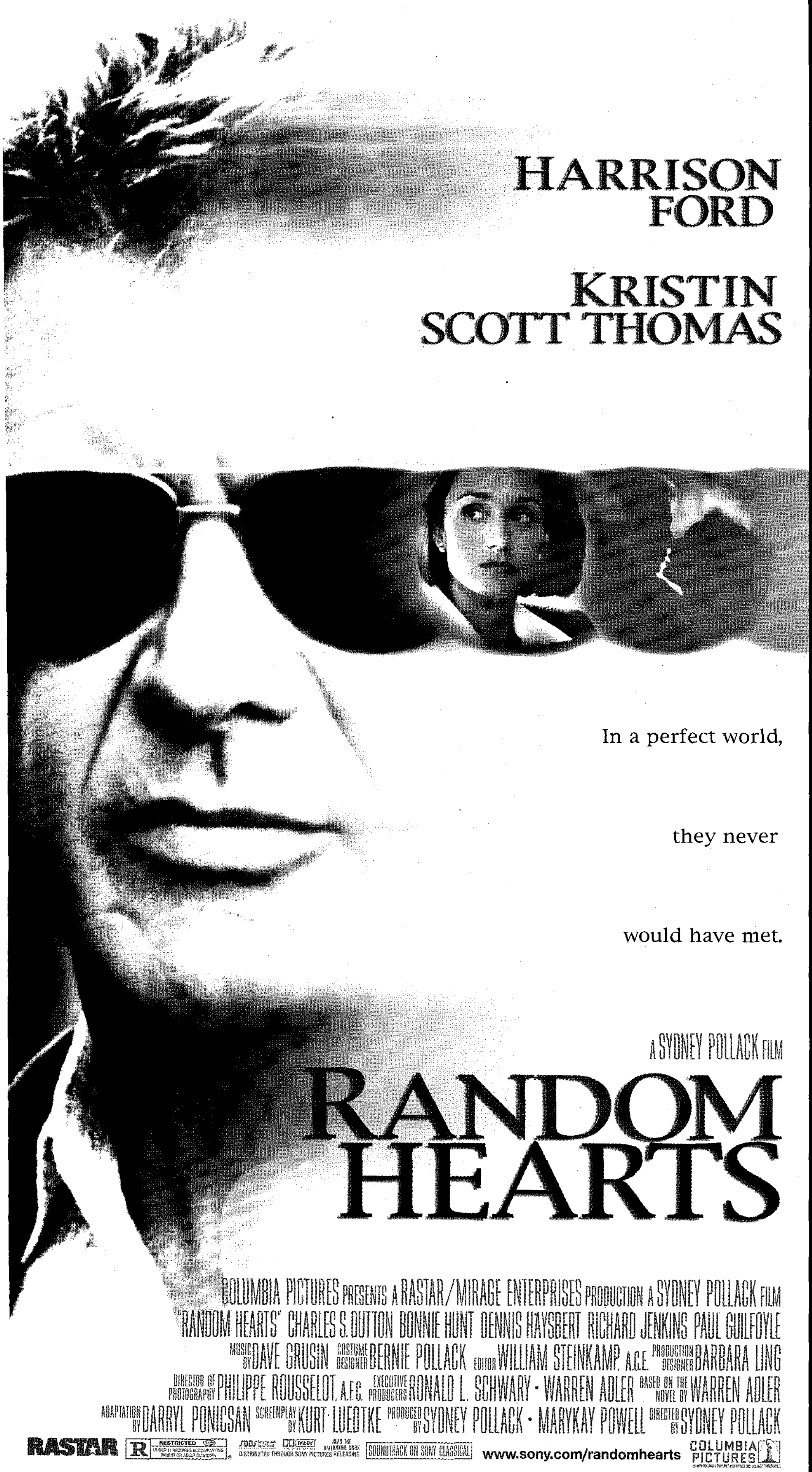
★**Bowfinger**—Steve Martin has his best movie role in years as Bobby Bowfinger, head of the bankrupt Bowfinger International Pictures. Bowfinger's grand scheme for glory involves getting Hollywood's biggest action star, Kit Ramsey (Eddie Murphy), to star in his zilch-budget sci-fi thriller *Chubby Rain*—without even knowing he's in it. (Rainer; 8/23/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Breakfast of Champions—Alan Rudolph's film adaptation of Kurt Vonnegut's novel about a fictional midwestern town and its kooky inhabitants, starring Bruce Willis, Nick Nolte, Albert Finney, and Barbara Hershey. (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Buena Vista Social Club—Wim Wenders's documentary grew out of the recording sessions in 1996 by Ry Cooder involving some of Cuba's greatest singers and musicians, many of them well over 60, whom he rescued from oblivion; two years later, Cooder returned to Havana with Wenders, and the result is this wonderful mixture of music-making and anecdotage featuring such artists as the 90-year-old composer and *tres* player Compay Segundo, the 80-year-old jazz and mambo pianist Ruben Gonzalez, and the 74-year-old singer Ibrahim Ferrer, whose voice draws a silky line right out of the air. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expressed the sensual sustenance of great folk culture for its practitioners. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; BAM Rose Cinemas.*

Caligula—First released in 1980, Bob Guccione's period epic porno stars Malcolm MacDowell, Helen

'CUE' COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY CAROL ROSEGG
FOR *NEW YORK*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DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY PHILIPPE ROUSSELOT, A.F.C. EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS RONALD L. SCHWARY · WARREN ADLER BASED ON THE NOVEL BY WARREN ADLER
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Data

Double Trouble

The highwaymen: From left, Jonny Lee Miller, Robert Carlyle, and Alan Cumming.

It's not easy working in an established genre like the outlaw-buddy picture: You have to stay fresh *without ever deviating from the essential* conventions (try to have an *and* in the title, crack as many jokes as possible, and always end tragically). Take Jake Scott's new period duet, *Plunkett and Macleane*, which opens October 1. Robert Carlyle and Jonny Lee Miller play bosom-ogling highwaymen who knock over stagecoaches and crash dinner parties in Ye Olde England in order to finance a future life in the New World. Liv Tyler serves as the ravishing damsel in distress. And who better to supply comic relief than Alan Cumming—this time as the swishy gentleman (with an eighteenth-century eyebrow ring) who helps the two infiltrate the aristocracy. Since his Tony-winning Broadway debut last year as the androgynous emcee in *Cabaret*, Cumming has been a busy boy. He has five films this year alone (including *Company Man* and Kubrick's failed marital-buddy pic *Eyes Wide Shut*, in which he played the swishy hotel clerk). "What's happened to me is completely bonkers!" the 34-year-old actor says in his heavy Scottish accent during a rare break in his schedule. "Sometimes you get a script and you think, *Oh, it would be great to play that!*, and I liked this character a lot—he knows Macleane's a bit of a rogue but he kind of likes it." Next up, a filmed version of one of Shakespeare's bloodiest and least performed buddy plays: *Titus Andronicus*. It's not very funny, but *everyone* dies. Brett Kelly

MOVIE	SETUP	FRESH TAKE
THE DEFIANT ONES Directed by Stanley Kramer 1958	Tony Curtis and Sidney Poitier are escaped convicts who run through the South shackled together.	They're gorgeous and they're bi-racial.
BUTCH CASSIDY AND THE SUNDANCE KID Directed by George Roy Hill 1969	Paul Newman and Robert Redford are bank robbers who flee to South America to avoid the long arm of the law.	They're gorgeous and they're funny.
THE STING Directed by George Roy Hill 1973	Newman and Redford play it again, this time as con men trying to outwit a rich gambler in *Ragtime*-era Chicago.	Still gorgeous. Still funny. But this time, no horses, no bicycle, and no Katharine Ross.
TOUGH GUYS Directed by Jeff Kanew 1986	Burt Lancaster and Kirk Douglas are geriatric bank robbers who try one last heist.	They used to be gorgeous.
THELMA & LOUISE Directed by Ridley Scott 1991	Geena Davis and Susan Sarandon are damsels on the lam.	They're gorgeous, and they're *women* this time.
HARLEY DAVIDSON & THE MARLBORO MAN Directed by Simon Wincer 1991	A hog-riding Mickey Rourke and an ex-rodeo-riding Don Johnson rob a bank to save their favorite bar.	Not gorgeous, not women, and not funny; not surprisingly, it ended badly. For the flick.
PLUNKETT & MACLEANE Directed by Jake Scott 1999	Robert Carlyle and Jonny Lee Miller steal from the rich and give to the whores.	They're eighteenth-century Brits with attitude. Butch and Sundance go Euro-trash.

Mirren, and Peter O'Toole. (2 hrs. 36 mins.; NR) *CC Village East.*

Deep Blue Sea—A science experiment goes terribly awry when genetically altered sharks become . . . too smart. With Saffron Burrows, LL Cool J, and Samuel L. Jackson. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Dinner Game—From the creator of *La Cage aux Folles* comes a comedy about a dinner-party contest in which the winner must invite the most boring person imaginable. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Paris Theatre.*

Dog Park—Bruce McCulloch's quiet romantic comedy starring Natasha Hendridge, Janeane Garofalo and Luke Wilson as dog-loving singles. Mark McKinney (also of *Kids in the Hall* fame) saves the day with his hilarious portrayal of their dogs' shared psychologist. (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; CC Sutton; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Cinemart; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Double Jeopardy—The lovely Ashley Judd crashes her way across the country after being falsely accused and incarcerated for the murder of her husband. Thanks to a loophole and an exhausted Tommy Lee Jones, it's all fairly legal. (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; Loews Astor Plaza; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Drive Me Crazy—Melissa Joan Hart is *Clueless* while Adrian Grenier is more *Dawson's Creek*. But the two resolve to date anyway to make their respective ex's jealous. Teenagers can be so Machiavellian. (About 1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 10/1.*

Dudley Do-Right—Brendan Fraser is the goody-goody Canadian Mountie who saves his fellow townspeople from a gold-rush swindle. With Sarah Jessica Parker as Nell. (2 hrs.; PG) *Centre Sunnyside.*

Earth—Deepta Mehta (*Fire*) returns to India to explore a love triangle amid the turbulence of partition. In Hindi with English subtitles. (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Eyes Wide Shut—Stanley Kubrick's last film is about a swank Upper West Side couple, William and Alice, played by Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman, whose marriage is derailed when the wife reveals to her husband an imagined erotic longing. Despite his supersophisticated sheen, William's a naïf, and his wife's confession sends him into a nocturnal dreamlike quest that encompasses a hooker's ratty Village pad and, later, a Long Island mansion where a masked ball is being played out with rutting couples and lots of chanting. It all gets pretty silly, and yet the force of obsession in this film is transfixing: It's not William's obsession, but Kubrick's. He's a control freak making a movie about the loss of control, about the bad places illicit longings can take you. It's a cold movie about a hot subject, and Cruise and Kidman, who give off a chilly fortitude, are all too perfectly cast. (Rainer; 7/26/99) (2 hrs. 39 mins.; R) *The Screening Room; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

For Love of the Game—In this turgid weepie, Kevin Costner plays an over-the-hill pitcher for the Detroit Tigers who gets a shot at a perfect game against the Yankees. During the game we flash back repeatedly to the ace's past, particularly to scenes depicting the ardor and bust-up of his one true love, played by Kelly Preston. Costner once again has misjudged the true essence of his appeal: Instead of showing some mettle and sexual energy, he devolves into an empty glamour. (2 hrs. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Loews New York Twin; Clearview's Olympia; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; CO Alpine; CO Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Get Bruce—A documentary about the rise of T-

Photographs by Jaap Buitendijk/Gramercy Pictures.

Previews

C'mon Get *Happy*

Indie goes high concept in *Happy, Texas* when convicts Wayne Wayne Wayne Jr. (no joke) and Harry Sawyer (Steve Zahn, pictured above, and Jeremy Northam) escape from prison and masquerade as "Little Miss Squeezed" beauty-pageant promoters. The film—which brought down the house at Sundance—also stars William H. Macy as Chappy, the town sheriff. Now *that's* funny. Opens October 1.

shirt-clad comedy writer Bruce Vilanch, the man behind the awards shows. With Billy Crystal, Whoopi Goldberg, and Bette Midler, among others. (1 hr. 10 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

Going Nomad—The story of a regular guy named El Cid Rivera who, in looking for a mission, stumbles onto a posse of New Yorkers who drive around all night. (1 hr. 37 mins.; NR) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Grand Illusion—A new print of Jean Renoir's 1937 World War I classic. In French with updated English subtitles. (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Guinevere—Stephen Rea is Connie Fitzpatrick, a drunken and aging photographer who has a tendency to take in shy and pretty young women with potential, like Harper (Sarah Polley), and teach them about art, literature, love and co-dependency. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; CC Crown Gotham; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Happy, Texas—Steve Zahn (*That Thing You Do, Out of Sight*) is an escaped convict who must pose as a beauty-pageant coordinator alongside fellow jailbird Jeremy Northam (*An Ideal Husband, The Winslow Boy*). Also stars William H. Macy. (1 hr. 39 mins.; PG-13) *Opens 10/1.*

Illuminata—John Turturro's beautiful film that explores love's durability—and other follies—as experienced by a theater company in 1905 New York. With Susan Sarandon, Katherine Borowitz, Rufus Sewell, Christopher Walken, and Ben Gazzara. (About 2 hrs.; R) *UA Union Square.*

In Too Deep—In this convincing street-crime story, Omar Epps is a detective who goes deep undercover in order to break up a Cincinnati drug ring. With a smooth and impressive LL Cool J, Nia Long, and Stanley Tucci. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; UA Criterion; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; CO Kings Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Inspector Gadget—Matthew Broderick, Joely Fisher, and Rupert Everett star in the live-action spin-off of the popular cartoon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

The Iron Giant—An animated film about the adventures of a boy and a 50-foot giant from outer space who likes to eat metal. With the voices of Jennifer Aniston and Harry Connick Jr. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG) *Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas; UA Union Square.*

Jakob the Liar—See Rainer, page 52. (1 hr. 59 mins.;

Photograph by Dina Khouri/Miramax Films.

"THE SAVVIEST, WITTIEST WAR MOVIE IN YEARS."
-PETER TRAVERS, ROLLING STONE

GEORGE CLOONEY MARK WAHLBERG ICE CUBE
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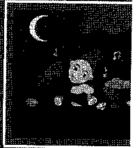


PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Whitestone; CO Kingsway; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island; UA Union Square.*

Life Is Beautiful—An English-dubbed version of the heart-warming, Oscar-winning film about an Italian Jew, his wife, and their son who are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Cinemart.*

Love Reinvented—A collection of twelve gay and lesbian-themed shorts from France. *Opens October 1 at the Quad Cinemas.*

Lucie Aubrac—Set in 1943, Claude Berri's film is based on the true account of a woman in the French Resistance (Carole Bouquet) who engineered the liberation of her husband (Daniel Auteuil), also a Resistance fighter, from Montluc prison in Lyon during the German occupation. It's not a particularly artful piece of work, but the best parts have the dash of first-rate melodrama. (Rainer; 9/27/99) (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Mickey Blue Eyes—Hugh Grant plays a New York art auctioneer who discovers that his fiancée (Jeanne Tripplehorn) is a Mafia princess in this wispy, occasionally funny mob spoof. (Rainer; 8/30/99) (1 hr. 42 mins.; PG-13) *North Shore Towers; UA Gemini.*

The Minus Man—Owen Wilson plays a pleasant and perplexing villain who poisons people with a tainted flask of amaretto. With Janeane Garofalo, Mercedes Ruehl, and Brian Cox. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's 59th Street East; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Mumford—See Rainer, page 51. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews State; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CO Alpine; CO Kingsway; Pavilion; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Union Square.*

Muppets From Space—In a search for Gonzo's roots, the late Jim Henson's fuzzy friends are off on another madcap adventure. Starring Miss Piggy, Kermit, and Fozzie Bear. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

The Muse—Albert Brooks can be one of the funniest and sharpest comics on the planet, but his new movie is the latest in a line of personal projects soggy with good intentions. (9/6/99) (1 hr. 37 mins.; PG-13) *The Screening Room; Clearview's Chelsea; Loews 72nd St. East; North Shore Towers.*

Mystery, Alaska—The New York Rangers get some northern exposure when they challenge a small Alaskan town to a hockey game. Starring Burt Reynolds, Russell Crowe, and Hank Azaria. (1 hr. 58 mins.; R) *Opens 10/1.*

New Rose Hotel—Abel Ferrara's twisted look at corporate espionage, starring consummate weirdos Christopher Walken and Willem DaFoe. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Opens 10/1 at Cinema Village.*

Outside Providence—Tim Dunphy (Shawn Hatosy) escapes the boonies of Rhode Island and his foul-mouthed dad (Alec Baldwin) when he's shipped off to boarding school and meets a pretty girl (Amy Smart). (1 hr. 35 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Sutton; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Perfect Blue—An animated psychological thriller about a teen idol who is being stalked by a murderer. Directed by Satoshi Kon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; R) *Cinema Village.*

Plunkett and Macleane—An unlikely buddy picture set in eighteenth-century England and starring Robert Carlyle and Johnny Lee Miller as lascivious highwaymen. With Liv Tyler and Alan Cumming. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Opens 10/1 .*

Romance—Catherine Breillat's latest is an explicit look at a schoolteacher who, rejected by her boyfriend, looks for love in all the wrong places, including her school principal's S&M lair. In French with English subtitles. (1 hr. 43 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; CC Eastside Playhouse; bam Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Run Lola Run**—The 34-year-old German director Tom Tykwer has made a movie that really zips along as it recaps the same basic plot in three alternate ways. Lola's boyfriend, Manni (Moritz Bleibtreu), a low-level courier for a crime boss, accidentally loses his cash delivery and has twenty minutes to replace it or he's kaput. Lola, whose moped has just been stolen, whooshes into action like an Olympian, running around town in quest of cash. (Rainer; 6/28/99) (1 hr. 21 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; North Shore Towers.*

Runaway Bride—Julia Roberts and Richard Gere reteam for the first time in a decade, and the gloss is over. Whereas *Pretty Woman* at least coasted on the sheer movie-starness of the duo, this new film is a mechanical contrivance that doesn't have the good sense to just let the performers preen and smirk and be their own sweet movie-star selves. (Rainer; 8/9/99) (1 hr. 51 mins.; PG-13) *Guild 50th Street; CO Alpine; CO Kings Plaza.*

Simon Sez—Dennis Rodman, (the riddle wrapped in an enigma wrapped in a jersey wrapped in a dress) stars as an action hero who must rescue the daughter of a friend from kidnappers. (1 hr. 30 mins.; PG-13) *New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; Jackson Triplex; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island; UA Union Square.*

The Sixth Sense—Bruce Willis, Toni Collette, a little boy with a dark ability, and a nice twist. (1 hr. 45 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Loews 19th St. East; CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; UA Criterion; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CO Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Speaking in Strings—A documentary about the brilliant, rough-hewn, and at times self-destructive violinist Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg. (1 hr. 13 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Splendor—A comedy about an L.A. woman (Kathleen Robertson) who is in love with two men. Directed by Gregg Araki. (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Stigmata—After a supernatural experience, Patricia Arquette starts to find the markings of the crucifixion all over her body. Gabriel Byrne is a priest who goes to exorcise whatever it is that has possessed this otherwise lovely person. (1 hr. 42 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea West; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; CO Kings Plaza; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island; UA Union Square.*

Stir of Echoes—Kevin Bacon is a telephone repairman who is haunted by visions of a dead teenage girl after being hypnotized at a party. With Kathryn Erbe and an adorable and convincing Zachary David Cope. (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; New Coliseum; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; CO Alpine; CO Kingsway; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island; UA Union Square.*

Sugar Town—Ally Sheedy, Rosanna Arquette, and newcomer Jade Gordon get used up in this salty look at the L.A. music scene. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; UA UNion Square.*

Suits—An advertising-industry satire complete with a deodorant called Smell No Mo, a sanitary napkin called Vorcan, Robert Klein, and Tony Hendra. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *UA Gemini.*

The Taxman—Joe Pantoliano stars with Wade Dominguez, Michael Chiklis, Robert Townsend, and a thankfully understated Elizabeth Berkley as a frustrated tax investigator who uncovers an oil scam in Brighton Beach. (1 hr. 43 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin.*

Previews

Half-Baked Alaska

Last summer's *Lake Placid* didn't make any waves, but David E. Kelley is already at it again with more foul-mouthed elderly women (What's *that* all about?). *Mystery, Alaska* is the story of a small arctic town that faces off against the New York Rangers on a frozen pond. Do Russell Crowe and Burt Reynolds (pictured below) have enough spirit and machismo to rally their farm team and pull it off? Does Kelley? Starts October 1.

Photograph courtesy of Hollywood Pictures.

The 13th Warrior—In this *Beowulf*-inspired action-thriller, Antonio Banderas is an Arab who has joined a band of Vikings to slaughter the flesh-eating Wendol. With Omar Sharif. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *New Coliseum.*

The Thomas Crown Affair—The 1968 romantic caper starring Steve McQueen and Faye Dunaway has been revamped and updated and now stars Pierce Brosnan and Rene Russo. At a time when nerdy twentysomethings are cashing out their Websites for millions, it seems almost touchingly sentimental to make a movie about a gentleman-thief billionaire. (Rainer; 8/16/99) (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Cobble Hill; North Shore Towers; UA Union Square.*

Those Who Love Me Can Take the Train—Several distraught relatives and friends ride the train to the funeral of a loved one. In French with English subtitles. (2 hrs.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Three Kings—George Clooney, Ice Cube, and Mark Wahlberg are U.S. troops who set out to "liberate" some gold bullion in the Iraqi desert shortly after the Gulf War cease-fire. Written and directed by David O. Russell (*Flirting With Disaster*). (1 hr. 56 mins.; R) *Opens 10/1.*

Trick—Cristian Campbell, Tori Spelling, and John Paul Pitoc star in a film about a young gay man with aspirations of writing musical theater. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea.*

Uncommon Friends of the 20th Century—John Biffar's documentary about Jim Newton, who, during the course of his life befriended and corresponded with some of our century's most extraordinary people, including Thomas Edison, Henry Ford, Alexis Carrel, and the Lindberghs. Narrated by Walter Cronkite. (1 hr. 3 mins.; NR) *Opens 10/1 at Cinema Village.*

West Beirut—Two 12-year-old boys play amid the despair, flirting with girls and shooting Super-8 films in the streets of Beirut at the outbreak of the civil war in 1975. In Lebanese with English subtitles. (1 hr. 45 mins.; NR) *CC Village East; bam Rose Cinemas.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave., at W. 12th St. (212-929-3350) *B. Monkey; Going Nomad; The Taxman.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (212-995-2000) *Bandits; Breakfast of Champions; Buena Vista Social Club; Guinevere; The Minus Man; Run Lola Run.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (212-529-6799) *The Blair Witch Project; Caligula; Dog Park; Outside Providence; The Sixth Sense; West Beirut.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (212-924-3363) *Bedrooms and Hallways; Perfect Blue; Speaking in Strings; Those Who Love Me Can Take the Train.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *Stigmata; Suits.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (212-727-8110) (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (212-255-8800) *Earth; Romance; Splendor.*

The Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (212-334-2100) *Better Than Chocolate; Eyes Wide Shut; The Muse.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (212-253-2225) *American Pie; Illuminata; The Iron Giant; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; Simon Sez; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; Sugar Town; The 13th Warrior; The Thomas Crown Affair; Yellow Submarine.*

14th-41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (212-689-6548) *Dog Park; Jakob the Liar; Mumford.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *The Blair Witch Project; Bowfinger; Get Bruce; In Too Deep; Mumford; The Muse; Stir of Echoes; The Thomas Crown Affair; Trick.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Jakob the Liar; Stigmata.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Sixth Sense.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 Second Ave. (505-6397#558) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

42nd-60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (212-753-6022) *Breakfast of Champions; Mumford; The Sixth Sense.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (212-759-2262) *Guinevere.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (212-755-3020) *Romance.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (212-759-1411) *Dog Park; Outside Providence.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (212-777-FILM#615) *The Minus Man.*

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Jakob the Liar.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Double Jeopardy.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me; Eyes Wide Shut; The Matrix; South Park; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (212-757-2406) *Runaway Bride.*

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *Double Jeopardy.*

Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *American Beauty; Mumford; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (212-688-3800) *The Dinner Game.*

UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (212-354-0900) *Blue Streak; Dog Park; For Love of the Game; In Too Deep; The Sixth Sense.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Mumford; Outside Providence; The Sixth Sense; Stir of Echoes.*

Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *American Beauty.*

Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *Bandits; Jakob the Liar; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes; Sugar Town; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *For Love of the Game; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Muse.*

Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *For Love of the Game.*

Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Dog Park; Double Jeopardy; Stigmata.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (212-249-5100) *Jakob the Liar.*

UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (212-832-1670) *Blue Streak; Mickey Blue Eyes; Suits.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Bandits.*

Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *Blue Streak; Stigmata.*

Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game.*

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (212-757-2280) *Autumn Tale; Black Cat, White Cat; Buena Vista Social Club; Earth; Grand Illusion; Lucie Aubrac; Run Lola Run.*

Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Stigmata.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (212-740-1545) *Blue Streak; Simon Sez; Stir of Echoes; The 13th Warrior.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (212-862-5728) *Blue Streak; Simon Sez; Stigmata.*

Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *American Beauty; Breakfast of Champions; Dog Park; For Love of the Game; Guinevere; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; The Sixth Sense; Stir of Echoes.*

Bronx

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Blue Streak; Bowfinger; Deep Blue Sea; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; In Too Deep; Mumford; Simon Sez; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (212-588-8800) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; In Too Deep; Inspector Gadget; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (212-409-9037) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Inspector Gadget; The Iron Giant; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; Simon Sez; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Brooklyn

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770) *Buena Vista Social Club; Romance; West Beirut.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (718-596-7070) *For Love of the Game; Stigmata.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (718-251-0700) *Blue Streak; Simon Sez; Stigmata.*

Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (718-596-9113) *The Minus Man; Mumford; Outside Providence; The Sixth Sense; Stir of Echoes; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Mumford; Runaway Bride; Stir of Echoes.*

CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Blue Streak; Dog Park; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave., at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; In Too Deep; Runaway Bride; Stigmata.*

CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *For Love of the Game; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; The Sixth Sense; Stir of Echoes.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (718-338-3371) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Stigmata.*

Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (718-277-0303) *Blue Streak; Bowfinger; Deep Blue Sea; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; In Too Deep; Inspector Gadget; The Iron Giant; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (718-369-0838) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (718-821-5993) *Blue Streak; Simon Sez; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (718-232-4000) *Blue Streak; For Love of the Game; Simon Sez; Stigmata.*

UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (718-615-1700) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Dog Park; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Jakob the Liar; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Queens

Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (718-361-6869) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; Dudley Do-Right; For Love of the Game; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (718-261-2244) *Dog Park; Double Jeopardy; Life Is Beautiful; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at

Retrospective

The Pain in Spain

To coincide with the premiere of Pedro Almodóvar's surprisingly tender 'All About My Mother,' which opened the New York Film Festival on Friday, the American Museum of the Moving Image presents "Projecting Desire: The Films of Pedro Almodóvar," a retrospective of 12 films from the occasionally crude but always humane director, beginning this week with 'Pepi, Luci, Bom' (1980) and 'Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown' (1987). October 2–24.

183rd St., Fresh Meadows (718-777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*

CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*

College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (718-886-4900) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Inspector Gadget; Jakob the Liar; Mumford; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (718-478-6777) *Blue Streak; Simon Sez; Stigmata.*

Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd. (718-441-9835) *Black Cat, White Cat; Blue Streak; Bowfinger; The Iron Giant; Muppets From Space; Romance.*

Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (718-263-4828) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Iron Giant; Mumford; Muppets From Space; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (718-229-7702) *Mickey Blue Eyes; The Muse; Run Lola Run; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (718-639-0012) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (718-726-1279) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (718-544-1020) *Jakob the Liar.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (718-848-1738) *Blue Streak; The Sixth Sense.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (718-641-5330) *Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Mumford; Simon Sez; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (718-261-8572) *American Beauty; American Pie; For Love of the Game; Mickey Blue Eyes; The Minus Man; Simon Sez; Stir of Echoes; The Thomas Crown Affair.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (718-225-7711) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Stir of Echoes.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (718-423-7200) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Mumford; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Staten Island

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (718-317-8300) *Blue Streak; Bowfinger; Double Jeopardy; Dudley Do-Right; For Love of the Game; Mickey Blue Eyes; Mumford; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (718-351-0805) *Blue Streak; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (718-983-9600) *American Beauty; Blue Streak; Dog Park; Double Jeopardy; For Love of the Game; Jakob the Liar; Simon Sez; The Sixth Sense; Stigmata; Stir of Echoes.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—10/2–10/24: "Projecting Desire: The Films of Pedro Almodóvar." 10/2: *Pepi, Luci, Bom* (1980); *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown* (1987). 10/3: *What have I Done to Deserve This* (1984); *High Heels* (1991) 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—9/28: *God Does Not Believe Us Anymore* (1985). 9/29: "New Filmmakers" shorts: *Negative Force, Witchcraft and Idolatry; Necrosis*; *Survivors.* Feature: *Barriers* (1998). 9/30: *No Way Out* (1950). 10/1: *Cluny Brown* (1946); *Lady Windemere's Fan* (1925). 10/2–10/3: *The Shop Around the Corner* (1940); *The Merry Widow* (1934). 10/2: "Films by Rose Lowder:" *Rue des Teinturiers* (1979); *Champ Provencal* (1979); *Retour D'un Repere* (1979); *Retour D'un Repere,* the dual-projection version; *Les Tournesols* (1982). 10/3: *Narcissus; Cluny Brown*. 32 Second Ave. (212-505-5110); $8.

BAM Rose Cinemas—9/28: *Pather Panchali* (1955). 9/29: *Aparajito* (1956). 9/30: *The World of Apu* (1959). 10/1: *Bitter Sweet* (1940). 10/2: *The Scoundrel* (1935). 10/3: *Delicatessen* (1991). Mondays 10/4–1/10: "Frank Capra: A Vision of the 30s." 10/4: *Frank Capra's American Dream* (1997). 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Cinema Classics—Through 10/2: *2001: A Space Odyssey* (1968). 10/3–10/4: *Fellini Satyricon.* Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 212-675-6692 for info.

Film Forum—Closed for renovation. Reopens 10/13. 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.50.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) Through 10/7: "Pietro Germi: The Latin Loner." 9/28: *The Way of Hope* (1950); *The Brigand of Tacca Di Lupo* (1952). 9/29: *Four Ways Out; The Railroad Man* (1956) 9/30: *The Brigand of Tacca Di Lupo.* 10/1: *The Railroad Man; The Facts of Murder* (1959). 10/2: *The Facts of Murder; Divorce Italian Style* (1961). 10/4: *Seduced and Abandoned* (1963); *The Birds, the Bees, and the Italians* (1965). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (212-875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15; "Movies for Kids" $3. (Avery Fisher and Alice Tully Halls) Through 10/10: "The 37th New York Film Festival." 9/28: *The Letter.* 9/28–9/29: *Le Beau Travail.* 9/29–9/30: *Julien Donkey-Boy.* 9/30 and 10/2: *Time Regained.* 9/10/1–10/2: *Boys Don't Cry; Being John Malkovich.* 10/2–10/3: *Topsy-Turvy.* 10/2: *Juha.* 10/3: *Underground; Pripyat.* 10/3–10/4: *Rosetta.* 10/4–10/5: *Dogma.* Tickets available at the New York Film Festival box office (212-875-5050) and range from $10–$14 for regular screenings and $20-40 for special nights.

Museum of Modern Art—Through 10/5: "The Billy Rose Tribute to Noël Coward." 9/28: *In Which We Serve* (1942); *This Happy Breed* (1944). 9/30: *Hearts of the World* (1918); *The Scoundrel* (1935). 10/1: *Blithe Spirit* (1945); *Present Laughter* (1967); *The Astonished Heart* (1950). 10/2: *Heart of the World; Easy Virtue* (1927); *The Astonished Heart.* 10/3: *The Scoundrel; Our Man in Havana* (1959); *Present Laughter;* Pathé film of *Bitter Sweet;* amateur films of Noël Coward. 10/4: *Cavalcade* (1933); *Our Man in Havana; Blithe Spirit; Brief Encounter.* Also 10/1–10/11: "Arthur Omar Films and Videos." (Call 212-708-9480 for program schedules) 10/1: Short-film programs 1 and 2. 10/2: Short-film programs 3, 4, and 5. 10/3: Short-film programs 6, 7, and 8. 10/4: Short-film program 9. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Public Library—9/30: "Viewpoint . . . New Documentaries from Taiwan." *I Love Taipai* (1998) and *Another Kind of Kinship* (1998). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (212-621-0619); free.

Ocularis—10/3: *Jesus de Montreal* (1989). 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713). $7.

The Screening Room—Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (212-334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 10/4: "Sonic Youth Movies." Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 212-358-7501 or visit www.-tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—10/2–10/3: *The Riflemen* (1963). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (212-735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of Photofest.

theater

Chesapeake...Kristin Chenoweth

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Dame Edna: The Royal Tour—The grande dame of the British stage flies in from London, bringing all her draggy voluptuousness with her for her one-woman show. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/17 opening. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Epic Proportions—Attention, Kristin Chenoweth fans! The boop-a-doop cutie, whose admirers have been neurotically divided between 6-year-old girls and 28-year-old men ever since her Tony-adorable performance as Sally in *You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown,* now gets her own vehicle in this comedy about old-time Hollywood filmmaking by Larry Coen and *Friends* co-creator David Crane. The very busy Jerry Zaks directs. $45–$65. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 9/30 opening. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Saturday Night Fever—Flared pants! Hits by the Bee Gees! Disco balls spinning hypnotically from the rafters! Yes, the movie turned musical is finally washing up on our shores—after a successful tryout in London, where the Bay Ridge accents got some much-needed fine-tuning, no doubt. Consider it this year's *Footloose,* except dancing is strongly encouraged. $30–$80. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Previews begin 9/28 for a 10/21 opening. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (212-307-4100).*

Now Playing

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (212-307-4100).*

Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (212-239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring Sandy Duncan and the ravishing Ruthie Henshall. $20–$75. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Opened: 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6. Opened: 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (212-307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with *Chicago.* $65–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 215 W. 49th St. (212-239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Kat and the Kings—The Olivier Award–winning musical about an all-black doo-wop group's struggle for recognition in Cape Town, South Africa, during the fifties. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and di-

Opening
The Buffy Slayer

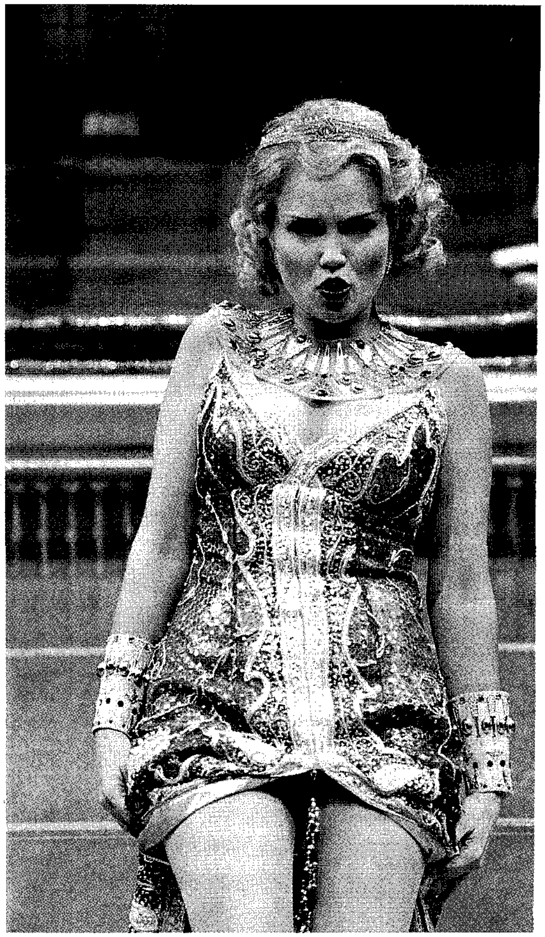
Douglas Carter Beane, a founding wag of the Drama Dept. and author of 'As Bees in Honey Drown,' returns to the Greenwich House Theater, riding crop in hand, with 'The Country Club,' a comedy-drama about the lonely, extended adolescence of a group of Wasps in their thirties. Cynthia Nixon and Amy Sedaris are among the stars; opens September 29.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening
Blonde Ambition

With Kristin Chenoweth, you never forgot that the incisors in her screwed-on smile could draw blood. She's an expert at playing nice-girls-who-aren't, at beauty queens on the brink. In the past couple of seasons alone, she's been a mean nurse (in William Finn's *A New Brain*), a ruthless lindy hopper (in Kander and Ebb's *Steel Pier*), and Sally Brown, bossy sister of Charlie, in the Broadway revival of *You're A Good Man, Charlie Brown,* which got her a Tony Award. But until *Epic Proportions,* opening this Thursday at the Helen Hayes Theatre, she'd never had a vehicle of her own. "Louise is a real person!" exclaims the 29-year-old actress, practically transported with glee. "I get to have an arc!" More specifically, Louise—the loopy brainchild of writers Larry Coen and David Crane—is the Alaska-born assistant director in charge of 3,400 extras on a monster-budget Hollywood film, whose travails only grow more complicated when two brothers fall in love with her, and she with them. There's no scientific way to measure these things, but it seems safe to say that roughly one out of every two lines Louise says is really funny. Even her trademark "Okay? Okay! *Ohh-kay!*" gets a laugh every time. Reports Chenoweth: "I've been perfecting that 'Okay!' for weeks. It's *her* word. Everyone has one." A Tulsa native, Chenoweth originally came to the East Coast to study opera. But she decided, on a whim, to audition for a few plays and musicals in the New York area and—surprise!—landed key roles. It wasn't long before she began appearing Off Broadway and on Broadway, and now . . . well, now, she has the whole town eating out of the palm of her hand. She's handling it all rather well. "I'm a creature of the theater," she says. "But I'm not obsessed."

Jennifer Senior


Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

rected this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4747).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Eleven leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $20–$80. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $60–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (212-307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—Frank Wildhorn's celebration of romance, fabric, and the guillotine returns, after a wee summer hiatus. Carolee Carmello, who nabbed a 1999 Tony nomination for her moving performance as Lucille Frank in *Parade,* takes over the female lead. $45–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd. St. (212-307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. We also get glimpses of the lives of Gene's fellow sidemen. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) Andrew McCarthy now stars. $25–$60. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (212-239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (212-239-6200)?* Uh-huh. *2 hrs. 10 mins.*

Voices in the Dark—A spine-tingler about a popular radio therapist who receives menacing phone calls while vacationing in the Adirondacks. Starring the twice-Tony'd Judith Ivey; written by John Pielmeier, author of *Agnes of God.* $35–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Longacre Theatre, 220 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (212-239-6200).*

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

Ancestral Voices—A. R. Gurney's family story about divorce in a Buffalo family (Grandma leaves Gramps for his best friend) returns to Lincoln Center, with a rotating cast of Broadway veterans assuming the key roles. Viewers should note that this is a *reading* only, meaning that stage pyrotechnics will be kept to a minimum and most actors will have their scripts firmly in hand. $45. Sun. at 7:30, Mon. at 8. In previews for a 10/18 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

Chesapeake—Lee Blessing's new comedy about the quest of an NEA-funded performance artist to fell his right-wing enemies. Mark Linn-Baker stars. $47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 9/30 for a 10/14 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (212-246-4422).*

The Clearing—Helen Edmundson's drama about the doomed love between an English aristocrat and his Irish wife in Cromwell-occupied Ireland. Presented by Blue Light Theater Company. $30. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 5. In previews for a 10/7 opening. Through 10/31. *McGinn/Cazale Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-279-4200).*

Contact—A new dance-theater work by Susan Stroman (the inspired choreographer behind *Crazy for You* and *Showboat*) and John Weidman. Watch for the twinkly toes of Karen Ziemba. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 10/7 opening. *Lincoln Center's Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater, 150 W. 65th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Country Club—Douglas Carter Beane, a founding wag of the Drama Dept. and author of *As Bees in Honey Drown,* comes roaring back, riding crop in hand, with this comedy about burned-out Wasps in their thirties. (Cast bonuses: Cynthia Nixon, Amy Sedaris.) $15. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. In previews for a 9/29 opening. *Greenwich*

House Theatre, 27 Barrow St. (212-541-8441).

The Dead—A musical adaptation of the short story by James Joyce, featuring a magnificent and diverse cast (which includes Christopher Walken, Blair Brown, Stephen Spinella, John Kelly, andMarni Nixon) and the plaintive Irish melodies of Shaun Davey. Richard Nelson did the book; Jack Hofsiss directs. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 10/1 for a 10/28 opening. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (212-279-4200).*

Fully Committed—Becky Mode's comedy about the put-upon, out-of-work actor manning the phones at Manhattan's trendiest restaurant and the people harassing him. Directed by Nicholas Martin (*Full Gallop, Betty's Summer Vacation*); starring Mark Setlock. $39. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 9/30 opening. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (212-353-3366).*

Give Me Your Answer, Do!—A new play from Brian Friel about the rivalry between two sibling writers—one with success and no self-respect, the other with self-respect and no success. Cast bonuses include Joel Grey and Lois Smith. Presented by the Roundabout. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. In previews for a 10/5 opening. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (212-777-4900).*

Invasions and Legacies—An evening of folksongs, poetry, and lore from Tommy Makem, godfather of Irish music. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 9/27 for a 10/9 opening. *Irish Repertory Theatre, 132 W. 22nd St. (212-727-2737).*

Mirandolina—Goldoni's classic about four characters in pursuit of the same Florentine landlady, as interpreted by the Pearl Theatre Company. $26–$33. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opens 9/27. *Pearl Theatre Company, 80 St. Marks Pl. (212-598-9802).*

Stars in Your Eyes—With an assist from the Man in the Moon, six lost souls find love and clarity in this Kennedy-era musical by Chip Meyrelles. Gabriel Barre directs; a cast of Broadway vets stars. $49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. Previews begin 10/1 for a 10/24 opening. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (212-239-6200).*

The Vagina Monologues—Eve Ensler's ode to fannyboos, nappy dugouts, twats, etc. returns for a second coming. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. In previews for a 10/3 opening. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

The Water Engine/Mr. Happiness—The Atlantic Theater Company kicks off its Mamet retrospective with these two one-acts, with a whole bunch of company regulars performing in the former production and Bob Balaban, always a pleasure, playing the title role of the latter. Karen Kohlhass directs. $35–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 7. Previews begin 9/29 for a 10/21 opening. *Atlantic Theater, 336 W. 20th St. (212-239-6200).*

Now Playing

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (212-254-4370).*

The Countess—Gregory Murphy's costume drama about the love triangle between John Ruskin, his wife, and painter John Everett Millais. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Samuel Beckett Theatre, 410 W. 42nd St. (212-307-4100).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? Good! We thought not. Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (212-799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

The Exact Center of the Universe—If you're in the mood for a delightful, old-fashioned, well-made play, look no further than this one by Joan Vail Thorne. It concerns one of those prim yet feisty southern matrons, Vada Love Powell, and her middle-aged son Apple, whom she just about turned into a sissy, until he meets two extraordinary young women. Under John Tillinger's sympathetic direction, *Center* tickles with its juicy dialogue and zesty characters. As Vada, Frances Sternhagen is good enough to eat. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, and Sun. at 3. *Century Theatre, 111 E. 15th St. (212-239-6200).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (212-674-3838).*

Finnegan's Farewell—Grandma Sylvia's dead; now Finnegan follows in her . . . wake. Yes, it's another interactive comedy Off Broadway, also requiring participants to mourn the dead, though this time the deceased is Irish, not Jewish. The "funeral" takes place at *St. Luke's Church (308 W. 46th St.),* followed by a lively reception at the *Edison Hotel (221 W. 46th St.).* Step dancing, bag pipes, and corned beef are promised—or threatened, depending on your point of view. $59. Wed. at 7 and Sat. at 2. *Call 212-279-4200 for tickets.*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Sat. at 8:15, Wed. at 2:30, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (212-239-6200).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $40–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (212-239-6200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, beautiful rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Stephen Trask did the catchy music and lyrics; Ally Sheedy now plays the title character. $20–$49.50. Mon.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10. Opened: 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (212-239-6200).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—They're here. They're straight. Get used to it. A musical revue about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $49.50–$52.50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (212-239-6200).*

Keep Bangin'—Soft-shoe-shufflin' Savion Glover directs the talented bucket drummers of *Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk.* $20–$40. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. (212-239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Missionary Position—Tara Greenaway's one-woman show about reconciling sex, spirituality, and illness. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/17. *Grove Street Playhouse, 15 Grove St. (212-279-4200).*

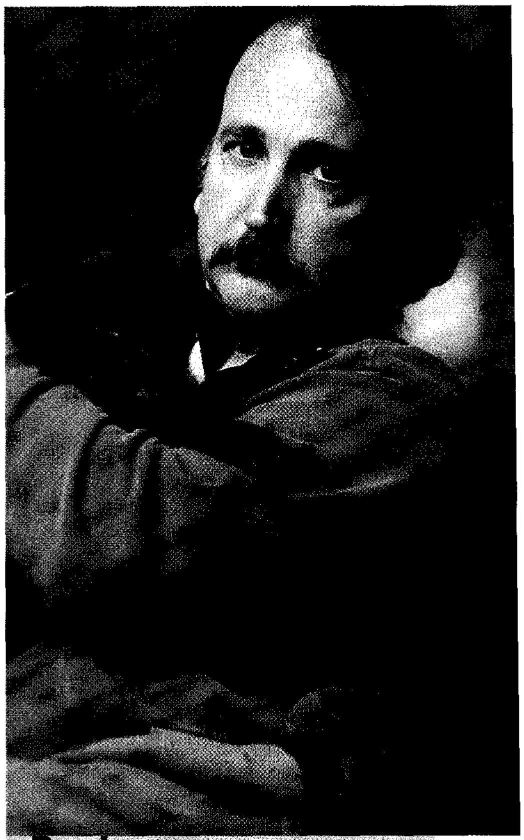
Mud/Drowning—Signature Theatre kicks off its season dedicated to Maria Irene Fornes with these two one-acts, the first of which won the author an Obie in 1984. $35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/10. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (212-967-1913).*

Naked Boys Singing—Just like a musical revue, but without pants. $45–$65. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 8. *Actor's Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. So. (212-463-0060).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $47.50. Mon., Tues., Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (212-695-3401).*

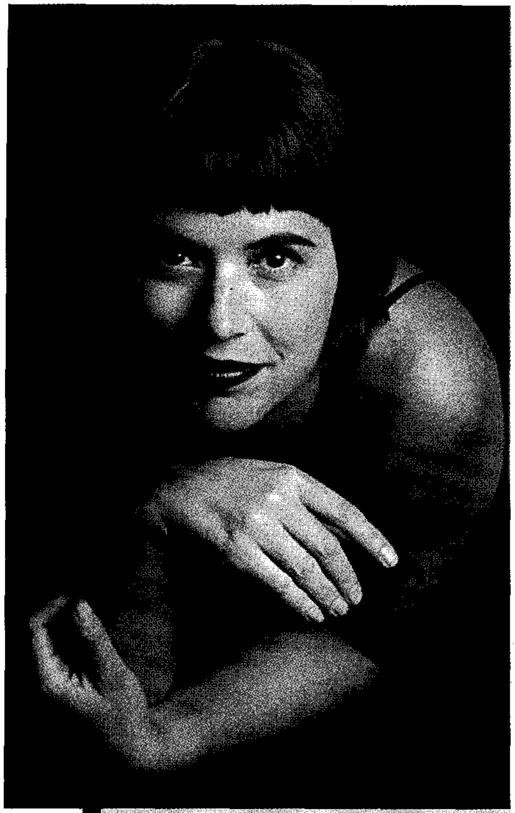
Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Even the Cat*h*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$55; optional dinner ninety minutes before curtain. Mon. at 8, Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs.–Sat. at 8, and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened 10/30/97.



Previews
The Avengers

How comforting to know that, with a little imagination, an exquisite fantasy of revenge can be converted into art. In 'Chesapeake,' a performance artist (played by Mark Linn-Baker, pictured) hatches a scheme to get even with a Helms-like politician who's trying to kill the National Endowment for the Arts—the very organization that twice gave Lee Blessing, the author of this comedy, a grant for his work. Previews begin September 30 at Second Stage Theatre.

Photograph by Dixie Sheridan.



Encore
Second Coming

***The Vagina Monologues*, Eve Ensler's colorful ode to fannyboos, powderboxes, nappy dugouts, twats, etc., returns for a limited engagement to the *intime* Westside Theatre. The author herself stars; opens October 3.**

Ibis Theatre, 327 W. 44th St. (212-239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (212-477-2477).*

A Streetcar Named Desire—L'affaire Kowalski, as interpreted by avant-garde director Ivo van Hove. Elizabeth Marvel plays Blanche, the disintegrating southern belle; Jenny Bacon plays Stella; Bruce McKenzie is Stanley. $12–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 8. Through 10/10. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (212-460-5475).*

Summer of '69—*Play "Circle Game"!* The songful story of Woodstock, told through dialogue and tunes of the times, performed by a group of eight. Listen for Jefferson Airplane, Joni Mitchell, Bob Dylan, etc. $19.69–$49.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200).*

Taxicab Chronicles—A new comedy by actor Gary Gere about the interactions of five Manhattan cabbies with their customers. $25–$29. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *New York Performance Works, 85 West Broadway (212-726-TAXI.)*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. Now with Hazelle Goodman, Larry Storch, and Peter Rini. $19–$48. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (212-239-6200).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (212-307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(212-239-6200).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (212-239-6200).*

The Winds of God—Two modern Tokyo comedians are reincarnated as kamikaze pilots in the final days of World War II. Starring and written by Japanese actor Masayuki Imai; performed in English. $35–$45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/31. *American Place Theater, 111 W. 46th St. (212-239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) Now starring Judith Light. $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (212-307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Angels Don't Dance—David Forsyth and Nina Landley star in this new Richard Brockman thriller about a doctor and his enigmatic female patient. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/16. *Neighborhood Playhouse, 340 E. 54th St. (212-724-8397).*

Avenue A—A revival of David Steen's noirish drama about despair in the big city. $15. Thurs.–Mon. at 8. Through 10/9. *29th Street Rep Theatre, 212 W. 29th St. (212-465-0575).*

The Bad Seedling—Varla Jean Merman, one of the most sumptuous drag queens in the biz, plays the role she was born for: the homicidal tyke of *The Bad Seed*. And it's set to music! Other cast attractions include Murray Hill, the ever-popular downtown drag king, and Jackie Hoffman from the Talent Family. $25–$30. Thurs. and Fri. at 7:30, Sun. at 5 and 7:30. *Mother, 432 W. 14th St. (212-358-3436).*

The Beard—A revival of Michael McClure's subversive work about the nature of attraction and seduction. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, Sun. at 5. Through 10/10. *The Club at La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Caught in the Act—Threshold Theater Company's fourth annual, Obie-winning international festival of one-acts. Call for specific shows and details. $12. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 6. Through 10/3. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (212-647-0202).*

Chekhov Now—David Herskovits, Anne Bogart, and Jean-Claude van Itallie are among the participants in this gleefully nontraditional marathon of Chekhov's works, which includes *Nirvanov*, a rock musical based on a certain suicidal singer; *S.A.Y.*, a hip-hop version of *Uncle Vanya;* and puppet productions of *Small Fry* and *At Sea*. $12. Runs 9/22 though 10/10. Call for specific shows and showtimes. *Access Theatre, 380 Broadway, at White St. (212-414-7773).*

A Cry From the City of Virgins—The Japan Society presents Jura Kara's play about filial devotion and betrayal, the perils of technology, and the potency of dreams. Performances in Japanese, with simultaneous English translation available via headset. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/3. *Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (212-752-3015).*

Do You Come Here Often?—An absurdist ditty about two men trapped in the same bathroom for 25 years, performed by renowned British comedy team the Right Size. London and Edinburgh loved it. $25. Wed. and Thurs. at 8:30, Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 8:30. Through 10/10. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (212-477-5288).*

The Donkey Show—*A Midsummer Night's Dream*, recast in a seventies disco, complemented by all the period tunes. $25. Tues.–Sun. at 9. *El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-4100).*

End of the Rope—George R. Lupu's fable about a lost tribe of aerialists. Combines narrative with circusy things like trapezes, rock-climbing, and "nautical arts," according to the press release. The Seattle Experimental Theatre Company performs. $15–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 10/10. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (212-475-7710).*

Funbox2000—A "sensory theater" work involving text, sound, music, light. Presented by Faux-Real Theatre Company. $14. Fri. and Sat. at 10:30. Through 10/2. *Piano Store, 158 Ludlow St. (212-353-6935).*

A Man's World—A revival of Rachel Crother's drama about artists in a boarding house at the turn of the century. Directed by Rebecca Taylor (*The Gathering*); a solid cast stars. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/17. *Metropolitan Playhouse, 220A E. 4th St. (212-995-5302).*

The Merchant of Venice—Set at Limelight, whose stained-glass windows and sticky bar will be used, no doubt, to maximum effect. Fractured Atlas Productions presents. $10–$20. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30. Through 10/2. *Limelight, 47 W. 20th St. (212-802-9350).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Rio's Supper Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Necromance: A Night of Conjuration—Derek Hughes, master magician and storyteller, struts his stuff at the new (yet still *intime*) Dixon Place. $12. Wed.–Mon. at 8. *Dixon Place at Vineyard 26, 309 E. 26th St. (212-532-1546).*

Nuyorican Stories: Culture Clash in the City—The comedy troupe Culture Clash inaugurates Intar's new performing space with a giddy show about the experiences of several well-known Puerto Ricans, Chicanos, and African-Americans. $25. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 10/24. *Intar Theatre, 508 W. 53rd St. (212-279-4200).*

On the Razzle—Cocteau Rep. revives Tom Stoppard's 1981 comedy about two small-town grocery clerks in Austria who sneak into Vienna for the night. $15–$30. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3, some Wed. at 8. Through 10/21. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (212-677-0060).*

Play—Samuel Beckett's 1963 work about three people living in confinement, goaded into speech and confession by an inquisitive spotlight. Presented by Axis Company. $10. Thurs.–Sat. at 8. *Axis Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (212-807-9300).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

A Tale of Two Cities—The Culture Project's two-part version of the Dickens classic, adapted and directed by Will Pomerantz. $12. Part I: Wed. and Fri. at 8. Part II: Thurs. and Sat. at 8. Both: Sun. at 3 and 7. *The Salon, 49 Bleecker St. (212-539-3670).*

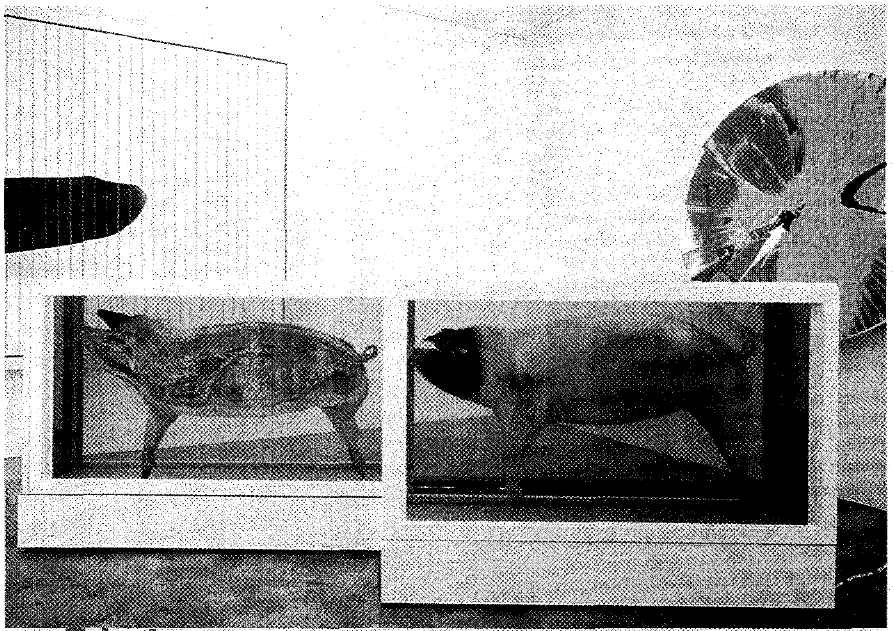
Vick's Boy—Ben Bettenbender's new comedy about the various nefarious goings-on at a young, cutthroat law firm. Directed by Bob Balaban; presented by Rattlestick Productions. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 10/31. *Theatre Off Park, 224 Waverly Pl. (212-627-2556).*

Who Will Carry the Word?—A new drama by Charlotte Delbo, a Holocaust survivor, that pulls together the voices of twelve women who died in Auschwitz. $15. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 10/3. *New 42nd Street Theater, 348 W. 42nd St. (212-330-7196).*

Photograph by Susan Johann.

art

British Sensations...Daido Moriyama



Talent

Mr. Saatchi's Cabinet of Wonders

Step right up, ladies and gentlemen! See the shocking pickled pigs! The pathetic photos of drunken dads! The terrifying statues of mutant children! The greatest (or at least most controversial) art show on earth, "Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection," finally comes to the Brooklyn Museum of Art (200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn; October 2 through January 9, 2000) after stirring up trouble at London's Royal Academy two years ago. Marvel at the works of Richard Billingham, Jake & Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst (above, 'This Little Piggy Went to Market . . .'), Sarah Lucas, and other provocateurs who have caught the fancy of British advertising tycoon Charles Saatchi. Tickets ($9.75 adults, $7.75 seniors and students) may be purchased at the museum or by calling (toll-free) 87-SHARKBITE.

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Judith Belzer—Recent paintings in which leaves, branches, and vines appear to emerge from and recede into delicate veils of color; through 10/16. Berry-Hill, 11 E. 70th St. (212-744-2300).

Cathy de Monchaux—A two-gallery presentation of site-specific works by the British artist; through 10/21. Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400), and Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405).

Hal Hirshorn—Landscape paintings that allude to seventeenth-century Italian landscape; through 10/26. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (212-535-5767).

Gwen John—Paintings and works on paper by the British artist (1876–1939) from the collection of her nephew Edwin John; 10/1–11/13. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (212-683-0333).

Jim Peters—New paintings, constructions, and drawings; through 11/6. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (212-772-9555).

Giulio Romano—The first American solo exhibition of works by the sixteenth-century Italian artist, including prints and 45 original drawings; through 12/27. Leubsdorf, Hunter College West Building, S.W. corner of 68th St. and Lexington Ave. (212-772-4991).

Jacques Villeglé—A survey of the French artist's dé-collages, sections of torn posters salvaged from the street that incorporate the gestures of passersby; through 10/23. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (212-794-4444).

Andy Warhol—A series of paintings of women's shoes made by the artist in 1980, in which multicolored combinations of shoes are set against black backgrounds and sprinkled with diamond dust; through 10/20. Gagosian, 980 Madison Ave. (212-744-2313).

Steve Wheeler—A survey of the American modernist's paintings, watercolors, and temperas from the forties and fifties; through 10/23. York, 21 E. 65th St. (212-772-9155).

Martin Wilner—Portraits and self-portraits by a psychiatrist that draw on his work experiences; through 10/16. Schlesinger, 24 E. 73rd St. (212-734-3600).

57th Street Area

Cisco Jiménez—Paintings and assemblages that reference the works of modern Mexican masters; through 10/23. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (212-399-5510).

Beauford Delaney/Harold Cousins—Abstract paintings/Abstract metal sculptures. Through 10/30. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (212-247-0082).

Philippe Favier—Recent automatic drawings with recurring symbols; through 10/23. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (212-245-2888).

Gilbert & George—Photoworks made by the British team between 1971 and 1980; through 10/16. Cohan, 41 W. 57th St. (212-755-7171).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Yuri Kuper—Paintings of seascapes on found objects and photographic glass plates; through 11/6. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (212-265-8876).

Barry Le Va/Theresa Chong—Large-scale drawings of circles, spheres, ellipses, and cylinders/New woodcut drawings inspired by the études of David Popper (1843–1913), a Viennese composer. Through 10/16. Danese, 41 E. 57th (212-223-2227).

Catherine Lee—Monumental bronze sculptures in eight different geometric shapes; through 10/16. Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (212-315-0470).

Bruce McCall—More than 40 of the illustrator's satiric gouaches, many of them previously reproduced in *The New Yorker, Vanity Fair,* and other publications; through 10/16. Goodman, 41 E. 57th St. (212-593-3737).

Juan Muñoz—New work that continues the artist's engagement with the figure and architecture, including freestanding figures of cast-polyester resin and linen holding poles or rotating spheres, and stainless-steel sculptures with interior shelves holding small lead figures, carved-wood knives, and other objects; through 10/30. Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. (212-977-7160).

Tom Sachs—New sculptures that elevate everyday household objects into shrines; through 10/23. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (212-752-2929).

Jonathan Shahn—Carved-wood sculptures of heads and busts; through 10/16. O'Hara, 41 E. 57th St. (212-355-3330).

Saul Steinberg—A survey of the late artist's drawings from the sixties through the eighties, including parodies of Cubist still-lifes and rarely

Photograph courtesy of the Brooklyn Museum of Art.

seen rubber-stamp drawings; 10/1–30. PaceWildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (212-421-3292).

Jack Youngerman—Abstract paintings and works on paper made by the artist when he was living in Paris; through 10/30. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-6780).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Fiona Banner—"Don't Look Back," an edition of prints inspired by the 1967 documentary of Bob Dylan's tour of England in 1965; through 10/30. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (212-925-4338).

Monica Bonvicini—A construction of Sheetrock that incorporates text and drawings and explores the historical and political implications of the built environment; through 10/20. Kern, 558 Broadway (212-965-1706).

Andrea Bowers—Video installations and large-scale drawings whose subject is Southern Californian amateur figure skaters; through 10/28. Meltzer's On View . . . , 588 Broadway (212-343-8256).

Barbara Broughel—*Opium Works,* an installation of objects and drawings that chronicles the history of the opium trade and investigates the Western obsession with and fear of "the Orient"; through 10/16. Taylor/TZ'Art, 470 Broome St. (212-966-9059).

Cathy de Monchaux—A two-gallery presentation of site-specific works by the British artist; through 10/21. At Kelly, 43 Mercer St. (212-343-2405), and Mitchell-Inness & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave. (212-744-7400).

Seth Edenbaum—Photographs, sculpture, a collage, and a painting that refer to other artists' works; through 10/23. Erben, 476 Broome St. (212-966-5283)

Leandro Erlich—Sculptures based on the ideas of "rooms" and "views"; through 10/16. Kent, 67 Prince St. (212-966-7820).

Shirazeh Houshiary—Paintings by a London-based artist that are built up of delicate webs of pigment or graphite on a black or white field and reflect her dedication to and interest in Sufism; through 10/30. Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. (212-965-0753).

Li Lin Lee—Paintings of cartoonlike characters that suggest the cyclical aspect of life; through 10/16. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (212-226-1111).

Olivier Mosset—Five new paintings executed on site and a selection of earlier works by this Swiss artist known for reducing painting to its simplest elements; through 10/23. Brownstone, 39 Wooster St. (212-334-3455).

Alison Saar—New carved-wood sculptures of female figures that draw on African and Haitian folklore, contemporary African-American culture, religion, and classical mythology; through 10/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (212-925-1200).

Alyson Shotz—Works that transform humbly produced handmade objects, such as a Dixie cup, into thriving universes or "worlds within worlds" through the use of video, computer-generated images, and photography; through 10/23. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (212-343-0573).

Denyse Thomasos—New large-scale paintings of irregular gridlike structures; through 10/23. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (212-941-0012).

John Tremblay—Paintings and sculpture; through 10/16. Gering, 476 Broome St. (212-226-8195).

Matej Andraz Vogrincic—A new clothes sculpture by a Slovenian artist who dresses houses, pavements, suitcases, and other inanimate forms; through 10/20. Gibson, 568 Broadway (212-925-1192).

Pamela Wye—New paintings and works on paper whose themes include gender, sexuality, relationships, and maternity; through 10/23. Ross, 568 Broadway (212-343-2161).

Anna Zemánková—Drawings of botanical images made over a 30-year span by the self-taught Polish artist (1908–1986); through 10/23. Cavin-Morris, 560 Broadway (212-226-3768).

Chelsea

Vicky Arndt—Biomorphic wall sculptures created from found objects, and drawings; through 10/23. Grimm, 505 W. 28th St. (212-564-7662).

Photography
Tokyo Pose

Here's the perfect opportunity to see why Daido Moriyama is to Japan what Garry Winogrand was to New York. Moriyama's startlingly candid images of post–World War II Japanese society are now on view in a joint retrospective at the Japan Society (333 East 47th Street; through January 2) and the Metropolitan Museum of Art (1000 Fifth Avenue; through January 2), as well as in a show at Laurence Miller Gallery (20 West 57th Street; through October 30). Rare books from Japan's Provoke movement of the late sixties, of which Moriyama was a member, can be seen at Roth Horowitz (160A East 70th Street; through October 23).

Céleste Boursier-Mougenot/Michael Hurson—An installation and video projections/Recent works on paper based on fragments of day-to-day conversations overheard and recorded by the artist. Through 10/16. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Gary Hill—Five video installations; through 10/30. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (212-206-9300).

Sol LeWitt—New wall drawings; through 11/16. Cooper, 521 W. 21st St. (212-255-1105).

Laurie Long—"Dating Surveillance Project," gelatin silver prints and a video that explore the social dynamics of dating and the prevalence of surveillance in everyday life; through 10/16. Kirkland, 504 W. 22nd St. (212-627-3930).

Melissa Marks—A site-specific drawing installation that continues the adventures of Volitia, an abstract character (and alter-ego of the artist) who undergoes various permutations; through 10/23. Klagsbrun, 526 W. 26th St. (212-243-3335).

Yasumasa Morimura—Photographic self-portraits in which the artist inserts his own image into masterpieces by Rembrandt, Manet, Man Ray, and others; through 10/16. Luhring Augustine, 531 W. 24th St. (212-206-9100).

Lars Nørgard/Lone Høyer Hansen—Paintings characterized by absurd and humorous juxtapositions of people, animals, and objects/An installation inspired by cinematic space in the films of Yasujiro Ozu and John Cassavetes. Through 10/16. DCA, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-555-5511).

Greg Parker—Minimal paintings that incorporate grids drawn in graphite; through 10/31. Kempner, 501 W. 23rd St. (212-206-6872).

Dan Peterman—An installation that uses natural and synthesized materials to throw systems of manufacture—and its assumptions of exchange, labor, and production—into relief; through 10/16. Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. (212-627-6000).

Collier Schorr—Photographs and a film capturing young men in various activities; through 10/20. 303, 525 W. 22nd St. (212-255-1121).

Tim Steele—Gestural abstract paintings; through 10/27. Rare, 435 W. 14th St. (212-645-5591).

Other

David Sandlin—Paintings, drawings, and prints that explore the puritanical underpinnings of American life; through 10/23. Mansion, 54 St. Marks Place (212-505-7055).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Americas Society—680 Park Ave. (212-249-8950). "Talavera Poblana: Four Centuries of a Mexican Ceramic Tradition," an exhibition of historic earthenware and 23 contemporary works; through 12/12.

Hirschl & Adler—21 E. 70th St. (212-535-8810). "Impossible Landscapes of the Mind," Surrealist oils, sculptures, and works on paper by Howard, Masson, Picasso, Seliger, Sage, Tchelitchew, others; through 10/16.

57th Street Area

PaineWebber—1285 Sixth Ave. (212-713-2885). Fifty-two works from the collections of the Brooklyn Museum of Art, including works by Bacon, Diebenkorn, Rodin, others; through 12/23.

Photograph by Daido Moriyama, courtesy of Distributed Art Publishers and the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art.

St. Etienne—24 W. 57th St. (212-245-6734). "The Modern Child," twentieth-century images of children by Beckmann, Coe, Dix, Hopper, Schrimpf, Sommer, others; through 11/6.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Art in General—79 Walker St. (212-219-0473). "Surface Tension," works exploring skin with X-ray, thermosensitive video, inframetric imaging, and other techniques in photographs, paintings, sculpture, and new media; through 10/30.

Collins—83 Grand St. (212-226-1861). "Mod!," chopstick spirals by De Luca, daisies by Burke, sixties-car photographs by Horenbein, wire flowers by Muniz, shag stairs by Vega, and other brightly colored works; through 10/16.

Exit Art—548 Broadway (212-966-7745). Large-scale drawings by Bovasso, Kaplowitz, Ozeri, Pensato, Rosen, Zeller, others; through 10/30.

Pratt Manhattan—295 Lafayette St. (718-636-3517). "Women and Geometric Abstraction," paintings, textiles, body art, and other works by Aschiem, Fendrich, Heilman, Korman, Thomas, Wagner, others; through 10/27.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (212-966-9520). "Foul Play," works that explore the darker sides of social life by Antezzo, Baum, Fish, Iseyama, Lopez, Rolfe, others; through 11/20. . . . "Apeshit V3," a digital installation by Leigh Gilliam that samples obscure trailers for *Planet of the Apes* and other sources in order to interpret primates within the context of science fiction; through 11/20.

Chelsea

Folin—529 W. 20th St. (212-242-3434). "4x4," paintings by artists from Egypt, Nigeria, England, Japan, America, and Poland, including Haggerty, Lazarczyk, Marzouk, Someya, others; through 10/30.

Trans Hudson—416 W. 13th St. (212-242-3232). "Whichkraft?," works exploring alchemy, magic, and millennial superstitions by Boody, Crocket, Jenkins, Preheim, Thorner, others; through 10/23.

Other

Rotunda—33 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights (212-718-875-4047), Tues.–Fri. 12–5, Sat. 11–4. "Chronologies," time-based works on paper, video, photographs, and performances by McCallum, Pena, Schuck, others; through 10/23.

Photography

David Armstrong—Recent color photographs taken in the United States and Europe, and black-and-white portraits of the artist's friends; through 11/6. Marks, 523 W. 24th St. (212-243-0200).

Jennifer Bolande—Recent works, many of which are inspired by surveillance; through 10/16. Alexander and Bonin, 132 Tenth Ave. (212-367-7474).

Katharina Bosse—Color photographs of found sex-club and bordello interiors decorated to resemble other spaces; through 10/16. Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. (212-627-0974).

Carter—560 Broadway (212-966-1933). Photographs by Ansel Adams, Christopher Burkett, and Lyle Gomes; through 11/20.

Hugo Cifuentes—Intimate photographs of everyday life in Ecuador; through 11/6. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (212-223-1059).

Danziger—851 Madison Ave. (212-734-5300). Works by Brandt, Brassai, Drtikol, Frank, Vishniac; through 10/17.

De Lellis—47 E. 68th St. (212-327-1482). "Times Squared," more than 50 images of Times Square by Faurer, Klein, Newman, Tietgens, Weegee, others; through 11/27.

Jim Dine—Recent high-resolution digital prints on canvas; through 10/23. PaceWildenstein, 142 Greene St. (212-431-9224).

Mitch Epstein—Recent large-scale color works that collectively form a portrait of the photographer's home in New York; through 10/16. Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-941-6210).

Janieta Eyre—Black-and-white self-portraits that depict the artist in surreal Gothic postures and scenarios; through 10/26. Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. (212-206-0297).

Adam Fuss—New photograms and daguerreotypes; through 10/16. Cheim & Reid, 521 W. 23rd St. (212-242-7727).

Samuel Gottscho—Fifty-eight vintage prints of New York skylines from his book *Night and Day*, published in 1933; through 10/23. Klotz, 22 E. 72nd St. (212-327-2211).

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. (212-768-4682), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Bill Brandt: A Retrospective." Approximately 150 prints spanning 50 years of the British photographer's career, including his documentation of British class structure in the thirties, atmospheric landscapes, surrealistic studies of nudes, and portraits of Francis Bacon, Henry Moore, E. M. Forster, and other important artists and writers of his day; through 10/31.

Mimmo Jodice—Black-and-white photographs of the Mediterranean region; through 11/6. Aperture, 20 E. 23rd St. (212-505-5555).

Marcus Leatherdale—Recent photographs of the Santhals, Birmor, and Ho tribes of the Adivisi, the indigenous peoples of India; through 10/16. Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld. 560 Broadway (212-941-6355).

Nikki S. Lee—The artist's first one-person show, featuring snapshot-style color photographs of the artist as a member of different ethnic and social groups; through 10/16. Tonkonow, 601 W. 26th St. (212-255-8450).

Reagan Louie/Daido Moriyama—Color images of Hong Kong, Taiwan, Vietnam, and Korea by the Asian-American photographer/Twenty-five vintage prints by the Japanese modernist. Through 10/30. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (212-397-3930).

Richard Misrach—Recent landscape photographs of the San Francisco Bay area; through 10/23. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (212-989-7600).

Mark Morrisroe—Hand-painted photograms, black-and-white photographs, and Rayographs from the eighties; through 10/31. Hearn, 530 W. 22nd St. (212-727-7366).

Irving Penn—Gelatin silver prints of Marcel Duchamp; through 10/23. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (212-759-7999).

John Pfahl—Photographs of piles of objects and materials that are often arranged in piles, such as tires, metal cans, and snow; through 10/23. Borden, 560 Broadway (212-431-0166).

Steven Richter—Iris prints of street and village life from around the world; through 10/23. Laumont Editions, 333 W. 52nd St. (664-0594).

John Riddy—Black-and-white photographs of Rome; through 10/23. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (212-627-4446).

Roth Horowitz—160A E. 70th St. (212-717-9067). Rare photographic books and journals featuring the work of Daido Moriyama, Takuma Nakahira, and others who participated in Japan's Provoke movement of 1968–1971, and a selection of photographs by Shomei Tomatsu, a Provoke predecessor; through 10/23.

Ernestine Ruben—A twenty-year retrospective of nudes in a variety of formats; through 10/30. Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. (212-352-0070).

David Seidner—Color and black-and-white photographs by the late photographer, who died of AIDS-related complications earlier this year; through 11/6. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (212-966-6223).

Sonnabend—420 W. Broadway (212-966-6160). Recent works by Lawrence Beck, Elger Esser, and Hiroshi Sugimoto; through 10/30.

Jack Spencer—Photographs of the South by the Mississippi-born photographer; through 10/23. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (212-517-3766).

André Steiner—Vintage photographs from the twenties and thirties, when the artist worked in Paris; through 10/23. Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (212-431-0292).

Van Der Donk—601 W. 26th St. (212-691-5973). "Futurist Performance," photographs documenting the art and lives of the Italian Futurists; through 10/30.

Ted Victoria—Wall-mounted projections and an installation in which enlargements of live Sea Monkeys are projected onto a greenhouse; through 10/24. ZAO, 175 Orchard St. (212-505-0500).

Dan Winters—Personal, frequently spontaneous works by the Los Angeles–based commercial photographer; through 10/22. SABA, 116 E. 16th St. (212-477-7722).

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Head, Heart, and Hands: Native American Craft Traditions in a Contemporary World." A survey of works in all media by contemporary Native Americans; through 10/10. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber-art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilter's Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (212-956-3535); Tues.–Wed., Fri.–Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/1. Central Park West at 79th St. (212-769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 11/28. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Bard Graduate Center for Studies in the Decorative Arts—"Discovering the Secrets of Soft-Paste Porcelain at the Saint-Cloud Manufactory, ca. 1690–1766." A survey of porcelain objects produced by the factory; through 10/24. 18 W. 86th St. (212-501-3000), Tues.–Sun. 11–5 (Thurs. to 8); $2, $1 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Sensation: Young British Artists From the Saatchi Collection." The much-discussed exhibition that originated at the Royal Academy in London, of paintings, sculpture, photographs, and installations by 42 artists, among them Jake and Dinos Chapman, Tracey Emin, Damien Hirst, Sarah Lucas, and Rachel Whiteread; 10/2–1/9/00. . . . "Winslow Homer: Illustrating America." Approximately 75 wood engravings selected from a collection of more than 225 works given to the museum by Harvey Isbitts; through 10/10. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5 (Thurs. to 8), Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors (admission to "Impressionists in Winter" is $9.50 adults, $7.50 students and seniors, and includes general admission).

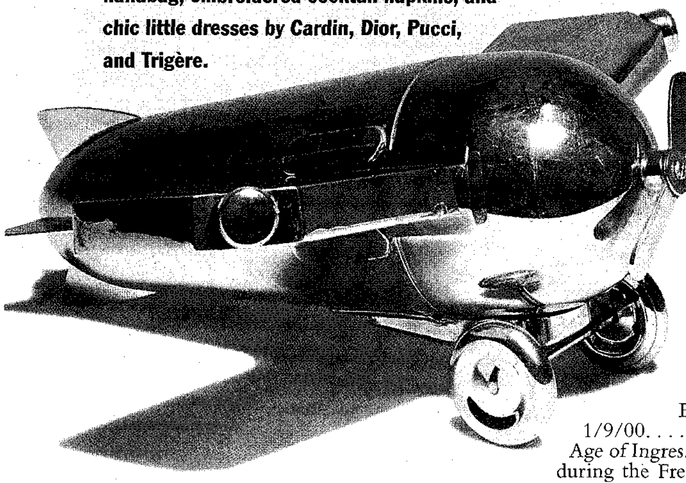
China Institute—"The Resonance of the Qin in East Asian Art." Works from China and Japan from the first to the nineteenth centuries that celebrate the qin, an ancient Chinese musical instrument known for its power to harmonize the soul, including paintings, drawings, wood-block prints, and sculpture; through 12/12. 125 E. 65th St. (212-744-8181), Mon.–Sat. 10–5, Tues. and Thurs. 10–8, Sun. 1–5; free.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—The museum will be closed through 10/11 for the installation of "The Work of Charles and Ray Eames: A Legacy of Invention," opening on 10/12. 2 E. 91st St. (212-849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (5–9, free admission); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dia—"Thomas Schütte: Part III: *In Medias Res*"; through 2/28/00. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square*"; through 12/30. . . . "Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: *Double Vision*"; through 3/30/00. 548 W. 22nd St. (212-989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Selections Fall '99." Works on paper by five emerging artists; through 10/14. . . . "Darkness Like a Dream: Nineteenth-Century Sandpaper Drawings From the Collections of

Auction Whether your fantasy cocktail party takes its cue from *All About Eve* or *Breakfast at Tiffany's,* your dream auction is about to come true. All right, you probably can't afford to get into a bidding war over the brown wool suit Marilyn Monroe wore when she married Joe DiMaggio (expected to fetch between $15,000 and $20,000), but Sotheby's "Cocktails" sale (1334 York Avenue, at 72nd Street; September 30 at 7 P.M.) also includes such relatively affordable vintage hors d'oeuvre as an Art Deco German aeroplane bar set, circa 1928 (below), a fifties Hermès crocodile handbag, embroidered cocktail napkins, and chic little dresses by Cardin, Dior, Pucci, and Trigère.



Randall and Tanya Holton, and Matt Mullican and Valerie Smith." Examples of nineteenth-century sandpapers, works that were drawn or painted on a support covered with marble dust and were often based on popular prints of the day; through 10/14. 35 Wooster St. (212-219-2166), Tues.– Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—"Constable's Salisbury Cathedral: Two Versions Reunited." An exhibition pairing two paintings by John Constable (1776–1837); through 12/31. 1 E. 70th St. (212-288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"John Singer Sargent, Draughtsman: Works From the Corcoran Gallery of Art." More than 90 works on paper by the expatriate American artist (1856–1925) from the Corcoran's permanent collection, among them very early drawings made while he was living with his parents in Italy, charcoal portraits of fashionable personalities of the Edwardian era, and drawings for two Boston mural projects; through 10/30. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (212-998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Andy Warhol: The Last Supper." Paintings from the artist's final series, created during the last year of his life for the gallery rooms of a Milan bank located directly opposite the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, where Leonardo da Vinci's *Last Supper* is located; through 12/30. 575 Broadway, at Prince St. (212-423-3500), Thurs.–Mon. 11–6; free.

Japan Society—"Daido Moriyama: Stray Dog." The first retrospective exhibition of the work of the celebrated Japanese photographer Daido Moriyama, including some 130 vintage prints from the sixties through the nineties, concurrent with an exhibition of prints from Moriyama's 1972 *Hunter* series at the Metropolitan Museum); through 1/2/00. 333 E. 47th St. (212-832-1155), Tues.–Sun. 11–6; $5 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Facing West: Jews of Central Asia and the Caucasus." More than 300 objects, among them costumes, jewelry, and ceremonial art, illuminating Jewish life in Bukhara, Samarkand, and Tashkent in Central Asia and the areas of Dagestan and Azerbaijan in the Caucasus, all drawn from the Russian Museum of Ethnography in St. Petersburg; through 10/17. . . . "Sophie Calle: The Eruv of Jerusalem." An installation of photographs and text by the French artist, inspired by the concept of *eruv,* a rabbinic prohibition against carrying objects outside one's home on the Sabbath; through 10/17. . . . "Shari Rothfarb: Water Rites." An installation exploring the Jewish tradition of *mikvah* (ritual bath); through 10/17. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (212-423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5 free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Daido Moriyama: *Hunter*." Forty photographs by the Japanese photographer that were shot from the shadows and from the windows of a moving car and published as *Hunter* (1972), a book dedicated to Jack Kerouac; through 1/2/00. . . . "Egyptian Art in the Age of Pyramids." The first major museum presentation of the art of the Old Kingdom (ca. 2650–2150 B.C.), featuring approximately 230 masterpieces from the golden era of ancient Egyptian culture; through 1/9/00. . . . "Costume and Character in the Age of Ingres." Examples of clothing designed during the French painter's six-decade career, selected from the collection of the museum's Costume Institute; through 11/21. . . . "Klee Paintings." Paintings from the museum's Berggruen Klee Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Farouk Hosny/Adam Henein: Contemporary Egyptian Artists and Heirs to an Ancient Tradition"; through 1/23/00. . . . "The Artist as Collector: Masterpieces From the C. C. Wang Collection." Old-master Chinese paintings given to the museum by the Wang family over the past 20 years; through 1/9/00. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $10 contribution, $5 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (212-923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45; $10, $5 seniors and students.

Museum for African Art—"Liberated Voices: Contemporary Art From South Africa." Paintings, sculptures, installations, photographs, and videos made since the end of Apartheid in 1994; through 1/2/00. 593 Broadway (212-966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (212-595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Jewish Heritage—"From Brooklyn to Bukhara: Jewish Portraits by Barbara Pfeffer." Color and black-and-white photographs of Jewish communities around the world; through 10/8. 18 First Place, Battery Park City (212-968-1800), Sun.–Wed. 9–5, Thurs. 9–8, Fri. 9–2, eve of Jewish holidays 9–2, closed Sat. and Jewish holidays; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Museum of Modern Art—"Fame After Photography." A survey examining how photographic images changed the representation and meaning of fame over the last 200 years; through 10/5. . . . "The Un-Private House." The first project of the Lily Auchincloss Series of Architecture Exhibitions, examining 26 homes by international architects whose designs reflect the transformation of the private house in response to changing cultural conditions and recent architectural innovations; through 10/5. 11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $10, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"Americanos: Latino Life in the United States." An exhibition of photographs of Latinos by 30 prizewinning photographers from around the country; through 1/2/00. . . . "Fashion on Stage: Couture for Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"; through 2/27/00. . . . "Heritage of Care: The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." An exhibition tracing the history of the ASPCA in New York; through 10/31. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors.

Museum of the Fashion Institute of Technology—"Unmistakably Mackie." A retrospective of Bob Mackie's fashion and costume designs; through 12/31. . . . "Linens, Off the Bed and Onto the Stage." Eighteenth-century theatrical costumes made almost entirely from bed linens by F.I.T. students; through 10/2. Seventh Ave. at 27th St. (212-217-7642), Tues.–Fri. 12–8, Sat. 10–5; free.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Prague Architecture Through the Centuries." An exhibition exploring the past and the future of Prague through its architecture, including photographs of buildings, paintings, models, and facsimiles of Romanesque and Gothic sculptures; through 1/2/00. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (212-369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri. 10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"The Time of Our Lives." Works on the subject of age and aging by more than 60 artists; through 10/17. . . . "Keith Piper: Relocating the Remains," multimedia installations that digitally remix the last fifteen years of the British artist's collages, paintings, and sculpture; through 10/17. . . . "Offside: Dolores Zinny and Juan Ignacio Maidagan." A stairway installation by two emerging Argentine artists; through 10/17. 583 Broadway (212-219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New-York Historical Society—"$24: The Legendary Deal for Manhattan." An exhibition investigating the infamous purchase of Manhattan, through paintings, Dutch and Native American artifacts, maps, and other sources; through 3/9/00. . . . "Building History: History Building," an exhibition tracing the uptown migration of the New-York Historical Society from its 1804 beginning in Federal Hall, at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, to its present Central Park West location; through 10/27. . . . "Glimmers of the Past: Presentation Silver From the Collection of the New-York Historical Society"; through 12/5. . . . "Putting It on Paper: Two Centuries of American Drawings and Watercolors From the Collection of the the New-York Historical Society." Works by Audubon, Catlin, Cole, Mount, and other American artists; through 1/2/00. 2 W. 77th St. (212-873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

New York Public Library—"In Company: Robert Creeley's Collaborations." Books and projects by the poet made in collaboration with artists Georg Baselitz, Francesco Clemente, Alex Katz, Susan Rothenberg,and others; through 1/15/00. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (212-869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues. and Wed. 11–7:30, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

P.S. 1 Contemporary Art Center—"The Promise of Photography: Selected Works From the DG Bank Collection." Photographs by Adams, Calle, Demand, Eggleston, and others, from the DG

Photograph courtesy of Sotheby's New York.

Bank collection in Frankfurt; through 10/24. . . . "The Artist Out of Work: Art & Language 1972–1981." Works produced during the seventies by the legendary conceptual-art collaborative; through 10/24. . . . "When I Paint I Call Myself Konrad Lueg." Paintings that appropriate motifs from popular culture that were executed between 1963 and 1968 by Lueg (1939–1996), who was also known as the Düsseldorf-based gallerist Konrad Fischer; through 10/24. 22-25 Jackson Ave., at 46th Ave., Long Island City (718-784-2084), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $5 suggested donation.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"The Great Experiment: George Washington and the American Republic." A selection of Washington's books, manuscripts, maps, broadsides, works of art, and personal effects, drawn primarily from the collections of the Huntington Library in San Marino, California, the Morgan Library, and the Gilder Lehrman Collection; through 1/9/00. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 1/16/00. 29 E. 36th St. (212-685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7, $5 students and seniors.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"From the Studio: Artists-in-Residence, 1998–1999," with installations by Manuel Acevedo, Xenobia Bailey, and Elia Alba; through10/3. . . . "Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 10/3. 144 W. 125th St. (212-864-4500), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, 3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." Part two of a survey of American art and culture as seen through more than 500 works of painting, sculpture, photography, installation, film, video, and related historical and cultural materials covering the years 1950 to 2000 drawn from the museum's permanent collection and from private collections and public institutions around the world; through 2/13/00. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (212-570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (pay what you wish 6–8 on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jeanne Silverthorne: The Studio Stripped Bare, Again." A site-specific installation of cast-rubber sculptures of recognizable objects such as fuse boxes, light sockets, and wires, presented alongside abstract rubber sculptures; through 10/15. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (212-878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (212-636-2000). 10/1 at 10 and 2: "Finest and Rarest Wines." 10/4 at 7: "A Twenty Year Celebration: Property from Galerie Zur Stockeregg, Zurich." On view from 9/30. 10/5: "Photographs." On view from 9/30.

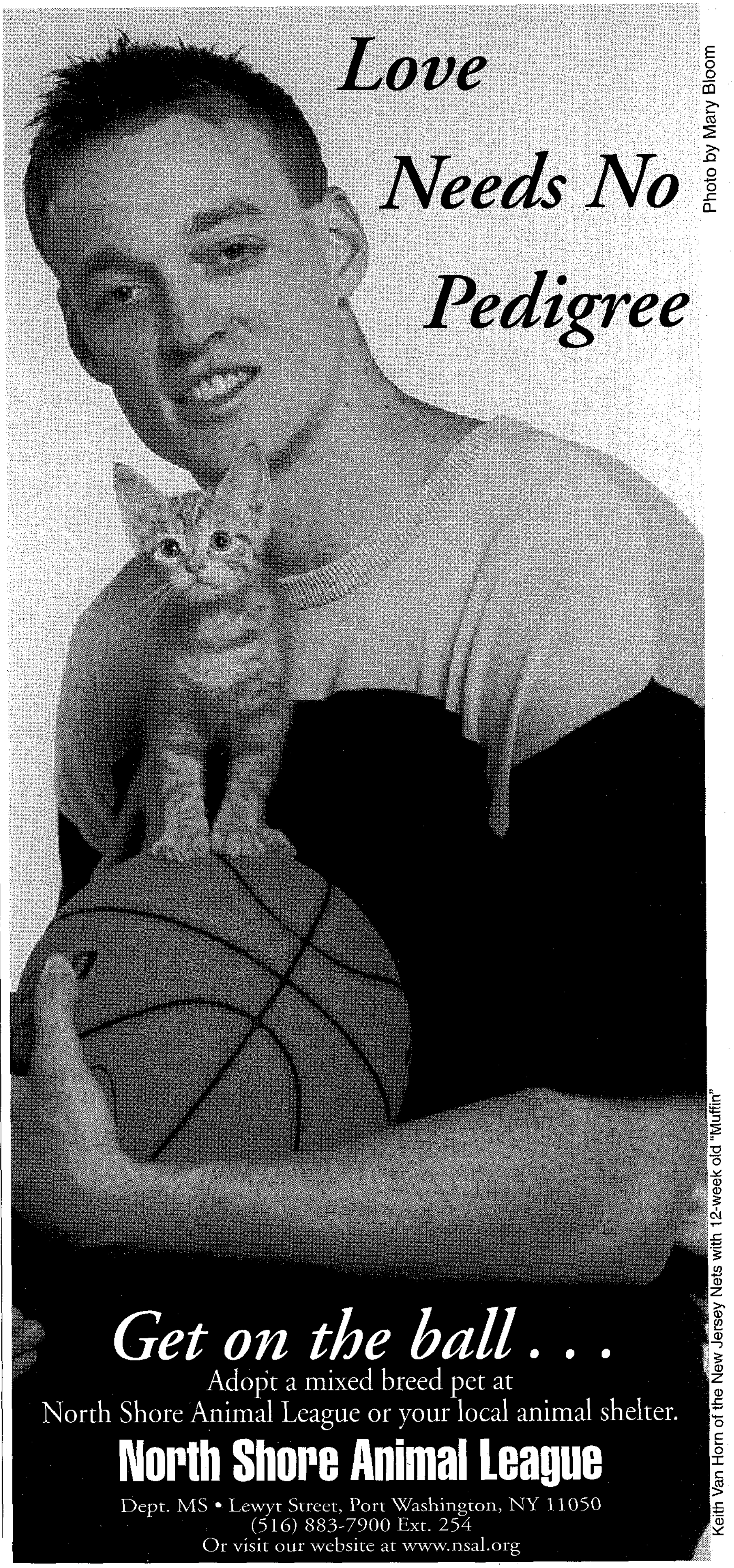
Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (212-606-0430). 9/29 at 10: "American Paintings." On view from 9/25. 10/5 at 1: "19th Century Paintings." On view from 10/5.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (212-427-2730). 9/29 at 10: "Belle Epoque: 19th and 20th Century Decorative Arts." On view from 9/25. 10/5 at 10: "Fine Golf Memorabilia." On view from 10/2.

Phillips—406 E. 79th St. (212-570-4830). 10/5 at 6:30: "Photographs." On view from 10/1.

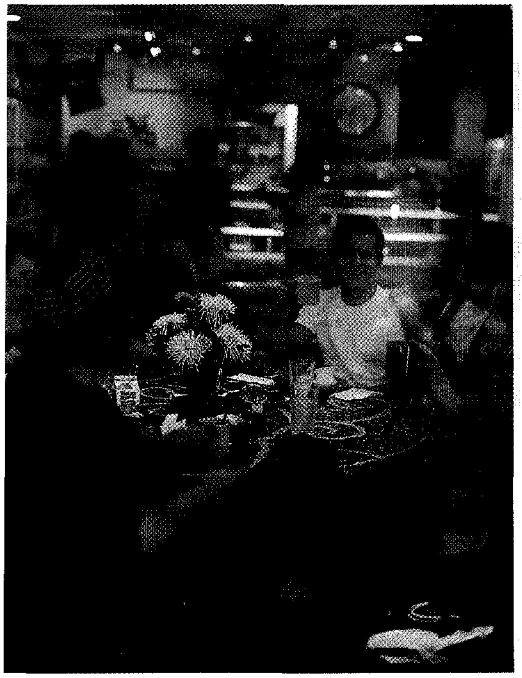
Sotheby's—1334 York Ave. (212-606-7000). 9/30 at 7: "Cocktail Sale." On view from 9/25. 10/1: "Continental Furniture." On view from 9/26. 10/5 and 10/6 at 10:15 and 2: "Photographs." On view from 10/1.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (212-254-4710). 9/30 at 10:30: "Early Printed Books." On view from 9/27.


Love Needs No Pedigree
Photo by Mary Bloom
Keith Van Horn of the New Jersey Nets with 12-week old "Muffin"
Get on the ball . . .
Adopt a mixed breed pet at
North Shore Animal League or your local animal shelter.
North Shore Animal League
Dept. MS • Lewyt Street, Port Washington, NY 11050
(516) 883-7900 Ext. 254
Or visit our website at www.nsal.org

restaurants

By the Numbers...Chow Hounds...Fairway



Takeout
Food on the Hill

Hugh Groman cooked at Gramercy Tavern and Restaurant Two Two Two before he and his partner, Rob Berman, opened the homey Boerum Hill Food Company, a combination café, takeout shop, and dessert mecca on Brooklyn's percolating restaurant row. Groman's cheddar-scallion-corn muffins, chilled poached salmon, Thanksgiving turkey club, and "the best tuna salad" are a definite boon for the neighborhood, but his real passion (and, consequently, ours) is for pound cake, peanut-butter cookies, ice-cream sundaes, and devil's-food anything. (134 Smith Street, near Bergen Street; 718-222-0140.)

Manhattan
Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (212-727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (212-809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tangs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. *80 Bayard St. (212-406-2292). (I) ($).*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (212-966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (212-677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barnlike TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (212-431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. *127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (212-228-1212). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (212-431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (212-219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has conquered TriBeCa. It's still virtually impossible to get a reservation, but the intrepid hordes can wait for a table to open up two doors down at Next Door Nobu. *105 Hudson St. (212-219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (212-274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (212-513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (212-475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (212-966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (212-226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Shanghai Tang in SoHo—After opening to critical and popular acclaim in Flushing, this Shanghai-Japanese hybrid is braving the fickle SoHo dining public. When you tire of yellow eel, blue crab, or the renowned soup dumplings, there's always the sushi bar. *77 W. Houston St. (212-614-9550). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse is known for its huge portions of barbecued and smoked chicken and ribs, and has added a steak menu with prices starting at $14.95. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $14.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday and Tuesday night. Kids' menu available. *143 Spring St. (212-431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Joe Scafuro

scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (212-941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised Black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (212-524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Belgo Nieuw-York—The current craze for all things Belgian—beer, mussels, waffles, and especially fries—continues with this ultramodern restaurant, the first American branch of a chain that originated in London. Choose from among 101 Belgian brews, or sample them in dishes like confit of duck leg on mashed celeriac with cherry-beer sauce. *415 Lafayette St. (212-253-2828). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (212-620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style portions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (212-645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Three of Cups—Proving that the East Village has room enough for another wood-burning oven pizza parlor besides Two Boots. The "mickey," a charred spud dripping with butter, shouldn't be missed. *83 First Ave., at 5th St. (212-388-0059). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (212-982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Blue Note Jazz Club and Restaurant—Should you develop an appetite while listening to some of the world's best jazz acts, this famous Village club offers a full menu, with such Continental fare as shrimp with scallops and salmon with champagne sauce. Open for brunch, too. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. (A newer uptown branch offers a similar menu of American classics like chicken potpie and grilled steaks and burgers, and is decorated with a similar canine motif.) *190 W. 4th St. (212-633-2275). Also, 1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (212-645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (212-228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Fiorentina—Live piano and violin music lend this casual Italian restaurant that old-time Village ambience. The menu offers standards like risotti, open ravioli, zuppa di clams, and veal chops. *281 Bleecker St. (212-633-2941). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Alva—Bare lightbulbs evoke Thomas Edison, the namesake of this sleek spot owned by Aureole chef Charlie Palmer, but Josh Capon's food is all very twentieth-century: potato-wrapped cod with citrus glaze, charred sirloin with red-onion marmalade, foie gras parfait with roasted apple chutney. *36 E. 22nd St. (212-228-4399). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (212-228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Candela—How do you make a huge space atmospheric? You decorate it with mission-style furniture and iron sconces, as the management has done here, and light what seems like a thousand votive candles. Chef Joseph Macri's New American menu features signature dishes like the Candela seafood platter, miso-glazed black cod, and Asian barbecued pork chop. The Sunday brunch costs $10.95, prix fixe. *116 E. 16th St. (212-254-1600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (212-679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (212-807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Metronome—This 10,000-square-foot Flatiron space is especially well suited to private functions, but even the lone diner (or foursome) will find the Deco design welcoming and the food—riffs on a Mediterranean theme like "pinchos" of vegetables with goat cheese, and za'atar-crusted rack of lamb, prosciutto, and Brie over herb risotto—satisfying. Live jazz performed Thursday through Saturday. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this

ASK GAEL

What have they done to my beloved Fairway?

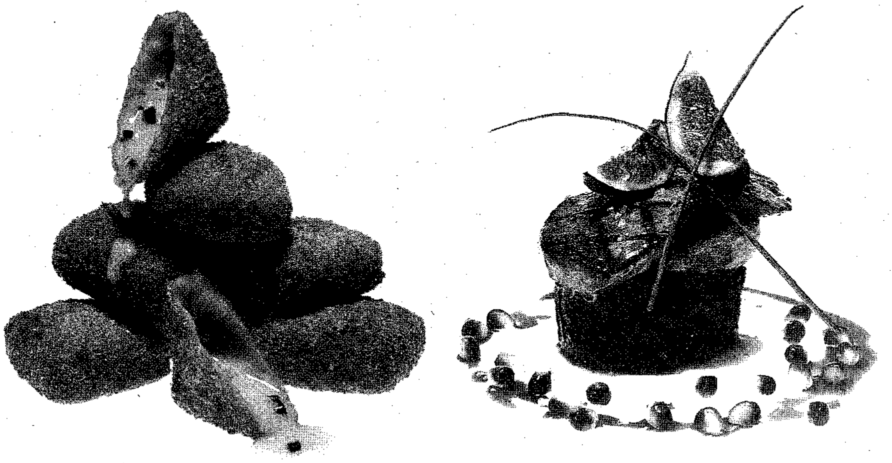
No one ever called Fairway a great beauty. But cramped and road-rage-provoking as she was, she had greengrocer smarts—beautiful produce, exotic lettuces, hard-to-find herbs, and rock-bottom prices. Once I almost bought that perfect loft in TriBeCa, but I couldn't tear myself away from Fairway. Now the puffed-up wench has swallowed the supermarket that lived next door. She's gone organic upstairs and shuffled departments willy-nilly. I lost four precious minutes last week searching for coffee beans. It's like making love to a creature completely re-sculpted by an aggressive plastic surgeon. But I'm still hopelessly smitten. I've taken to haunting the new Fairway Café upstairs for Mitchel London's lobster-shrimp rolls, luscious brownies, and breakfast all day—light-as-a-crêpe pancakes, savory scrambled eggs (organic) with chorizo, jalapeño, and roasted tomatoes, zaftig muffins. Big food, Fairway prices, and great cooks performing every Wednesday in classes to benefit Citymeals-on-Wheels. (2127 Broadway, at 74th Street; 212-595-1888.)

Photograph by Joe Scafuro.

In Print

Look but Don't Touch

Michael Ginor's *Foie Gras: A Passion* (Wiley; $49.95) is not a primer for me. It's too beautiful to risk bringing into my kitchen. And really, how many gourmands sear foie gras home on the range? Ginor's obsession with the abused liver of a duck (after all, he raises livers-with-duck-attached upstate) is not just politically incorrect—"It's not force-feeding," he insists. "The birds are naturally ravenous"—alas, it's a nutritional menace too. Take it from one who has never been known for moderation. I remember days of cuisinary pilgrimages in the truffle fields of France when I blissfully polished off foie gras at lunch and then again at dinner. Little truffled, deep-fried packages of foie gras and cream that burst in the mouth at Marc Meneau's. Foie gras three ways to start and then plumping up a gooseneck at Andre Daguin's Hotel de France in Auch. Foie gras in fat pink slabs at l'Ami Louis as the prologue to a fat-primed binge. What did we know of cholesterol? We were young and immortal. Today, I'm likely to allow myself a stingy tasting morsel, two if I can't control myself. I don't need this book. I can't use this book. But I must have this book with its photos as juicy and sensuous as the best of *Penthouse* for late-night reverie. At last, the perfect gift for the voluptuary who has everything. **GAEL GREENE**



Photographs courtesy of John Wiley & Sons.

Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (212-490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (212-689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (212-777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Piccolino—A country-style Italian restaurant offering homemade pastas and thin-crust pizzas in a peach stucco duplex. (The building is a century old.) Worth trying are the risotto pescatore, shrimp-pesto pizza, and veal quattroformaggio. *8 E. 36th St. (212-683-6444). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Verbena—Diane Forley's seasonal American cuisine is at once delicate and deliciously satisfying; the room, similarly, pulls off the neat trick of feeling luxurious and minimalist at the same time. The menu is whimsically divided into two categories—fruits and vegetables, and fish, birds, and meats—with such appealing entries as butternut squash ravioli with roasted orange sauce, and rack of lamb with Yorkshire pudding. In summer, demand a garden table. *54 Irving Pl. (212-260-5454). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Armani Café—Take a break from dressing-room calisthenics at this sleek coffee-and-panini bar—or at one of the outdoor tables, in season—where the Italian-accented salads, sandwiches and soups change daily. *110 Fifth Ave., at 16th St. (212-727-3251). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (212-691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Chelsea Bistro & Bar—This friendly bistro became a neighborhood hangout virtually the day it opened. Try the delicious hanger steak and lamb shank, and experiment among the 200-odd wines on the well-chosen list. *358 W. 23rd St. (212-727-2026). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Hush—This Flatiron venture is part bar, part nightclub, part restaurant. If you find that last part the most interesting, you'll appreciate chef John Tesar's New American menu, served in shareable portions. *17 W. 19th St. (212-989-4874). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (212-727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Simply Pasta—Perfectly situated for pretheater, this moderately priced Northern Italian restaurant offers a full roster of antipasti, salads, thin-crust pizzas, and pastas—over two dozen of them. *120 W. 41st St. (212-391-0805). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Tomato—If you've worked up an appetite prowling the aisles of Sixth Avenue's superstores, satisfy it with generous portions of diner-style American food. All the bases are covered—meatloaf, macaroni and cheese, chili, potpie—but someone in the kitchen has a vegetarian bent. Tofu meatballs, pressure-cooked vegetarian stew with tempeh, and a tempeh Reuben show a whole new side of comfort food. Brunch, bar menu, and a decent wine list too. *676 Sixth Ave., at 21st St. (212-645-6525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (212-630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (212-980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (212-754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Postino—This elegant midtown Italian restaurant offers an interesting variety of daily specials, focusing on imported and domestic seafood. (Under the same ownership as the much-lauded Scalinatella.) Jacket required. *337 E. 49th St. (212-688-0033). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Istana—Situated in the lobby of the New York Palace hotel, this Mediterranean newcomer is rightfully proud of its olive bar, the only one, chances are, of its kind. Tapas are ideal cocktail accompaniments; heartier appetites are readily satisfied by paella-style roasted fish, pumpkin ravioli with walnuts, or baby chicken with Tunisian spices. *455 Madison Ave., at 51st St. (212-303-6032). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions—and, as demonstrated by its sushi bar, other countries. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings, or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (212-682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

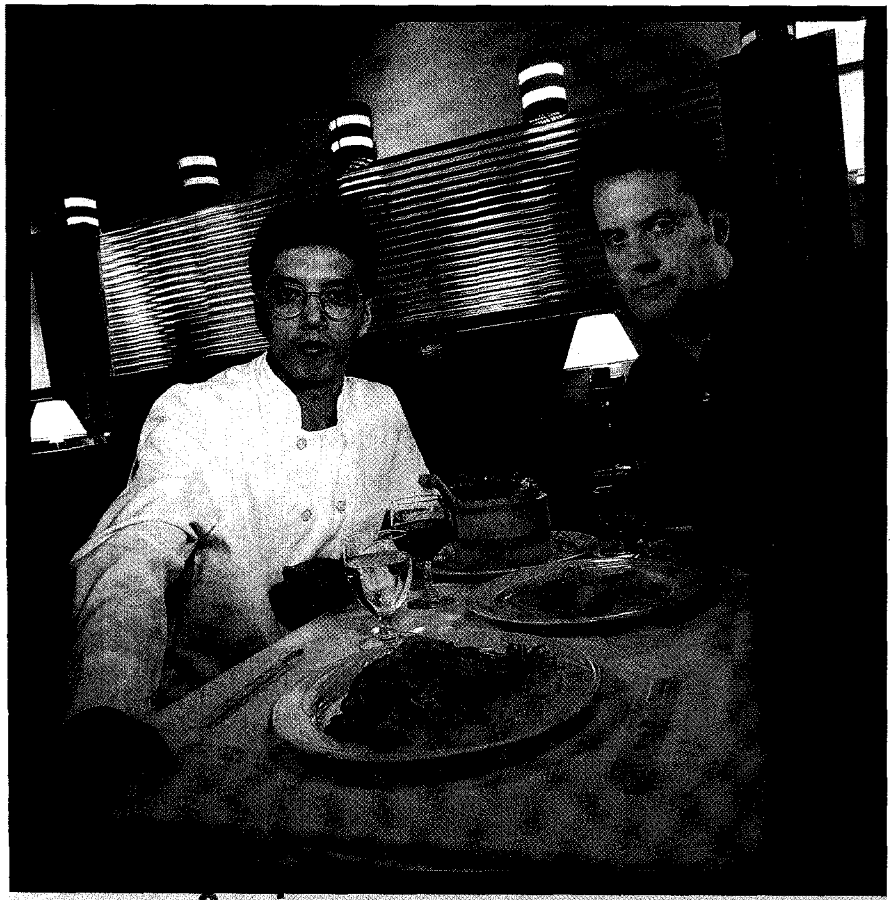
Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (212-972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (212-872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pig 'n' Whistle on 3rd—There's plenty of convivial Irish-pub-style cheer in this East Side spinoff of a popular midtown haunt. The basic American menu offers staples like shepherd's pie, blackened rib eye, chicken potpie, barbecued ribs, and onion loaf. *922 Third Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-688-4646). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Scarabée—Some of the city's best French-Mediterranean food is being served on a nondescript residential block in Turtle Bay. Owner Karim El Sherif (formerly of Restaurant Daniel) compiled the well-chosen, helpfully categorized wine list, with selections that pair well with dishes like truffle-marinated squab, pomegranate-glazed salmon, and, at lunch, a killer braised-lamb sandwich. No matter how full you are, don't skip dessert. *230 E. 51st St. (212-758-6633). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (212-867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*



Opening

Getting Oriented

This Friday, the team behind the East Village's thriving Oriental Grill—Gregory Wang and Chris Genoversa, above—brings its winning pan-Asian formula crosstown to the pupu-platter-deprived West Village. Their Chow Bar & Grill features affordable Pacific Rim fare like crisp duck with mango purée, lobster pancake, barbecued salmon, and dim sum. Plus flavor-appropriate wines, sake, and such thematic cocktails as the Slow Boat and the Great Wall. (230 West 4th Street; 212-633-2212.)

hotograph by Warren Salowe.

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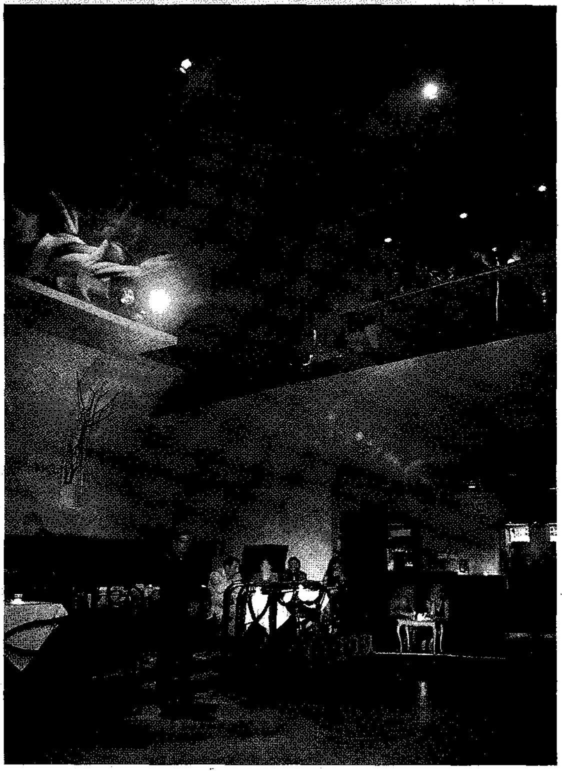
Opening
Tatou Removal

The 1926 nightclub where Edith Piaf made her American debut in the fifties has had several incarnations over the years—Tatou supper club was the latest. And now, after a spiffy modern redesign, the Art Deco duplex has become One51. The distinctive domed ceiling has been painted with a mural inspired by Matisse's *La Danse*, a waterfall gurgles behind the bar, and the lengthy appetizer menu reads like a catchall for every food trend of the past decade: smoked salmon tartare, hummus and baba ghanoush, tuna-and-avocado maki roll, and grilled-chicken quesadilla. (151 East 50th Street; 212-753-1144.)



43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel has reopened with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (212-903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Barbetta—This elegant theater-district landmark is still owned, incredibly, by the family who founded it in 1906. The elaborate interior provides a peaceful background for regional specialties like fonduta, rabbit alla Piedmontese, and a variety of wild-game dishes. The pretheater prix fixe menu runs $43, and the garden is a summertime oasis. *321 W. 46th St. (212-246-9171). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking with dinner after 5 P.M. *863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (212-246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (212-581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bombay Palace—This newly refurbished, elegant Indian restaurant has been serving its refined versions of tandoori lobster, lamb kandhari, and chicken kashmiri to a midtown office crowd for years. Try the excellent selection of Indian breads. *30 W. 52nd St. (212-541-7777). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (212-246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (212-956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (212-307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Gallagher's—This theater district steak house exudes Old Time New York, from the massive raw-meat window displays to the convivial bar and the wood-paneled dining rooms. Dry-aged prime steak is the way to go here, but you can't go wrong with prime rib, lobster, or the sublime chopped steak either. *228 W. 52nd St. (212-245-5336). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Johnnie's—This small, old-world Italian restaurant has been a midtown fixture for over three and a half decades. The menu runs the gamut from basic pastas to chicken, veal, and seafood dishes; the $14.95 dinner special is a particularly good deal. *135 W. 45th St. (212-869-5565). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. *802 Ninth Ave. (212-262-4288). (I–M) AE, DS, TM.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (212-869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (212-246-0044). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Mangia e Bevi—Dancing on the tables is an essential part of the dining experience at this lively Clinton spot. This is the place not for quiet conversations but for moderately priced Italian pasta, pizza, meat, and fish. *800 Ninth Ave., at 53rd St. (212-956-3976). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (212-767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Michael's—This California transplant has lasted a decade in Manhattan by offering seasonal, creative American cooking, like spring-pea gnocchi with pecorino Romano and summer truffles, in a comfortable, modern-art-filled environment. Now that the glass walls in the garden room swing open, dining out back is nearly alfresco. *24 W. 55th St. (212-767-0555). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Molyvos—This interpretive Greek restaurant a stone's throw from Carnegie Hall is a large, stylishly rustic showcase for chef Jim Botsacos's serious Mediterranean menu. Sit at one of the tables up front for drinks and meze, or indulge larger appetites with dishes like grilled octopus, rabbit stifado, and vegetable dolmades. *871 Seventh Ave., nr. 55th St. (212-582-7500). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Palladin—Famed French chef Jean-Louis Palladin has finally made it to Manhattan, where his unique creations (octopus seviche in chili-spiked grapefruit juice, oxtail crêpinette with bone-marrow flan) are served in the dining room of a new theater-district hotel designed by Adam Tihany. *224 W. 49th St. (212-320-2929). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rio de Janeiro—Meat is back in a big way at this churrascaria rodizio, where eighteen different cuts of beef are barbecued over a charcoal pit and served nonstop, until you say uncle. Live Brazilian music Wednesday through Sunday; prix fixe menus available. *127 W. 43rd St. (212-575-0808). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—is served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (212-245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (212-581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (212-397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Steaks have been added, starting at $14.95. *121 W. 45th St. (212-869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Armani Café—This stylish midtown haven for weary shoppers (and informed eaters) on the sixth floor and rooftop terrace of the clothing store offers wonderfully fresh salads, al dente pastas, delicious sandwiches, and entrée specials like grilled salmon garnished with farro and cucumber-fennel-chive salad. *601 Madison Ave., nr. 57th St. (212-715-0500). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Café Botanica—This American restaurant in the Essex House hotel is an airy, plant-filled respite from

Photographs: this page, Kenneth Chen; opposite, Holly Lynton

the congestion of Central Park South. Sunday brunch is a neighborhood fixture; at night, sample the chef's renditions of poached tuna Niçoise and rack of lamb. *160 Central Park So. (212-484-5120). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (212-758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (212-371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (212-753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (212-265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Boxers—This uptown outpost of the Greenwich Village Boxers has a similar menu of American staples like chicken potpie, burgers, and steaks. This spot, in the shadow of the Queensboro Bridge, enjoys the distinction of being one of the birthplaces of the Upper East Side swinging singles scene. In fact, the Tom Cruise vehicle *Cocktail* was filmed on the premises. *1152 First Ave., at 63rd St. (212-688-9663). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Fireman's of Brooklyn—The man behind midtown's nostalgic Brooklyn Diner expands on his outer-borough fantasy with this seafood house, which features a shrimp, oyster, and chowder bar; market-fresh fish; and landlubber options like filet mignon and "Bubba Fireman's chicken." *1081 Third Ave., nr. 64th St. (212-838-7570). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. *160 E. 64th St. (212-223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump, tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (212-879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (212-988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (212-644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep

Opening Smoked Fish

Now that TriBeCa's once-smokin' City Wine and Cigar has fizzled out, its owners have cleared the air and divided the redesigned space into Laight St., a fish restaurant under the culinary direction of Nantucket chef (and commercial scalloper) Peter Wallace, and the Dylan lounge, a late-night source of classic cocktails and raw oysters. Happily for light eaters, nearly every fish dish—honey-and-ginger octopus Niçoise, grilled sardine club with pancetta, and lobster risotto with preserved lemon, for example—can be ordered in half portions. (62 Laight Street; 212-334-2274.)

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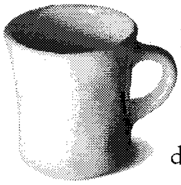
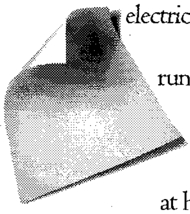
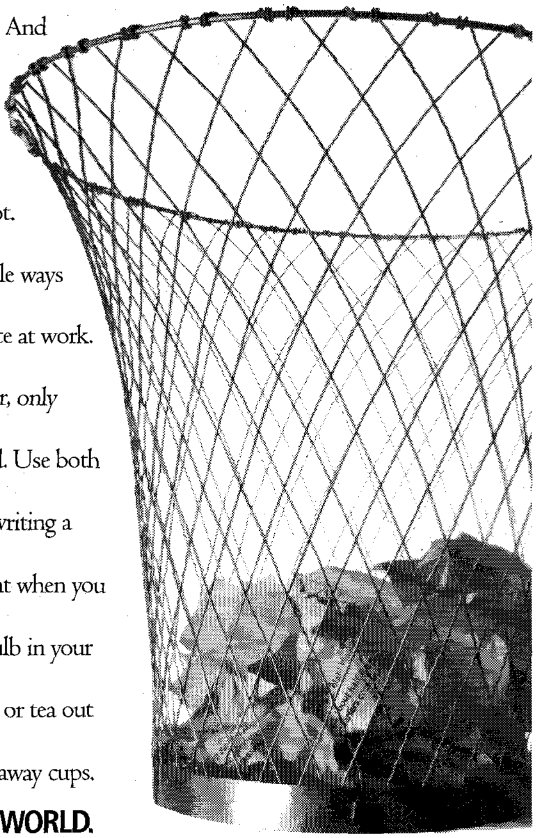

BE LESS PRODUCTIVE AT THE OFFICE.

The office has always been a place to get ahead. Unfortunately, it's also a place where a lot of natural resources start to fall behind. Take a look around the next time you're at work. See how many lights are left on when people leave. See how much paper is being wasted. How much electricity is being used to run computers that are left on. Look at how much water is being wasted in the restrooms. And how much solid waste is being thrown out in the trash cans. We bet it's a lot. Now, here are some simple ways you can produce less waste at work. When you're at the copier, only make the copies you need. Use both sides of the paper when writing a memo. Turn off your light when you leave. Use a lower watt bulb in your lamps. Drink your coffee or tea out of mugs instead of throwaway cups. Set up a recycling bin for aluminum cans and one for bottles. And when you're in the bathroom brushing your teeth or washing your face, don't let the faucet run. Remember, if we use fewer resources today, we'll save more for tomorrow. Which would truly be a job well done.

Use both sides of the paper when writing a memo.

Drink out of mugs instead of throwaway cups.

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Earth Share

the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (212-517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (212-585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (212-935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (212-861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (212-877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (212-769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (212-724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel o a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu i full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kob steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes th $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30 a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesda through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (212-799-0400) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sapphire Indian Cuisine—The management o TriBeCa's Salaam Bombay has brought regiona Indian cuisine to Columbus Circle, an area tha could use a tandoori infusion. The prix fixe lunc buffet is a bargain, and all the currently trend territories (Goa, Gujarat) are well-represented *1845 Broadway, nr. 61st St. (212-245-4444). (M AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a home place for upscale down-home food like chicke potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, wit homemade, award-winning jams and preserves *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (212-496-6280) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

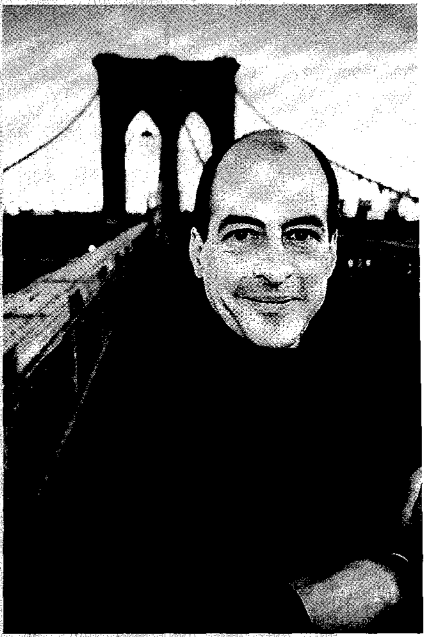
Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an ele gant and very well appointed room. Sensation antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-23 0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak f four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your ow house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

in concert

Comic-Book Opera at the Kitchen

Previews
Notes on War



Robert Spano takes a thematic approach to the past in "The Century," a five-part retrospective that explores what music can tell us about everything from World War II to Richard Nixon's politics, not to mention popular culture, environmental awareness—and God. "Our idea in looking at the century was not to try and represent in an encyclopedic way what went on musically but to try and see how the art of music was connected to the culture in which it was born," explains Spano (pictured), music director of the Brooklyn Philharmonic. The series begins with "Strings of War," a collection of pieces written by Bartók, Shostakovich, and Richard Strauss in response to World War II. Bartók wrote *Divertimento for Strings* in 1939 while hiding in Switzerland. "The piece has a certain levity, and yet these dark, ominous forces keep creeping in along the way. It's interesting how autobiographical it seems to be," says Spano. The next year, Bartók would flee to New York, where he would suffer creative impotence and financial hardship. Strauss composed *Metamorphosen,* written for 23 solo strings, in 1945 as an elegy for his beloved, war-ravaged Germany, and Shostakovich wrote his sweeping eighth string quartet in three days while working on music for a documentary film about the bombing of Dresden. Thematic unity may prevail in this program, but it isn't manifested as stylistic unity. Each composer—the compromised Strauss, precarious Bartók, and haunted Shostakovich—tells his own story. And that's history you won't find in a book.

ERIKA KINETZ

Classical Music

Tuesday, September 28

The Copenhagen Royal Chapel Choir—The boys' choir sings Byrd, Bruckner, Britten, and contemporary Danish music. *St. Thomas Church, 1 W. 53rd St. (212-664-9360), at 7:30; $10–$40.*

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Tchaikovsky's Fifth Symphony and Stravinsky's *Pulcinella* and *Capriccio,* with guest pianist Michel Beroff. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500), at 7:30; $18–$77.*

Wednesday, September 29

House Party—The Music From the Copland House ensemble celebrates the hundredth anniversary of Aaron Copland's birth, with composer and pianist Lukas Foss and violist Cynthia Phelps. *Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (212-501-3330), at 8; $18.*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducts an all–R. Strauss gala performance. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800), at 7; $35–$2,500.*

Thursday, September 30

The Carbon Copy Building—A comic-book opera about life in the city with music by Michael Gordon, David Lang, and Julia Wolf; words and drawings by Ben Katchor. *The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. (212-225-5793), at 7; $100.*

New York Philharmonic—Kurt Masur conducts Stravinsky's *Persephone* and Tchaikovsky's Violin Concerto, with guest Sarah Chang. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (212-721-6500), at 8; $18–$77.*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducts Bruckner's Symphony No. 5 in B-flat Major. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800), at 8; $30–$150.*

Friday, October 1

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Robert Spano conducts "Strings of War," with music by R. Strauss, Bartók, and Shostakovich. *BAM Harvey Theater (718-636-4100), at 8; $8–$40.*

The Carbon Copy Building—see 9/30, at 8; $20.

New York Philharmonic—See 9/30.

Saturday, October 2

Brooklyn Philharmonic—See 10/1.

The Carbon Copy Building—see 10/1, at 3 and 8.

New York Philharmonic—See 9/30.

The Locrian Chamber Players—Music of Thomas Adès. *Miller Theatre, Columbia University, 2960 Broadway, at 116th St. (212-854-7799), at 8; $15.*

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducts works by Brahms, Ravel, and Stravinsky. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800), at 8; $30–$150.*

Sunday, October 3

Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducts Mahler's Fifth Symphony. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800), at 2; $30–$150.*

Monday, October 4

New York Philharmonic—See 9/30.

Concerto Italiano—Conducted by Rinaldo Alessandrini. *Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (212-570-3949), at 7; $25.*

Randall Atcheson, Piano—Plays works by Bach, Chopin, Debussy, and Liszt. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (212-247-7800), at 8; $30–$45.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—*Cavalleria Rusticana* and *Pagliacci,* 9/30 at 7:30 and 10/4 at 8; *Moses und Aron,* 9/28 and 10/1 at 8; *Lucia di Lammermoor,* 9/29 at 8 and 10/2 at 1:30; *Otello,* 10/2 at 8:30. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (212-362-6000); $25–$225.*

New York City Opera—Mozart's *The Magic Flute,* 10/2 at 8; Rossini's *Il Viaggio a Reims,* 9/29 at 7:30; Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* 10/1 at 8 and 10/3 at 1:30; Handel's *Ariodante,* 9/30 at 7:30 and 10/2 at 1:30. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (212-870-5570); $22–$90.*

Dance

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Celebrates its thirtieth anniversary with dances by Dwight Rhoden, Robert Garland, Arthur Mitchell, and George Balanchine. Tue.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (212-581-1212); $35–$60.*

Ronald K. Brown/Evidence—Brooklyn-born Brown tackles the materialism of glossy magazines and the misuses of violence. Tue.–Sat. at 8 and Sun. at 7:30. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (212-242-0800); $26.*

Philadanco—Nearly 30 (a ripe old age for a dance company) and still inspired, Philadanco's dances draw on Australian aboriginal mythology, Rosa Parks, and Otis Redding's sweet "Satisfaction." 10/1 at 7, 10/2 at 2 and 7, and 10/3 at noon and 5; through 10/10. *New Victory Theater, 209 W. 42nd St. (212-239-6200); $10–$20.*

Luis Lara—The choreographer and visual artist turns his feverish imagination to surreal characters and objects that don't quite measure up. 10/1–10/3 at 8. *Joyce SoHo, 155 Mercer St. (212-334-7479); $12.*

Photograph by Michael Darter.

nightlife

Dub Allstars . . . "Jazz Insights" . . . "Fresh Fest"

Concerts

Gov't Mule—9/30 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (212-307-7171). $17.50.*

"The Original Fresh Fest"—Featuring Run-DMC, Sugar Hill Gang, Kurtis Blow, Grandmaster Melle Mel, Whodini. 9/30 at 8. *Hammerstein Ballroom at the Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. (212-307-7171). $30.*

Savina Yannatou—With Primavera en Salonico. 9/30 at 8. *92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (212-996-1100). $25.*

"World Festival III: Visions of New Worlds, Spanish Routes, and Rhythms"—Chucho Valdés Quintet and Danny Perez Trio. 10/1 at 8. *New Jersey Performing Arts Center, 1 Center St., Newark (212-888-GO-NJPAC). $10–$46.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—9/28: Happy Fernandez; Bomb Paris. 9/29: Nancy Boy; Stone Coyotes. 9/30: Standpipe; Soaked. *95 Stanton St. (212-358-1633). $.*

The Baggot Inn—9/28: Horizontally Speaking; David Kolker's Blues Thang. 9/29: Dave Fields Group; Solaris; Elena Zazanis. 9/30: Dan Neustadt; Lemongrass; Modesty Blaze; Carolanne Solebello. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-0622).*

Bottom Line—9/28: Sonia; Disappear Fear. 9/29: Savoy Brown; Kim Simmonds. 9/30: Lucy Kaplansky; Dee Cartensen. 10/1: "The Beat Goes On, Vol. 5." 10/2: Mike Stern. *15 W. 4th St. (212-228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—9/28: Afro-Celt Sound System. 9/30: Long Beach Dub Allstars. 10/4–10/5: The Church. *6 Delancey St. (212-533-2111).*

CBGB & OMFUG—9/28: Bank Theory; Ancient Chinese Secret; High Speed Chase. 9/29: Devlin; E Town Concrete; Candiria. 9/30: Verbena; Elegant Too. 10/2: The Bennies; Youngster; King Norris. *315 Bowery (212-982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—9/30: Sam Taylor. *73 Eighth Ave. (212-924-9755). $.*

Club El Flamingo—"The Donkey Show," doors at 8:30, shows at 9. *Club El Flamingo, 547 W. 21st St. (212-307-7171). $25.*

Cooler—9/29: Sainkho Namtchilak. 9/30: Challenge of the Future. 10/1: Royal Trux. 10/2: The Recoys; Lyres. *416 W. 14th St. (212-229-0785). $.*

Fez—Sundays: Kiki and Herb: "Have Another." Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (212-533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—9/29: Olodum. 10/1: Melanie C. 10/4: Luscious Jackson; Dangerman. *17 Irving Pl. (212-777-6800).*

Joe's Pub—9/30: Sista Factory. *425 Lafayette St. (212-239-6200).*

Knitting Factory—9/28: Sainkho Namtchilak; Angela Idealism; Electro-Fetus. 9/30–10/1: Isotope 217; Papa M; David Pajo; Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos. 10/2: Syd Straw; Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos; Roy Campbell; Aaron Alexander. 10/3: IHOT: International House of Trance; Chris Speed's Yeah No; Marc Ribot y Los Cubanos Postizos. 10/4: Don Byron's Existential Dred. *74 Leonard St. (212-219-3055). $.*

Manitoba's—9/28: J. C. Hopkins. *99 Ave. B (212-982-2511).*

Maxwell's—9/29: Bis; Butterflies of Love. 9/30: El Vez. 10/1: NRBQ. 10/2: Health & Happiness Show. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—9/28–9/29: El Vez: The Gospel Show. 9/30: Thin Lizard Dawn; Baby Steps. 10/1: Fighting Gravity. 10/2: P. W. Long; Richard Buckner. *217 E. Houston St. (212-260-4700).*

Phoenix Room—9/30: Jerry Dugger; Black Pearls. 10/2: Richie Cole's Alto Madness Orchestra. *Phoenix Room, 570 Amsterdam Ave., bet. 87th and 88th St. (212-580-7755).*

Rodeo Bar—10/1: The Niagras. 10/2: The Tennessee Rhythm Riders. 10/4: Bill Sims. *375 Third Ave. (212-683-6500).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 9/29–9/30: Israel "Cachao" Lopez. *204 Varick St. (212-243-4940).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 9/28: Native; Chuck Brownley. 9/29: Project Logic. 9/30: Tim Reynolds. 10/1: Screamin' Cheetah Wheelies. 10/2: Soup; Nymbus. *161 Hudson St. (212-966-5244). $.*

Performance

(Old) School's In

Nostalgia has hit hip-hop hard, and the "old school" revival is going into overdrive with "The Original Fresh Fest," which brings together elder statesmen the Sugar Hill Gang, Kurtis Blow, Whodini, and, pictured, Run-DMC (who recently turned in a fiery performance with Kid Rock at the MTV Video Music Awards). Bring your Kangol cap and striped Adidas sweatsuit to the Hammerstein Ballroom on September 30. (See "Concerts.")

Photograph by Jonathan Mannio

Clubland

Baby Jupiter—9/28: Zilo Groove. 9/30: John Carlin Mollie King; Black Beatle; Tom Freund. *170 Orchard St. (212-780-0287). $.*

Baktun—A small, way-way-west venue that's hos to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentiou club nights, like the biweekly deep-house themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-runnin house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direc Drive," a strictly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J. Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chr Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for com

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

plete schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (212-206-1590).*

Don Hill's—South and west enough to scare away the rabble, this inconspicuous bar hosts rockers, club kids, and vinyl gourmets—all of whom groove to some of the best D.J.'s in the city. Saturdays belong to the British rock of "Tiswas." Sundays, D.J. Johnny Sender spins an eclectic mix of soul, funk, rock, R&B, salsa, and house at "Loose." *511 Greenwich St. (212-219-2850). $.*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultrahip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly no-D.J.'s party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul-dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (212-228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends" a soulful house party with music from resident D.J. Adam Scott. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. Life also hosts a monthly drum-'n'-bass party called "Heat." 9/29: "The Sounds of Philadelphia," with Soul Dhamma and King Britt. *158 Bleecker St. (212-420-1999).*

Shine—Once an important spot for up-and-coming rock and dance acts, this downtown spot is now home to low-key, D.J.-oriented theme nights like the upscale house-music party "Groove On!," hosted by Limelight impresario Alan Sanctuary, and a brand-new Friday-night party called "Looker," which promises go-go girls and belly dancers. *285 W. Broadway (212-941-0900).*

Speeed—One of the last Manhattan "megaclubs," Speeed features three floors of dancing, a VVIP room (for those occasions when plain VIP just won't cut it), and a swanky roof deck. Every Friday, the main floor belongs to Hot 97's D.J. Enuff. Saturdays, D.J.'s Doo Wop and Gyvis spin classic hip-hop, while Frank Delour spins house. "Cafe Con Leche," a Latin-house-themed night, takes over every Sunday. *20 W. 39th St. (212-719-9867).*

Twilo—Twilo is *the* superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. *530 W. 27th St. (212-268-1600).*

Vanity—This small, unassuming club stays fairly quiet most of the week but livens up Wednesdays with the drum-'n'-bass, house, and hip-hop party "Surface," featuring local D.J.'s Swingswett and Reid Speed, and Thursdays with the excellent drum-'n'-bass party "Physics," which draws top talent from the U.K. One note of caution: Vanity's bar staff is among the rudest in the city. *28 E. 23rd St. (212-254-6117). $.*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. "Little" Louie Vega spins at the relaxed, low-key (for now) house party "Sunset Ritual" every Wednesday, Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. *6 Hubert St. (212-343-1379).*

The Warehouse—Manhattan-centric clubbers have been eating their bridge-and-tunnel-dissing crow, thanks to this house-music paradise located in, of all places, the Bronx. Saturdays are the night to head up to the venue and check out D.J.'s like T-Pro and Andre Collins. Could this be the beginning of an outer-borough clubland renaissance? *141 W. 140th st. (718-992-5974).*

Westbeth Theatre—The West Side's midsize, mid-priced rock venue, which makes up for some unfortunately placed columns with the pleasant addition of a sultry bar and lounge. 9/30: Rockstar presents the Alkaholiks; D.J. Evil Dee. *151 Bank St. (212-691-2272).*

Jazz

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Ellington Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 9/29: Pierre Dorge and the New Jungle Orchestra. 9/30: Michael Wolff Jazz World Workshop. 10/1–10/2: Bill Buford's Earthworks. *315 W. 44th St. (212-581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 9/28–10/3: Terence Blanchard. *131 W. 3rd St. (212-475-8592).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 9/28: Larry Corban Trio. 9/29: Mike Fahn Quintet. 9/30: Elvis Sinatra. 10/1: Matt Hong. *349 E. 13th St. (212-533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. *174 Orchard St. (212-780-0313).*

Garage Restaurant and Cafe—A comfortable West Village jazz spot located in a former auto garage. 9/28: David Coss. 9/29: Teri Roger. 9/30: Virginia Mayhew. *99 Seventh Ave. So. (212-645-0600).*

Iridium—In this surreal basement venue across from Lincoln Center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table placement minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 9/28–10/3: David Murray Octet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight sets Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (212-582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running, Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its 33rd season, with the usual high-caliber house band. 10/1: Francesca Tanksley Trio. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (212-832-0888).*

"Jazz Insights: The Legacy of Charlie Parker"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 9/28: Phil Woods. Tuesdays, 7:45–9:30. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (212-229-5873). $25.*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7, guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10; Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight; and Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 9/29–10/3:

Performance

There's the Dub

Long Beach Dub Allstars bassist Eric Wilson (pictured, second from right) might be a hardened rock veteran who's survived the breakup of Sublime, but he's less comfortable talking about his new group's debut album than about personal heroes like seventies dub-reggae artists Lee "Scratch" Perry and Augustus Pablo. "I just worship them, man," says Wilson—speaking from a hotel "somewhere in Florida," where the band is embarking on its first tour—"that's why I just can't get into modern music." In Sublime, though, he and Long Beach bandmate Bud Gaugh—along with the late singer Brad Nowell—helped reintroduce those reggae rhythms to modern pop, setting a template more popular bands like Sugar Ray would follow. Nowell died of a heroin overdose in May 1996, but it was the self-titled album released just two months after his death that popularized his group's mixture of dub, punk, and sunny Southern California pop. After *Sublime* became one of the strongest-selling alternative-rock albums of 1997, Wilson and Gaugh formed the Long Beach Dub Allstars to perform at a benefit for Nowell's son, and they now have their own recording contract with Dreamworks. Like Sublime's, their grasp of Jamaican music goes beyond appropriation, and the sounds on their album *Right Back* range from sun-soaked ska ("Rosarito") to hyperkinetic dancehall ("Sensi"). They also give a nod to their punk-rock roots on "Fugazi," a tribute to the Washington, D.C., hardcore band set to the turgid bassline of that group's "Waiting Room." Appropriately for a group so devoted to their influences, "we were pretty nervous about asking [Fugazi front man Ian MacKaye] for permission," Wilson remembers. "But he agreed to let us do it straightaway, and he didn't want royalties."

ETHAN BROWN

hotograph by John Dunne.

Previews

Bird's Brain

Music historian Arnold Jay Smith begins offering more "Jazz Insights"—his Tuesday-night series of discussions and performances centered on pivotal artists—September 28 at the New School. This fall, he'll explore the legacy of Charlie Parker, with performances from luminaries like bop saxophonist Phil Woods. (See "Jazz.")

Bobby Hutcherson Quartet. *116 E. 27th St. (212-576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—On Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. The museum's Sette restaurant offers jazz Thursdays and Saturdays, 6–10. *11 W. 53rd St. (212-708-0480).*

Red Blazer—Mondays: Red Blazer Dixie. Tuesdays: Stan Gold's Quartet. Wednesdays: Francine Whitney & the 52nd St. Swing Band. Thursdays: Stan Rubin's Big Band, featuring Cary Hoffman. Fridays: Kelly Friessen's Gritty City Swing Band. Saturdays: Bob Cantwell's Jazz Quintet. *32 W. 37th St. (212-947-6428).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (212-929-7565). $.*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Saturday, jazz brunch with Ilhan Ersahin. Sundays, Chuck Folds hosts "the original jazz brunch." Every Monday, it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (212-242-1785).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (212-873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 9/28: David Krakauer; Christine Bard; Jim Pugliese; Erik Friedlander. 9/29: Yale Strom; Uri Caine; D.J. Olive; Ben Perowski. 9/30: Naftule's Dream; John Zorn's Masada; Zbuvim. 10/1: Haunted House; Two Dollar Guitar. 10/2: William Parker; Little Huey Creative Music Orchestra; Ikue Mori; Kim Gordon; D.J. Olive; Slow Poke. *107 Norfolk St. (212-358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 9/28–10/3: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (212-255-4037). $.*

Comedy

"Bass Comedy Festival"—9/29–10/2. At venues throughout the city. 9/29 at 8: "Bass Comedy Casting Call"; *Ace Bar, 531 E. 5th St. (212-979-8476).* 9/30 at 8: "Bass Laughs"; *Belmont Lounge, 117 E. 15th St. (212-533-0009).* 10/1 at 9: "Bass Laughs"; *Solas, 232 E. 9th St. (212-375-0297).* 10/2 at 8: "Grand Finale"; *Exit Club, 610 W. 56th St. (212-582-8282).*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (212-477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (212-757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 10/3: Colin Quinn; Dave Attell; Mitch Fatel; Greg Giraldo; Jim Norton; Godfrey. *117 Macdougal St. (212-254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (212-861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (212-593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Every Tues. and Sun., New Talent Showcase. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 10/4: "Commedia dell'Jiles," with Jennifer Jiles, Billy Cook, Ron Domingo, J. Richey Nash, and Jeff Sproul. *34 W. 22nd St. (212-367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. Cover is $7–$12. *236 W. 78th St. (212-595-0850).*

Surf Reality—The Lower East Side's fave spot for sketch and improv, slackerly and otherwise. Thursdays: "The Black, the Jew and You!" *172 Allen St., second floor (212-673-4182). $.*

"This Thursday"—Ahna Tessler and Lauren Engel present a weekly sketch-comedy show featuring various musical guests and stand-up comedians. Thursdays at 10. *Kraine Theater at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (212-995-8502). $5.*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. Sundays: The Howard Fishman Quartet. Through 10/4: Cavalcade of Cabaret. *59 W. 44th St. (212-840-6800).*

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics, with an emphasis on opera and operetta, are the keynote of this Village landmark. Late dining. *13 E. 12th St. (212-741-9105).*

Bemelmans Bar—Through 10/9: Peter Mintun. $10 cover charge; $5 at the bar. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. Through 10/9: Barbara Cook. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (212-744-1600).*

Cafe Pierre—Tues.–Sat., singer-pianist Kathleen Landis performs works by Gershwin, Van Heusen, Arlen, and Rogers & Hammerstein in "Where o When?" Sun.–Mon., Nancy Winston sings and plays piano. $19 minimum; jacket and tie required. *Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (212-940-8195).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? Wednesdays at 8:30 "The Next Big Broadway Musical," an improvise comedy. $10 cover; two-drink minimum 10/3–10/5: Tim Draxl's "Love Is Where It Starts." *343 W. 46th St. (212-757-0788). $.*

Duplex—10/2 at 8: Michael Garin. $10 cover; two-drink minimum. *Duplex Theatre, 61 Christophe St., at Sheridan Square (212-255-5438).*

FireBird Café—The theater district's newest post-show snuggery, right next door to an overwrough Russian restaurant—steer clear of the Cossack dagger-toting doormen and you'll be fine Wed.–Thurs., sets at 9. Fri. and Sat., sets at 9 an 11. $30 cover; $20 minimum. 9/29–10/1. *363 W 46th St. (212-586-0244).*

Judy's—9/28: Judy Orlando; David Lahm. 9/29 James Strauss; Steve Sweeting. 9/30: Michae McQuary. 10/1: "If the Boy Is Prettier Than You Songs of Frank D'Agostino"; James Beaman 10/2: Judy Kreston; David Lahm; Lee Lessack Joan Ryan; John Boswell. 10/3: Susan Baum Deian McBryde; Lee Lessack; Joan Ryan; John Boswell. *169 Eighth Ave. (212-929-5410).*

Metronome—Shows at 7:30. 9/30: Caros Ponc Quartet. *915 Broadway, at 21st St. (212-505-7400,*

Sardi's—Fridays, John Malino's combo plays jaz standards and a little "down-home blues." No cover; $12 minimum. *Starboard Home,* a new music by Chuck Muckle and David Eisner. *234 W. 44t St. (212-221-8444).*

Supper Club—"This Joint Is Jumpin'," with Vivia Reed, Kevin Ramsey, and the Supper Club 17 Piece Big Band. 10/1–10/2: Jive Acres. *240 W 47th St. (212-307-7171).*

Photograph courtesy of London Feature

the mix

Looking Latina...The Millennial Pope

John Leonard's TV Notes

John Paul II: The Millennial Pope (9/28; 9 to 11:30 P.M.; Channel 13), a "Frontline" documentary from Helen Whitney, follows Karol Wojtyla from his childhood in Wadowice to his stewardship in Rome, with globe-trotting side trips—from his relations with Jews and women to his opposition to Communism, consumerism, liberation theology, birth control, and capital punishment; from poetry to faith. Besides the surprising photographs and evocative music, there are interviews with an unusually broad range of opinionated bystanders, including the novelist Robert Stone, the feminist Germaine Greer, and the cabaret chanteuse Andrea Marcovicci.

Second Sight (9/30 and 10/7; 9 to 10:30 P.M.; Channel 13) kicks off a new "Mystery!" season with two brand-new British police detectives, Ross Tanner (Clive Owen) and Catherine Tully (Claire Skinner), investigating the brutal murder of a college student home for a weekend with his remarkably dysfunctional family. While veterans of the genre are likely to guess the truth about this family long before the two detectives, their relationship—he is going blind and she has her own reasons for agreeing to be his eyes—is wholly absorbing, and director Charles Beeson uses the descent into blindness as an opportunity for genuinely shocking camera tricks.

ir Arthur Conan Doyle's *The Lost World* (Saturdays, 2 to 3 P.M., starting 10/2; Channel 11) and *Relic Hunter* both prove that preposterous narrative is alive and well in series syndication. *Lost World,* which seems to have consulted an entirely different Sir Arthur Conan Doyle from the one who inspired the recent USA mini-series, features dinosaurs, ape-men, carnivorous flowers, and killer bees. (At all costs, don't miss the episode in which the blonde native girl ventures into the honeycomb hive of the Gigantic Queen Bee to steal some royal jelly.) *Relic Hunter* features Tia Carrere as a kickboxing professor of history, a sort of Indiana Jane, who strips for action more often than is strictly necessary, even when the Buddha is watching in a Nepalese hidey-hole.

nimal Farm (10/3; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT), a well-meaning but misbegotten adaptation of Orwell's black fable about Communism, stars Pete Postlethwaite as Farmer Jones, a barnyard of beasts half real and half animatronic–Jim Henson's Creature Shop, and the practiced voices of Peter Ustinov as Old Major (Marx and/or Lenin), Patrick Stewart as Napoleon (Stalin), Kelsey Grammer as Snowball (Trotsky), Ian Holm as Squealer (think Goebbels), Paul Scofield as Boxer (the working-class horse), and Julia Ormond as Jessie (the sheepdog whose puppies are raised by pigs to be secret police). A neat solidarity song and a terrific propaganda film-within-the-film—but, oh my, that update to 1989! Orwell was content to observe that the Communists and capitalists all ended up looking identically piggish at Yalta.

oad Rage (10/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC), in which Yasmine Bleeth and her whole family are stalked unto fiery destruction by Jere Burns whose delivery truck she cut off at a freeway exit, proves exactly what I've always said about cell phones and those who yak on them instead of paying attention to the dangerous world.

rget Me Never (10/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) sends Mia Farrow on a harrowing trip into early-onset Alzheimer's, with Martin Sheen as the husband who would rather not believe that any of this is happening and Colm Feore as a college professor with the same problem in four different languages. Farrow, writing notes to herself on how to make breakfast, is superb.

A Rather English Marriage (10/3; 9 to 11 P.M.; Channel 13) launches a new "Masterpiece Theatre" season by reuniting Albert Finney and Tom Courtenay, so memorable together in *The Dresser,* as an odd-couple pairing of recent widowers who move in together before Joanna Lumley makes her moves on Finney. It's a slight tale, from the Angela Lambert novel, on which splendid acting has been lavished. Try not to get misty-eyed at the sight of Finney and Courtenay dancing cheek-to-cheek.

Lectures and Panels

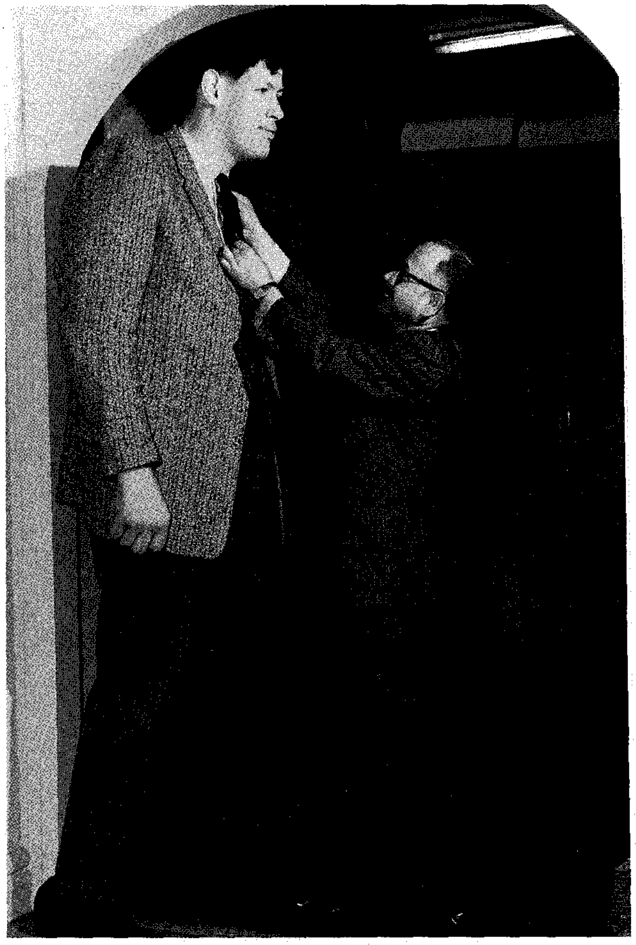
"Made in the Shade"—9/29 at 10:30 A.M.: Learn how to use perennials, annuals, bulbs, and woody plants to create contrast and color in shade gardens with Judy Glattstein. The New York Botanical Garden, 200th St. and Kazimiroff Blvd., Bronx (718-817-8743); $44.

Holly Solomon—9/30 at 6:30 P.M.: The vanguard collector who helped bring Pop Art to the foreground in the late sixties and seventies talks about past and current trends in the art market. William Doyle Galleries, 175 E. 87th St. (212-427-4141, ext. 600); free, get tickets in advance.

"The Making of the Mahatma"—10/1 at 6:30 P.M.: A screening of Shyam Benegal's film about Gandhi and a discussion with Benegal and representatives from the Martin Luther King Center for Non-Violent Change. Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (212-517-ASIA); $15.

"Looking Latina: Beauty and Image in America"—10/3 at 2 P.M.: Sandra Guzman, editor-in-chief of *Latina;* Lucy Lara, beauty and fashion editor of *People en Español;* Anna Maria Aria, publisher of *Latina Style;* and Professor Clara Rodriguez of Fordham University discuss beauty and image in America for Latinas. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); $4-$10; advance registration required.

"Piano in the Foreground—Ellington the Pianist"—10/4 at 7 P.M.: An illustrated lecture with Dick Katz in conjunction with "Jazz at Lincoln Center." The Juilliard School's Morse Hall, 155 W. 65th St. (212-875-5599); free.



otograph courtesy of Corbis-Bettman Archives.

On Air Living Large

***The Jewish Giant,* a documentary by Dave Isay's protégée Stacy Abramson, airs on NPR October 6, but you can listen to the very tall tale of Eddie Carmel, the eight-foot-nine-inch New Yorker immortalized in a Diane Arbus photo, any time you want at Isay's www.soundportraits.org, where you'll discover full audio clips for all of the company's award-winning documentaries.**

The Written Word

Jessica Hagedorn—9/29 at 6 P.M.: Reading from *Dogeaters.* Long Island University's Brooklyn Campus, corner of DeKalb Ave. and Flatbush Ave. Extension (718-488-1109); free.

Deborah Weisgall—9/28 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *A Joyful Noise.* Barnes & Noble, 2289 Broadway, at 82nd St. (212-362-8835); free.

Wayne Koestenbaum—9/29 at 6:30 P.M.: Reading from recent poetry and then interviewed by David Lehman. The New School, Room 510, 66 W. 12th St. (229-548); $5.

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	TB MSG 7:30PM	BAL MSG 7:00PM	BAL MSG 7:00PM	BAL MSG 7:00PM	TB MSG 7:00PM	TB MSG 6:30PM	TB MSG 1:30PM
METS		ATL FOX 7:00PM	ATL FOX 7:00PM	ATL FOX 7:00PM	PIT FOX 7:00PM	PIT FOX 7:00PM	PIT FOX 1:30PM
METROSTARS						NE METRO 7:30PM	
JETS							DEN CBS 4:00PM
GIANTS							PHI ABC 1:00PM
	9/27	9/28	9/29	9/30	10/1	10/2	10/3

Sapphire, Kate Braverman, Rene Steinke, and Fran Gordon—10/1 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Black Wings & Blind Angels, Small Craft Warnings, The Fires,* and *Paisley Girl,* respectively. The National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (212-592-4648); free, wear a jacket.

Walter A. de Milly III—10/4 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *My Father's House: A True Tale of Incest.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

James Cummings and Carolyn Kizer—10/4 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from recent work at KGB, 85 E. 4th St. (505-3360); free.

Kathleen Chalfant and Dick Cavett reading from the works of Willa Cather—10/4 at 6:30 P.M.: To benefit the restoration of an 1885 opera house in Cather's hometown, Red Cloud, Nebraska. Citibank, 153 E. 53rd St. (212-824-1354); $100.

Tours

"Chinatown"—10/2 at 1 P.M.: A walking tour of the largest Chinatown in the Western hemisphere. Tour includes a Mahayana Buddhist temple, Confucius Plaza, the Kim Lau Memorial, and Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's secret headquarters. Meet at the southeast corner of Broadway and Canal St. (732-270-5277); $10.

Events

Wendy's New York Armory Show—9/29–10/3: One hundred international dealers bring Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Chinese, French, American, and pre-Columbian antiques and the jewelry of Cartier, Tiffany, Van Cleef & Arpels, Bulgari, and Buccallati to the Seventh Regiment Armory, at 67th St. and Park Ave. (212-472-1180); $10.

Downtown Arts Festival—Through 9/30: Cutting-edge art—like performances on Chelsea rooftops and a free block party with electronic music and video shorts—throughout Chelsea, SoHo, and the Lower East Side. Call the festival hotline at 212-243-7656 for a complete guide to locations, times, and prices; many events are free.

New York City Oyster Festival—10/2 at 12 noon: Guinness, oysters, live music. E. 4th St. bet. Lafayette St. and the Bowery (212-777-1089); free.

Benefits

"Show and Tell"—9/29 at 7 P.M.: Food from Chanterelle, wines from Bouchard Père & Fils, and spiels from Susan Sarandon, Gloria Steinem, Bill T. Jones, Tony Kushner, and Vernon Reid to benefit the educational programs of the Bill T. Jones/Arnie Zane Dance Company. Kit Kat Club, 124 W. 43rd St. (212-477-1850); $150–$750.

"Shelters for Shelter"—10/1 at 11 A.M.: A tour of the homes of interior designers like Kitty Hawks, John Christensen, Evan Koopman, and Stephanie Stokes on the Upper East Side to benefit the Lenox Hill Neighborhood House Women's Shelter. The tour starts with coffee and pastries at 331 E. 70th St. (212-744-5022, ext. 1282); $100.

"Harborthon"—10/2 at 11 A.M.: A street fair with food, games, pony rides, a petting zoo, salsa, and jazz to benefit the Boys Harbor youth agency. 104th St. bet. Fifth and Madison Aves. (212-413-0527); free.

"The Good Life"—10/4 at 7 P.M.: Best Friends Animal Sanctuary, Mary Tyler Moore, and Bernadette Peters host a benefit for stray cats and dogs. W Hotel, 541 Lexington Ave., at 49th St. (212-252-4822); $300–$5,000.

Exhibitions

"Two Five-Letter Words: Lenny Bruce"—Through 10/3: A tribute to the late blacklisted comedian featuring all of Bruce's surviving television work, including appearances on *The Steve Allen Show* and *Arthur Godfrey and Friends.* Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (212-621-6800); $6.

"Fashion Onstage: Couture for the Broadway Theater, 1910–1955"—Through 2/27/00: An exploration of costume couture. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (212-534-1672); recommended donation $5.

Online

***New York* Magazine on the Web**—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: Remember when, with the New-York Historical Society; vote for your favorite foreign films and win; get to the heart of the news with 1stHeadlines; discover all sorts of reasons to have an anxiety attack; and educate your kids—and yourself—about Asian culture. And while you're in the neighborhood at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from the current issue, extensive archives, and our expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like daily event picks, "First Words" for bibliophiles, our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and more.

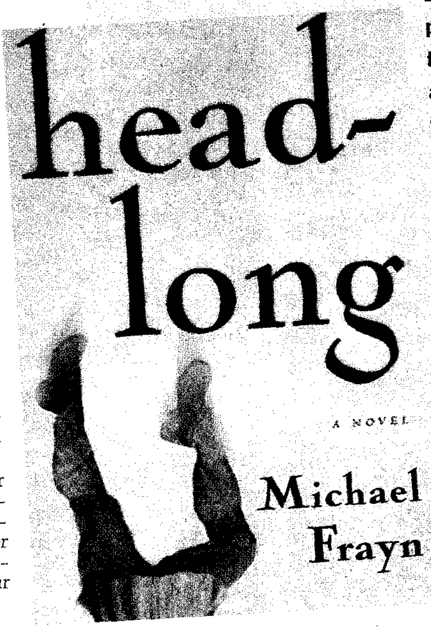
Sports

NYC Marathon Long Training Run—Nine out of ten runners surveyed say running twenty miles is easier when done with a group, so why make it harder on yourself? On Saturday, 10/2, get ready to do up to twenty miles with pace groups and leaders, fuel for distance (water, Gatorade, PowerGel, bananas, and bagels), mile markers, and the good company of fellow runners. This is the second in New York Road Runners Club's Long Training Runs, which help runners handle

In Print
The Art of the Steal

Michael Frayn was browsing through the Brueghel collection at the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna one day when he noticed that only five of Brueghel's six famous paintings depicting different seasons of the year have been accounted for. "I immediately thought, what if someone found the missing picture," he says. Frayn has long been curious about historical mysteries and their potential implications; in his play *Copenhagen*—a hit in London scheduled for a Broadway run this spring—he wonders what might have happened in 1941 when German atomic physicist Werner Heisenberg paid his mentor Niels Bohr a visit in occupied Denmark. "When I got back to London, I thought I'd do a little research on Brueghel, but I promptly became obsessed." As does the protagonist of his new comic novel *Headlong.* Martin Clay thinks he's stumbled upon the missing masterpiece casually parked in a neighbor's house, and his life is thrown into upheaval as he schemes to snag the treasure from its oblivious owner. Some might deem Clay's evasive, acquisitive tactics a little dicey, but Frayn isn't so sure. "Reviewers have suggested that he's criminal or immoral, but I feel he has an ordinary viewpoint," says the novelist. "Art dealers have told me that it's a very common occurrence—you're called in to look at some uninteresting picture and you go and have a pee and see some major piece of work. Now, do you go running down and say, 'Do you know what you have in your loo?' " Alas, we forgot to ask Frayn, who will be reading at the Drama Book Shop on September 29 and at Barnes & Noble Lincoln Center on the 30th (see listings), what he keeps in his loo. Next time.

ARIEL LEVY



The Tube **In *Louis Theroux's Weird Weekends,* airing on Bravo October 1 at 8 P.M., we get to see our odd and awed host penetrate freaky bastions of American culture like the pro-wrestling scene, the porn industry, and the militia. "The show is laughing at me, adrift in their world, as much as at them," says Theroux, a former correspondent for Michael Moore's *TV Nation.* "I'm *not* a matinee idol disguised as a nerd."**

serious mileage and prepare for this year's marathon. The non-competitive run begins at 7:30 A.M. in Central Park at East Drive and 99th St., and you must pre-register and be an NYRRC member in order to participate. For more information, contact NYRRC at 212-860-4455, or visit them on the Web at www.nyrcc.org.

scape From New York Century Bike Tour—Discover the thrill and beauty of riding scenic back roads and across the George Washington Bridge on Saturday, 10/2. The NewYork Cycle Club offers three routes for your riding pleasure: the 100-mile Bear Mountain Blast (7 A.M.), the 62-mile Rockland Roll to Rockland Lake State Park (8 A.M.), and the 50-mile Piermont Pleasures to the historic Hudson village (9 A.M.). All the rides are fully supported and meet at Riverside Drive and 122nd St., opposite Grant's Tomb. Fee: $25 on day of event; call 212-886-4545 or visit www.nycc.org. for more information.

otograph by N. Johnson.

Wolff *continued from page 23*

niss's story of a *haimish* soccer team became uncomfortably dark as well—corruption, kickbacks, thrown games, Mafia—adding layers of ambiguity and legal issues to the book.

McGinniss, sensing a loss of enthusiasm in the months before his publication (this is almost a business term in the book industry: "There's a lot of enthusiasm for the book" means it isn't dead yet; "There's not a lot of enthusiasm for the book" means it is on its way to the pulper), tries to fight back.

It is perhaps unfair to accuse publishing houses of being solely bottom-line-focused, because people who work in publishing houses actually know frighteningly little about business. And yet, through the course of the conglomeration, mediafication, and superstoreization of the book business, a psychological shift has occurred that has made the book business at least recognizable to a venture capitalist. That is, a book company sees itself as principally making bets rather than marketing products. Some pay off—Frances Mayes's Tuscany books, for instance—at such a rate that the return on investment is great enough to amortize a considerable number of losses. The focus is on the random winners. Likewise, it is a perfectly understandable human and institutional response to minimize or deny the existence of a failed or not-so-successful bet—i.e., to cut your losses. Accordingly, if your book starts to be a nonsuccess, there is no mechanism for trying to make it a success (or more of a success than a failure).

The trade-off for finding yourself on the wrong side of the gamble is that you have probably been paid quite well for your flop. And while your flop will certainly not increase your chances of a future big-money advance, complaining (after all, you got the money) won't, either.

By the time the book is published in May, McGinniss has lost it. Through the e-mails he sends his publisher (and copies the world), and the e-mails he sends his friends recounting his travails, it's easy to see what's going on—although McGinniss doesn't see it. He believes his book is failing because of his publisher's incompetence (and indeed what author has not thought this: publicity arranged by 22-year-olds, covers designed by freelancers paid a few hundred dollars, marketing people with no training in marketing, etc.).

But really it is just a conflict of business models. McGinniss, like any author, has but one product, on which basis he rises or falls. A publisher has many, and only a few need to really sell—only a few can really sell (shelf space is a Darwinian world). As in most businesses, in the book business, the overwhelming inclination (not to mention profitable strategy) is to sell what it is easiest to sell. "Perhaps the standard, traditional, cookie-cutter publicity operation, no matter how much everyone cared and how hard everyone worked, was less than this book required," offers McGinniss in his e-mail. "Duh," someone was probably saying (or at least thinking) at Little, Brown, "and that's why we're not doing it."

And so McGinniss became a crazy man. He blamed the book jacket, the libel lawyers, the publicity efforts, his editor's moral character. In England, he blames the course of English history ("Three times I wrote you asking what was going wrong, and whether you did not think my doing personal publicity—as had been scheduled and was only canceled due to blunders at your end—might stop the hemorrhage. Three times, you simply chose not to answer. And when finally you did, you wrote only that any decisions 'will have to wait until tomorrow.' Oh, my goodness. Wasn't this how you lost the Empire?"). In Italy, where the book's villain has him tied up in frightening if dubious (and confusing) legal proceedings, and where his publisher (Garzanti) has now dropped the book because of the legal specters, he is crying nothing short of fascism.

McGinniss believes, sentimentally, that publishers publish books and writers write books. In fact, that latter job has largely been taken over by celebrities, politicians, businessmen (often subsidizing their own books), genre specialists, and anyone who can supply free promotion. That's who writers compete with. A writer has to take his shot like everyone else, and like everyone else face sudden death.

ODDLY, IN THE NEW BOTTOM-LINE, HIT-OR-miss, succeed-or-fail world, nobody talks about numbers. No one discusses the mechanics of selling books and making money—that is, sales goals, order projections, break-even points, promotional budgets—at least not with writers. If it were Jell-O, or software, they'd certainly tell you how many orders were shipped. But with books, if you ask about the numbers, a mask of concern descends over your publisher's face. To ask is to be troublesome. It is as though you would willfully destroy some carefully constructed artifice.

But this is cracking fast.

If writers have to be entrepreneurs, let's get on with it. Joe McGinniss is already in the advanced e-mail marketing class. ■

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

kids

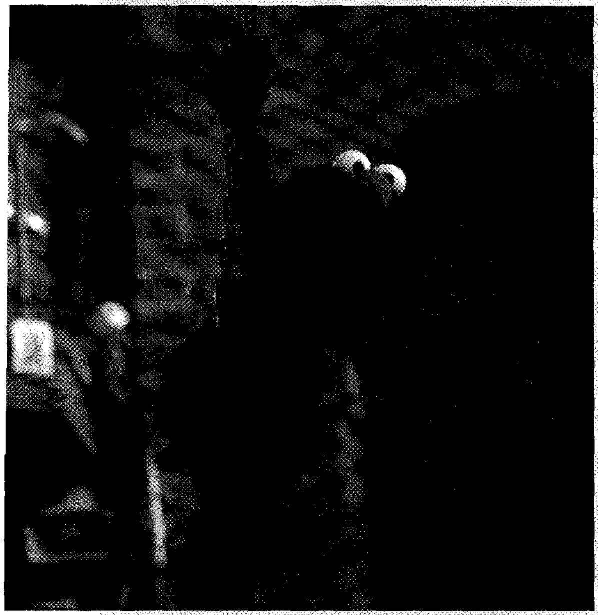
Potter...Philadanco...Playground

Opening

Not Yours. Mine.

The parents of Elmo's hard-core *Sesame Street* audience do buy into all that stuff about sharing, they really do. So seeing Elmo carrying on in prime time with music icons like Lauryn Hill and Steven Tyler, a gig that begat a best-selling CD and video—that did not get their backs up. However, the parents of these same *Sesame Street* viewers would like to point out that it was *not* these older kids who made Elmo what he is today—those kids have plenty of other role models to fall back on, they can do without him very nicely, and these are facts Elmo would do well to remember. Elmo's first movie, in theaters this week, has a worrisome title. *The Adventures of Elmo in Grouchland* suggests plot, tension, perhaps some unpleasant behavior. Could Elmo now be running exclusively with a crowd that can, too, tie its shoe laces? Three-and-a-half-year-old Jack Marooney, an Elmo guy all his life, can unfortunately do little to dispel these parental misgivings. "Scary" is his description of the film. Elmo's blanket—the blue one he says hello to every morning—gets spirited off by a bully (played by Mandy Patinkin). Breathless pursuit drags us through a netherworld populated with yet more unpleasant types. Bert and Ernie appear onscreen now and then—in a transparent but ineffective attempt to comfort guys like Jack through such trying circumstances. Ernie, in obvious need of reassurance himself, reasons that since this is a movie, it's got to end happily; Bert, true to form, offers a whole list of exceptions to that rule. Even though the only other movie Jack has ever seen is not *Titanic* but actually *Tarzan,* he is inclined to agree with Bert. We are outside the comforting familiarity of "Elmo's World"—so best to cover the eyes, somewhat, from here on in. To the vast relief of the Jacks in the audience, Elmo *does* get his beloved blanket back. But mothers are now in a huff about the shockingly un-PBS way this occurs: The bad guy gets outmaneuvered. "It did seem like a great opportunity for a lesson was lost there," says Jack's mother, Lisa, trying to sound nonchalant about the indignity of being let down by an uppity puppet on the fast track to celebrity. She has an idea about what kind of lesson the bully in the movie should have been enlightened with: "something about sharing." Oh, *that.*

BARBARA ENSOR



Children's Events

Roundabouts and Swings—Hosted by Playground Partners, the group—affiliated with the Central Park Conservancy—that helps provide safe, well-maintained playgrounds for one and all. There will be a bubble-blowing party with puppets and singalongs, and cookies, juice, and insulated lunch bags will be handed out. Diane Chernoff-Rosen and Lisa Levinson, authors of *The Grownup's Guide to Living With Kids in Manhattan,* share their wisdom about ways to enjoy Central Park with a child. 10/5 from 10 to 11:30. **JAMES MICHAEL LEVIN PLAYGROUND**, inside Central Park at Fifth Avenue and 76th St. (Rain date: 10/7.) ●●

Dancing Bric-a-brac—Bring buttons, bottle tops, lonely socks, and whatever's underneath your sofa to a Junk Puppet Workshop presented by the Faux-Real Theater at **PINK PONY**, 10/2 from 11 to 12:30, at 178 Ludlow St. (212-269-4849); $9.●

Ugly Duckling—The Center for Contemporary Culture offers a series of matinee musical productions for kids ages 3 to 10, preceded by hands-on workshops. Andersen's classic opens the season, 10/1 through 10/30. The Little Theater at the **WEST SIDE YMCA**. Tickets are $20 for kids, $10 for adults (accompanied by a child).

Make Up Your Mind—Through the end of October, prospective students can try out classes at the **92ND ST. Y**'s School of the Arts at no charge. For a free copy of the catalogue with further details, call 212-996-1100. ●

Victorious—**THE NEW VICTORY THEATER,** which has consistently raised dance, theater, and performance specifically for a family audience to new levels—and still managed to let in breaths of fresh air—starts up another season. Firs off, Philadanco (10/1 through 10/10) is the opener of a three-part dance series. The African-American ensemble moves fluidly through a repertoir that encompasses George Faison's comical *Suit Otis,* Milton Myers's neoclassical *Joy,* and *Rosa,* Billy Wilson's vivid tribute to Rosa Parks. The "Ste Lively" series continues with "Suzanne Farrel Stages the Masters of 20th Century Ballet," 11/1 to 11/28; Trinity Irish Dance Company, whic stretched and sped Irish step-dancing in ways tha spawned both *Riverdance* and *The Lord of the Danc* will appear 3/17 to 3/26/00. Tickets to individua dance performances are $10 to $25 ($6 to $15 wit membership).

No-Brainer—What possible reason could there be fo *not* heading over to hear Jim Dale—currentl Barnum in the acclaimed musical of the sam name on Broadway—reading from *Harry Pott and the Sorcerer's Stone,* the best-seller that is th talk of a readership from 7-year-olds on up t folks into three digits? (Mr. Dale will also rea other selections on the theme of childhood.) Th program manages both to be free and to suppo two outstanding causes: The American Healt Foundation's celebration of Child Health Da with a "call to action" for the prevention of cancer, in particular; and Stanley Tannen, who will b honored as founder and director of the International Project to Promote Peace and Unit Through the Arts (TIPA)—and for organizin events like this one for 30 years. Seating is on first-come, first-served basis at the **FIFTH AVENU PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH** (located at Fifth Ave. an 55th St., it is an enormous space designed with sloping floor, so there's really not a bad seat in th house); 10/4. The reading is from 1 to 2. Doo open at 12:30; preprogram music begins at 12:4 For further information, call 212-551-2501. ●●

Lonely O—The languorous letter "O" looks for other symbols that may have been omitted from th alphabet in *Flying Through Rainbows and Oth Silent Stories,* choreographed by Emily Bunnin 10/2 and 10/3 at 1 and 3. **NADA 45**, 445 W. 45t St., fourth floor (212-715-1914); $9.●●

Circus Sans Tent—Eight-year-old twin sisters perfor acrobatics together as part of an eruption of ac called *Lava Love* performed by Sarah East Johnso all-female ensemble, Lava, at the **FLEA THEATER**. N specifically a children's show, the multimedia production will include a hula-hooping act, boxin pogo-stick jumping, and a trapeze act; throu 10/2, at 41 White St. (212-226-0051); $25.●

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

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Movies
Erika Kinetz
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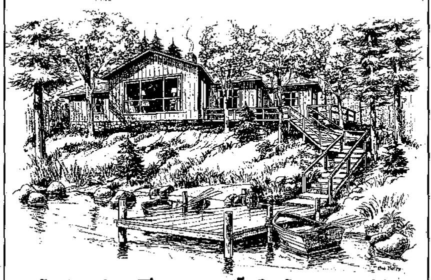

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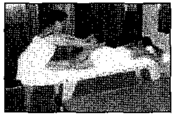

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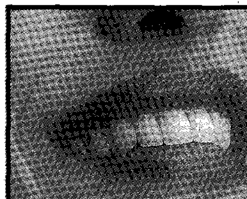

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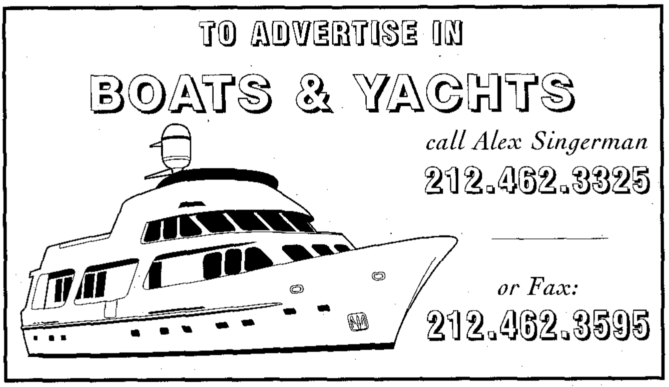

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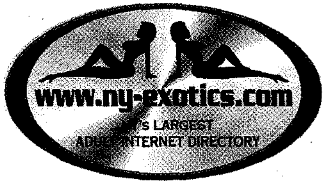
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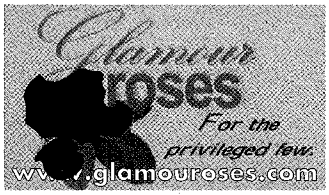
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One In A Million—Beautiful, elegant, slim, great personality, educated, warm, loving, seeking highly successful, attractive, dynamic, caring, Jewish gentleman, 57-65, nonsmoking. Photo a must. 1760☒

Share Days With Me—Intelligent, semi-retired, financially secure, caring Jewish gentleman (widower) - loves Petrushka and Picasso, golfing, fine food and wine, Tanglewood and traveling. Seeks an intelligent, attractive, sharing, caring lady, late 50s-mid 60s, who has a great sense of humor, loves good music, appreciates those important little things in life and is willing to take a chance and risk a new beginning for a possible permanent relationship. Note/photo, please. 1739 ☒

Have Clubs, Will Travel—Divorced white Christian, late 40s, attractive, slim blond, mother of grown children. I love golf, laughing, travel, walking on the beach, sunsets, dancing and fine dining. Looking for a fun-loving golfer with great sense of humor, honest (but must be willing to lie about how we met), financially and emotionally secure, intelligent professional man with a good soul (spikeless of course). Please enclose note, photo and handicap. 1744 ☒

Pretty Face, Caring Heart—Single black female, 35, works in academic library, two Master's degrees, enjoys Long Island and NYC. Seeks healthy, educated professional male, 30-35, who enjoys concerts, restaurants, museums. Let's talk about the finer things in life. Photo/note. 1733☒

If You Are—A very attractive, natural lady, 48-54, with a positive attitude, and would like to meet a sensitive, together guy who believes in romance and the power of love, please respond with a note and recent photo. 1740 ☒

Searching For My Best Friend—30, Jewish male, fun, handsome, well-dressed, brown hair, hazel green eyes, 6', self-employed entrepreneur. Looking for a beautiful Jewish woman, 25-34, to share the wonders of life. Someone who is confident, educated, athletic, maybe plays golf, down-to-earth and likes to have fun and be spontaneous. Send note and picture to meet a wonderful man. 1725☒

6', Strikingly Beautiful Ex-Model—Now attorney - elegant, stylish and sensual. Slim, with great body and fabulous legs, dazzling smile, confident, witty and warm. I am a financially independent Upper East Sider and a world traveler, who loves the arts, Central Park, politics, foreign films, friends, restaurants, books and good times. I'm interested in a handsome, charming and sophisticated, kind, very ethical, highly financially successful gentleman, 48-60, who also enjoys first-class travel, fun and laughter, and has the time and means to indulge. Note/photo. 1753 ☒☎

Tall, Slim, Attractive Blond—PhD, with daughter, seeks available man: 30-45, creative, irreverent, attractive, fun. Money, education, smoking, fitness not important. Westchester/Fairfield. Note/photo. 1722☒

Great Legs—Super-pretty, fit professional woman, 48, seeks smart, spunky, easygoing 6'-plus man. 1793 ☒☎

Seeking Best Friend And Romance—Successful entrepreneur, 41, fit, easygoing personality, with many interests including dining out, dancing, NYC culture. Seeks a warm, intelligent, attractive woman for possible long-term relationship. NY/NJ. Note/photo/phone. 1785 ☒☎

Seeking A Woman—To share, to laugh, to hold/ Allowing the best of life to unfold. Expanding of soul, body and mind/ Traits I possess and seek to find. Energetic and eager the world to explore/ Petite, smart and funny are traits I adore. Determination has turned significant success from defeat/ To create a new being or two would be quite neat. Born in the '60s, is fine/ A Jewish faith follower would be divine. A note and picture would be nice to see/ As your smile can show what may be. Romantic at heart, a caring best friend/ To share life's mysteries, wherever they may wend. 1805 ☒

Classically Elegant—Beautiful, fit, 5'9", vivacious, slender, caring, bright, sophisticated NJ teacher (Cindy Crawford looks!), who often visits NYC, seeks balanced, witty, accomplished, handsome male (up to 40) with passion for life, who is romantic, fun and sincere. Note/photo. 1782 ☒

Instant Family - Just Add Love!—Attractive professor, single mom with 6-year-old son, seeks cultivated man, 45-65, with a capacious soul and a generous attitude. We have a lot to offer! NYC. 1764☒

Help Me Win This Bet!—I'm out to prove it's possible to meet a bright, athletic guy who's mature and confident, with a casual style. Capable of deep conversation and able to enjoy serious giggles, you're a good listener with a sharp sense of humor. If, like me, you love travel, movies, sports (go Giants!) and animals, are laid-back but not a pushover, and other people find you funny, take a chance! In return, you'll meet an attractive, warm, successful professional who's generous, optimistic and unfazed by turning 40. Prefer 5'10"-plus nonsmoker with a great smile and a willingness to try new things. Winner takes all! Note/photo. 1775 ☒☎

Are You Looking—For an unintelligent, fat, bald, boring guy? That's not me. I'm the needle in the haystack, 31, handsome Italian attorney. You should be a pretty, mature, petite, slim Catholic female, 24-30, with a good heart and a pretty smile. Photo/note. 1792 ☒☎

Looking For A Sincere, Confident—stylish, accomplished man over 52, to be my best friend and lover. I'm an attractive, fit, 46-year-old woman who likes all the usual things and more. Westchester resident with time to play preferred. Note with photo appreciated. 1755 ☒

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A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
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Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special life style. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 1735☒

Smart, Svelte, Slim—Passionate, beautiful, divorced Jewish woman, 38. Appealing, whimsical smile, lovely, dark honest eyes, good legs. European heart and soul, American to the core. Confirmed New Yorker, in seventh heaven in Paris. Gentle, warm, sexy, stylish. Culturally adept, successful professional. Pastimes: learning, sailing, theater, opera, skiing, speaking French, eating lobster, studying other cultures. Seeks kind, very smart, successful, financially fit man, 5'8"-plus, 35-52. 1795 ☒☎

Tall, Handsome, Wealthy—Well, tw out of three isn't bad. I am a ver successful businessman/investor who is handsome, 5'8", divorced father of one 48, youthful, fit and genuine good guy Enjoy running, tennis, all types of entertainment from arts to sports, readin to travel. Seeking petite, attractive an intelligent woman, 28-40, with good hear and sense of humor. Note/photo, please will exchange. 1724 ☒

Forever Valentine Sought—By caring Ivy MD/PhD/inventor with good looks upbeat, into laughter, fitness, fun, culture 5'10", muscular, 43. Seeks sincere, vivacious woman under 38, for romance/life Phone/photo a must. 1799 ☒☎

Theater Or Rock Climbing—Or anything in-between. Blond Nordic male successful professional, 30s, 6', athletic with washboard abs - is looking to meet nice, attractive female. Photo/note. 1794☒

Unique, Appealing NJ Gal—Seeks happy healthy, educated, one-woman man 52-59, who loves life. RSVP. 1762 ☒☎

Can You Handle A Beautiful Woman?—Single Jewish female, vibrant, fun, sex and successful, 35, looking for the ma who can answer the question. Should b 33-43, successful, upbeat, sexy and fu Photo a must/no cats. 1754 ☒

(203) Female Analyst (46)—Jazz love seeks witty, hot, 55-plus, 5'10"-plu male MD/JD for partnership. 1769 ☒☎

Elegant Woman—Warm, smart, fun, beautiful, loves film, theater, travel. Seeks kind, handsome, financially secure man, 53-65. Note/photo. 1751 ✉ ☎

Real Guy's Girl—Tall, slim, feminine redhead beauty, successful at 40, warm and open, with an intelligent sexiness. Thrives in NYC, equally at home out West. Social and vivacious, love indie film/ ndie rock, going from Babbo to Big Sky, oreign film festivals to fly-fishing, halo to orseback. In search of 6'-plus, rugged, unny, sharp NYC man of values, 37-45, elaxed in a tux or pickup, who loves dogs nd has the flexibility and means to ravel the world with a new best friend. Note/photo, please. 1756 ✉

Iello—From a banker in CT, male, 46, '11", secure. I enjoy NYC (particularly in he fall), museums, walks, current affairs - ll of life. Are you an Asian lady with imilar interests? If so, let's talk. 1788 ✉

o You Hate Mornings?—But love ine and music late at night? Are you a uy who is as comfortable watching the uper Bowl as you are dining at Vong? f you are, then this funny, adventurous, ynamic, Ivy-educated, 29-year-old Jewish emale entrepreneur would love to hear om you! 1802 ✉☎

retty Woman—Seeks good man, 40-55, r fun, companionship. 1745 ✉

ove To Laugh?—Fun, smart, sensual, reat-looking, slim, curly strawberry lond, single female, navy-blue eyes, more niles than frowns. Offbeat, witty humor. dores music; partial to the blues. Warm, layful, genuine. Loves horses, Colorado, g skies, building sand-castles, laughter. eeks handsome, fun, intelligent, 30-43 an whose successful career does not dene you. Ability to laugh crucial! 1768 ✉☎

2K Compliant—Handsome Wasp vestment banker, 40. Likes the arts, orking out, the outdoors; enjoys black tie d beach picnics. Seeks attractive, teresting woman. Note/photo. 1786✉☎

earching For Shayna Punim—andsome 39-year-old mensch seeks ndhearted Jewish woman, 28-38, for lationship leading to marriage and mily. Note/photo. 1727 ✉☎

oston Single White Male—61, ex-Upper est Sider, attractive, communicative, sits NY a bit. In search of talking/sensual nnection leading to whatever. 1765 ✉

re You The One?—Female, 34, dark ir, green eyes, sexy, sophisticated, , Jewish (nonreligious). Passionate, nerous, honest, smart, successful and pretentious Real Estate financial exec ith sense of adventure and varied terests, including fitness and travel, eks handsome male counterpart. oto/note/phone. 1752 ✉

Gem Quality—Caring, concerned, cultured, enthusiastic, energetic. Foreign film, country and city, philanthropic. Seek mensch, 50-60, to share life. 1781 ✉☎

Casting Call—Sincere, sophisticated, sensuous, attractive widow seeks leading professional man, 50s, with a sense of humor and zest for life. 1763 ✉

Are You Adventurous—Active, athletic and adorable? I'm a petite woman, 48, who's all that and more. If you are a professional man, 45-50, who loves the arts and outdoors, let's get together and give nature a push. Note/recent photo. 1778✉

Chinese-American Male—40, 5'9", physician, educated and physically fit, seeks slim, professional Asian woman who, although proud of her Asian heritage, is well-adapted to American culture. Letter/phone number. 1732 ✉

Single White Male—Professional, 50, seeks female for relationship. 1736 ✉☎

Handsome Westchester Exec—5'11", 160, youthful 49, honest, secure, loyal, down-to-earth. Loves the arts, NYC, hiking, wilderness, fly-fishing, travel, much more. Seeking happy, pretty nature lover interested in starting a family. Photo please. 1767 ✉

Handsome Judge—60, Jewish, athletic, artistic, seeks pretty, slim professional female, 40-50, with similar interests. Photo/note/phone. 1801 ✉

Share My Dreams—And live out your own. Financially secure developer, 40, wants life of love, family and friends. Enjoys dancing, blading, travel, the arts, good conversation. You are fun/funny, upbeat, sexy, Jewish, to early 30s. 1750 ✉

Beautiful Asian—Classy, honest, kind, seeks successful man, 35 plus. 1749 ✉

Fun Person—Entrepreneur, creative, passionate, playful man with a keen sense of humor seeks woman in late 30s-early 40s, to dine, go to the theater and travel. Note/recent photo, please. 1759 ✉

Pretty, Petite Professional—36 (but looks 28), Jewish, in great shape, with a real passion for life. Love travel, theater, Nautilus and the outdoors. Seeking soul mate - for life, love, family. Photo, please. 1728 ✉

Warm, Beautiful MD—European-born, divorced, Jewish, 42, blue eyes, auburn hair, seeking a high professional man, fit, 42-52. Sense of humor a plus. 1742✉☎

Beautiful, Tall Jewish MD—Age 30. Both humble and a head-turner. Seeks Jewish man, 30-40, at least 6', highly successful, without kids, whose hobbies include sushi/outdoors/chocolate/theater/sleeping/art/NY Times/laughing... Photo, please. 1731 ✉☎

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Unique, Multifaceted Gentleman—Handsome, 53 (looks 45), 5'8", romantic, successful, educated, artistic, varied interests, charismatic, with sincerity and integrity. Seeks woman, 35-48, beautiful inside and out, for monogamous relationship. No answer without photo/ phone number. 1784 ✉

Beautiful, Bright, Beguiling—Jewish, long-haired strawberry-blond, fit, classy, unencumbered, sweet, sensuous, witty, sincere, articulate, accomplished, NY, tennis lover - seeking handsome, successful, fun, sincere male counterpart, 48-63, 5'8"-6'4". Note/photo/phone. 1741✉☎

Slow Down With Me—Attractive psychologist seeks substantial, 50s-60s man for last great romance...ever-after? Note. 1771 ✉ ☎

Partners—For parenting. Handsome professional gay man, great guy, 40s, seeks an attractive and slim woman, 30s or 40s, as best friend, companion for co-parenting situation, possible marriage. Let's discuss. Phone/photo/note. 1773✉

Irreverent, Energetic—Attractive young (50) widow with 8-year-old - athletic, professional, many passions and scant free time - seeks counterpart. 1729 ✉☎

25, Feminine, Elegant—Calm, resourceful, diligent woman (5'8", svelte, fair skin, long dark hair), with lifelong passion for literature and reading. Enjoys water, gardens, cats, sweets, naps, spas and tea. Seeks ethical, monogamous man with a touch of decadence, 25-38, never married, financially stable, white, US or French citizen, for rich and tender times. Note and photo, please. 1776 ✉

Brawn, Brains—CPA/entrepreneur, 40, never married, avid cyclist, handsome, unconventional yet down-to-earth, seeks warm, adventurous and fun female, 28-40. Letter/photo. 1748 ✉

Suburban Professional—Handsome, fit, Italian, 5'9", successful, unencumbered and financially secure, seeks attractive, fit, sensual female counterpart, nonsmoker, 38-48, who enjoys skiing out west, the mountains, Broadway shows, good food, and maybe an occasional ride on my motorcycle out to the Hamptons. I'm the guy you'd love to take home to meet mom. Photo/note. 1737 ✉

Born-Again Christian Female—46, smart, pretty, artistic, seeks Born-Again male. Note/photo, please. 1734 ✉

Beautiful Italian-Looking—34, 5'6", single Jewish female, slim, successful, sensitive with a great smile. Enjoys sports, music, movies, travel. Seeks nice, fun-loving Jewish guy to share friendship, happiness and romance. You are 34-43, successful, handsome, athletic, sensitive and passionate. Photo/note, please. 1808 ✉

Enjoys And Embraces—Life with curiosity, grace, humor. Beautiful, sensuous, sophisticated, fun, slender, divorced, woman. Easy personality, free spirit. Landscape designer, former TV actress. Ever-growing, ever-changing. Enlivened by a hearty laugh, long weekends with equal time outside and in, good food, expanding interests, learning golf. Seeks active (physically/mentally), attractive, 55-plus man open to theater, concerts, museums, travel. Prefers adventurous spirit, open mind, keen enjoyment of life. 1800 ✉ ☎

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Strictly Personals

Lumberjack Wanted—30-year-old, 5'8", attractive, thin, well-educated Croatian-American female seeks strong, burly, outdoorsy, intelligent, sensitive, sincere, 30 plus, Croatian or Croatian-American male for a relationship and possibly more. Photo a must. 1770 ✉

Refined—Single Jewish professional female, warm, caring and intelligent, late 30s, seeks Jewish mate to share interests in culture - Philharmonic, ballet, museums...and quiet evenings of books, wine and conversation. 1796 ✉

It Can Happen—Down-to-earth, single white female, 41, intelligent, fun-loving, somewhat neurotic, great smile. Seeks single white male, 40s/50s, who is sensitive, funny, enjoys movies, books, long walks and simple pleasures. 1766 ✉

Let's Meet—Elegant, offbeat Asian woman, former dancer, 43, seeks secure, intelligent man with whom to play and grow. I love the arts, back-roads travel and cuddling. And you? 1738 ✉

Handsome, Fit Professional—Single Christian white male (36, 5'11") seeks feminine/pretty soulmate: her healthfulness brings out the athletic; her keen sensibilities naturally engage her to the artistic and cultural sites of Manhattan; her courage rewards her with a community of honorable people. Note/photo; flexible on age/religion. 1780 ✉☎

Searching For A Soul Mate—Seeking an attractive Jewish female with a kind heart, late 30s-early 40s, who would be interested in a serious relationship with a caring, loving Jewish doctor whose future interests include marriage and children. Note/photo/phone. 1789 ✉☎

Successful But Humble!—Handsome, accomplished, fit, Jewish, 43, sports/clinical psychologist with charm, integrity, seeks pretty, slender lady, 30-46, with compassion, passion, for best friend, lover for life. Note/photo/phone. 1797 ✉☎

Very Pretty—Blue-eyed professional, 39, 5'6", Jewish female, enjoys working out, dining out, theater - loves to laugh and have fun. Seeks handsome, personable male counterpart. Photo a must. 1804 ✉

Accomplished Intellectual Man—49, 5'10", trim, attractive, clean-cut, optimistic, refined, politically conscious and involved, seeks woman of luminous intelligence and heart. 1791 ✉

Gay Woman—40s, PhD, fit, feminine, serious, fun. You: brainy, kind, feminine, egalitarian. wblb5605@aol.com 1772✉

Multifaceted Jewish Woman—48, eclectic interests, open mind, independent spirit, loving generous heart. Smart, well-educated professional. Natural good looks, elegant style, fit healthy body. Hoping to meet the right man. 1777 ✉

The Poet Said—"If you desire my company, let us meet to relish days yet to be." Manhattan Jewish lady, late 60s, petite, attractive, healthy, smart, funny, French and American culture, financially secure, seeks gentleman, almost same age and qualities, to grasp precious moments together. Note/photo. 1726 ✉

Classy, Blue-Eyed Blond—Successful professional, excellent face and worked-out figure, feisty, witty, very smart, 5'4", 118 lbs, seeks intelligent, accomplished male counterpart, 48 plus, who thinks he can handle that. Photo. 1746 ✉

MD, Beautiful Inside And Outside—Innocent, independent, financially secure, searching for a great career gentleman, caring, over 37 years old, for marriage. Photo. sugarcute@yahoo.com 1758 ✉

Beautiful, Accomplished—Greenwich, CT, professional woman, early 40s, seeks financially secure, intelligent, educated, nonsmoking gentleman, 37-57, for city/country fun/travel. Note/phone/photo. Will respond with same. 1743 ✉

Woman Seeking Woman—28, attractive, inexperienced in female relationships. Seeking feminine woman. 1790 ✉

Attractive, Blond, Successful—Passionate mid-40s woman, in great shape, seeks same in man, under 62, for fun and romance. Westchester resident preferred. 1787 ✉

Celtic-American—39, in search of mate for pro- and/or recreation. Wordsmith genius, like Shaw or Wilde. Looks like a genetically-improved JFK, Sr. (see photo @NYmag online). Fun-loving and kind, like Dana Carvey. Built like Ivan Lendl. Or did he play for the Knicks? You are also a glaring aristocrat with soft, beautiful eyes. 1806 ✉

Single White Female—43, vivacious, intelligent, Rubenesque biomedical engineer - loves to cuddle, read, animals and nature. Jewish but not seriously. Seek a life partner. He should be 35-55, intelligent, funny, affectionate and demonstrative. Love dogs, cats and traveling and be ready for commitment. 1774 ✉

Rich And Sexy Doctor—Seeks gorgeous female executive, hard bod, 18-35ish. Photos to: POB 20063, NYC 10023

NYMessage

Friends Wanted—By divorced, classy professional, 50, for NYC fun/travel. 1798✉☎

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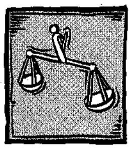

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Jewish, Manhattan—Personnel consultant, mid 50s, who enjoys the beach movies, TV, reading, theater, with good sense of humor, seeks femal who enjoys the same. 1730 ✉☎

Male World Traveler Wanted—54-year old, widowed Jewish Manhattanite woma seeks special Jewish person to finis traveling the world (has many othe interests). Let's get together. 1779 ✉☎

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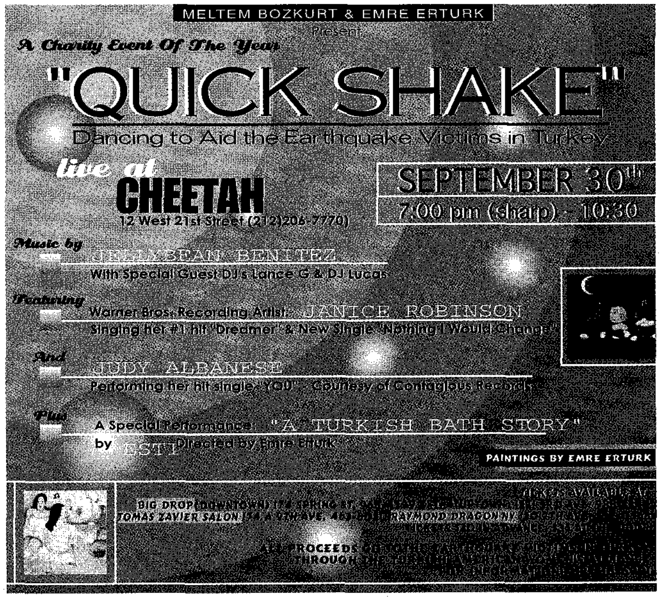

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Above, new magazines. Competitors are invited to name one, please.

Results of Competition 949, in which you were asked for modern malapropisms.

Report: All's swell that ends well. Among the misheard, some reheard: Your mother wears Armani boots. Who can find a virtuous woman for her price is far above Ruby's. March, in like a lion, out like a lamp. Through the night with a light from a bulb. Plus: a strong undertoad, money in escarole, poultry in motion, very close veins, tender hooks, penile servitude, carpool-tunnel syndrome. We are again reminded of this conversation: "Just got a wonderful new hearing aid." "What kind is it?" "Ten after two." Hoping you the sane.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Eyes Wired Shut
Patrick H. Horrigan, N.Y.C.

He ain't heavy, he's my broker.
Dan A. Rosenberg, Warren, N.J.

She appointed herself judge, judy, and executioner.
Theodore G. Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Israeli settlers are moving out of the Golan Hyatts.
Joel Sitrin, Annandale, Va.

Jupiter, the largest planet in our solecism.
Jim Weis, Atlanta, Ga.

And Honorable Mention to:

I'm a big supporter of animal rides.
Chris Doyle, Burke, Va.

Superman has leapt the building.
Sarah Gay, Atlanta, Ga.

Precious and few are the moments we toucans share.
Caren Lissner, Hoboken, N.J.

Down by the Oatmeal Stream
Patsy V. Felmet, Wintersville, Ohio

L'Oréal's Age-Defining Makeup
Tracy Young, Scarsdale, N.Y.

. . . a face that only a mugger could love.
Anthony Cocca, West Paterson, N.J.

"You don't understand, Charley! I coulda had class. I coulda been a contessa."
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

. . . American businessman Lee Ayatollah . . .
Carter Daniel, Pompton Plains, N.J.

In 1846, the Dahmer party was trapped by heavy snows.
G. A. Murtagh, Hinsdale, Ill.

Finally she gave him an old tomato.
Maggie Keats, Sands Point, N.Y.

Actors speak louder than words.
Richard Helfer, N.Y.C.

In an uncertain market, best to sell and cut your wrists.
Nina Yardley, N.Y.C.

Non compos Mentos
Arnie Danoff, West Palm Beach, Fla.

Surely good Mrs. Murphy will follow me all the days of my life.
Sheila W. Stevens, Wrentham, Mass.

I wore my best nip and tucker.
Carol Potter Peckham, San Francisco, Calif.

She's been the principal breadmaker in that family for years.
S. Horvath, N.Y.C.

Good riddance to bad luggage.
John Mainieri, N.Y.C.

Baby needs a new parachute.
Pablo Zouras, Vienna, Va.

All the Kinsmen
O. A. Fastman, Forest Hills, N.Y.

She's going to hell in a handbag.
James L. Corcoran, New Rochelle, N.Y.

We're having sudden fried chicken.
Estelle Reisner, Meadville, Pa.

I bought a used Toyota Flashback.
Weda M. Mosellie, Phillipsburg, N.J.

Don't keep beating this with a dead horse.
Bill Helder, Lansing, Mich.

Don't stand under the missile tow.
Joseph Clonick, N.Y.C.

Thou shalt not admit adultery.
David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.

He was rotten to the corpse.
Paul Kocak, Syracuse, N.Y.

Quoth the raisin, "Nevermore."
Louis B. Raffel, Northbrook, Ill.

He can drink himself into Bolivia, for all I care.
Karen L. Krinjak, Vernon, Conn.

. . . smell of popery simmering on the stove . . .
Dottie Gutenkauf, Plainfield, N.J.

She has a special infinity for grammar.
M. Martin, Franklin, Tenn.

. . . ushered into the anals of history . . .
Chad Haller, Bronx, N.Y.

. . . the impending Y-toupee scare . . .
Stan Arazie, Columbia, S.C.

You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's rear.
Stella Neeson, Maui, Hi.

He who hesitates is slaw.
Joel Knanishu, Rock Island, Ill.

Like they say in Texas, he's old hat and no cattle.
John Grady, Dallas, Tex.

My Chinese herbalist recommends anti-Occidents.
Natalie Wittenbrook, San Francisco, Calif.

. . . an exercise in fertility.
Inger Pettygrove, Charlottesville, Va.

That guy is as old as Medusa.
Susan Harriman, San Francisco, Calif.

Kansas won't teach evolution because it violates biblical cretinism.
Mark Rusbarsky. Olathe, Kan.

Wow, it went like a howitzer fire!
Louise Jackson, Somerset, Mass.

Bob Dole takes Viagra because he has a reptile dysfunction.
Dede Persson, Mundelein, Ill.

R-E-P-T-I-L-E, find out what it means to me.
Jack Geddes Taubl, Fairfield, Conn.

New York: The Big Ample
Bonnie Foste, Columbia, S.C.

Waste a knot, want a knot.
Dot Edwards, Galena, Mo.

She's like a bird in a guilty cage.
Adam Doyle, Blacksburg, Va.

The fans gave McGwire the bronze cheer.
Jessica Allen, Gaithersburg, Md.

My landlord keeps his wife on a short lease.
Bill Harriman, Niantic, Conn.

. . . like a deer caught in the headlines.
Paula Doherty, Tiverton, R.I.

I'd kiss ya, but I just washed my car.
Deborah Kola, San Marino, Calif.

Children should be seen but not herded.
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Jesus preached to Republicans and sinners.
Adelheide Gutenkauf, Plainfield, N.J.

They have ballet parking . . .
Riley Sibley, Metairie, La.

. . . straight from the horse's mount.
Susan Faulkner, Delmar, N.Y.

Fight announcer: "Let's get ready to rumba!"
R. Klees, Seattle, Wash.

A fight to the finish with no bars held.
John Nazarian, Manchester, Conn.

Wild orchids couldn't drag me away.
Donald D. Coates, Naples, Fla.

I'd like the veal Farmer John, please.
James H. Burke, N.Y.C.

She thought it was a stork, but I knew it was a great blue herring.
Avis Townsend, Appleton, N.Y.

Memorial-Sloan Catering
Rick McLellan, N.Y.C.

And in his wrath he smoked the Philistines.
David L. Maron, Englewood, N.J.

I saw that Mozart movie—*Armageddon.*
Heidi Sanchez, Bethpage, N.Y.

We gave our hostess a nice feta compli—.
Deb Rodriguez, Novi, Mich.

My supervisor is taking a boss man's holiday.
Lucy Oblonsky, Hockessin, Del.

The boss figures a raise will boost morality.
Ken Graitzer, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Taco Bell Canon in D Major
Debra Whitman, Larchmont, N.Y.
also: Skip Livingston, Hopewell, N.J.;
Arnold Rheingold, Wilmington, Del.

He had to wear an adult diaper because he suffered from incompetence.
A. Shulman, Sarasota, Fla.

She says she gets lots of he-mail.
Ben Patterson, La Mesa, Calif.

Give me liberty or give me breasts.
L. S. Bender, Mill Valley, Calif.

Fashion your seat belt.
Robin Levine, Ithaca, N.Y.

We saw Amish farmers in full regatta.
Molly Katz, Westport, Conn.

Wasn't that the book written by the Soviet dissonant?
Mickey Coburn, Beverly, Mass.

No guts, no gory.
Virginia Urban, N.Y.C.

I'm concerned about the deaf penalty.
John Foshee, Austin, Tex.

The Dead Sea Squirrels
S. Leader, Narberth, Pa.

Better laid than never.
Bill Thompson, Wheaton, Ill.

The brick fist of champions.
Tom Witte, Gaithersburg, Md.

There but for the grass of God . . .
Louis Phillips, N.Y.C.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 952, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by October 8. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York.* Results and winners' names will appear in the November 1 issue.

●

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Solutions to last week's puzzles

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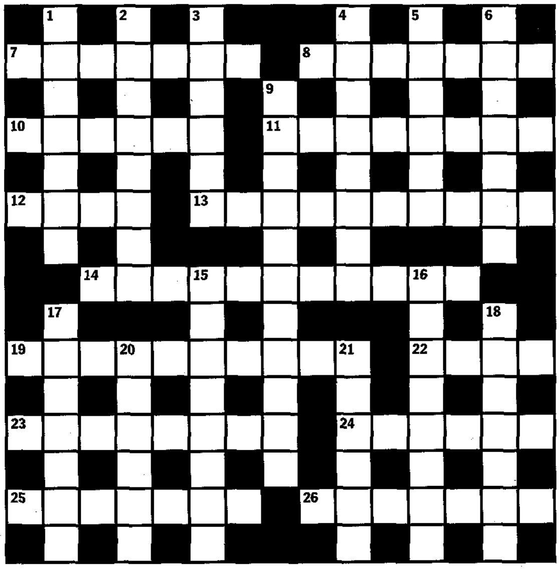
The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

7 A youngster should be allowed outside at all times. (7)
8 A point claimed in error. (7)
10 Most pleasant when in charge in the home. (6)
11 A break for everybody playing a part. (8)
12 She's a little over-anxious. (4)
13 Objects to going around before shows. (10)
14 This is really breathtaking! (11)
19 Vacating it can be stimulating. (10)
22 Always right behind the first lady. (4)
23 The piece of lamb being minute, one prepared stuffing. (8)
24 Fruit is set in wet weather. (6)
25 Seem in a mess, having made a bloomer. (7)
26 A Frenchman married and started afresh. (7)



DOWN

1 It's a stimulant, however one may regard it. (7)
2 Combine making charge about trade collapse. (8)
3 High-minded individual interrupting a fellow just to annoy. (6)
4 Guys in singlet, casual shirt, or formal wear. (8)
5 Weary about commercial abuse. (6)
6 The song "Many an Adieu." (7)
9 Judges, not for the first time, get credit. (11)
15 A green banana left a worker in much discomfort. (8)
16 Inequitable? Indeed so—quite wrongly. (3-5)
17 A month in Medoc to be remembered. (7)
18 The hopes of French family men. (7)
20 In advance, as soldiers should be. (2,4)
21 There's danger in concocting such a plot. (6)

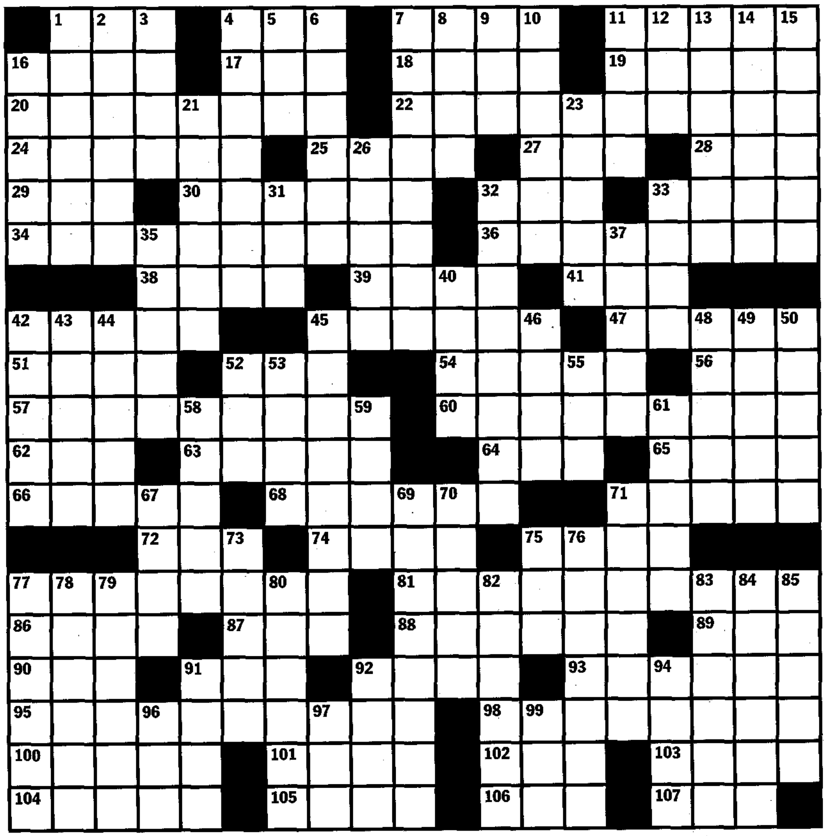
'Return Engagement': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Gym pad
4 —— Palmas
7 Come a cropper
11 Airline seat request
16 Miffed
17 Geisha's sash
18 Fairy-tale heavy
19 Scratched the soil
20 Makes a debut
22 Surpassing
24 Cottonwood trees
25 Commedia dell'——
27 Lawn replenishment
28 Skater Babilonia
29 "Laugh-In" host, with 44-Down
30 Not as cheap
32 Brain-wave tracing, for short
33 Hangman's need
34 Last words of "America, the Beautiful"
36 Naval strength
38 Do a bouncer's job
39 Jazz singing style
41 New Deal abbr.
42 Feast of Lots
45 Partner of totter
47 Bard
51 G.I. mail drops
52 —— Lingus
54 New York city near the Pennsylvania border
56 Floral necklace
57 Takeover attempt
60 Broadway activity
62 One of California's Santas
63 Erie Canal city
64 Poetic preposition
65 Luxurious
66 Island near Maui
68 An ecdysiast does it
71 "Olympia" artist
72 Genetic initials
74 Choreographer White
75 Pitcher used with a basin
77 Being attracted to
81 Leaving behind unintentionally
86 Ship of myth
87 Start of M-G-M's motto
88 Malt vinegar
89 Cedar Rapids college
90 Never, to Nietzsche
91 Up for payment
92 Soon
93 Floating hotels
95 Departing a vehicle
98 Results
100 Computer key
101 Nonpareil
102 Somewhat: suffix
103 Cuban currency
104 Fourteen pounds, in London
105 Not any, colloquially
106 Shaft of light
107 Sinusitis dept.

DOWN

1 Lucre
2 Big name in Italian couture
3 Pour down
4 Gives some slack
5 Before Simbel or Dhabi
6 Shankar's strings
7 Marathon, e.g.
8 Feverish chill
9 N.Y.C. subway line
10 Type of tenant
11 Saharan
12 Scottish John
13 Mount Snow sight
14 Lenni —— Indians
15 More jittery
16 Oodles
21 —— chloride (salt)
23 "Crocodile Dundee" star
26 Della of "Touched by an Angel"
31 Actor's rep.
32 Getty and Parsons
33 Way to Mandalay
35 Assault on the ears
37 Fork feature
40 Superimposed
42 Vatican-related
43 "Once —— midnight dreary . . ."
44 See 29-Across
45 Farm conveyances
46 Back end
48 Ancient Troy
49 Feel intuitively
50 Too close-fitting
52 Likely
53 Yale team
55 "Yes, Captain"
58 Wishing undone
59 Knitter's item
61 Mod museum display
67 Pisa's river
69 Army branch
70 Uccello or Veronese
71 Measurement system
73 Debussy's "The Afternoon of ——"
75 Leghorn's largesse
76 In the money
77 Sacred river of India
78 Express in a Christie title
79 "By the Time —— Phoenix"
80 Trail to the Northwest
82 Impressionism great
83 Pre-refrigerator deliverers
84 —— for the weary
85 Plaster base for paintings
91 Like some straits
92 Mischa of old movie
94 Slangy refusal
96 Yardage for a first down
97 —— roll (winning)
99 Dos Passos trilogy



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